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AT REST.

Few deaths have occurred in our community that awakened the sympathy and caused such universal sorrow as that of Lydia Siegar Gernerd's, who passed away at 7 o'clock on the eve of November 18, 1893, after several weeks of painful illness, which she bore with heroic fortitude, all the time contending she never would get well, but manifested no fear of death.

She was the only child of J. M. M. and Louisa S. Gernerd, and was born in Muncy, June 5, 1868, and brought up by her parents in the most careful and pains-taking manner, with every wish gratified, whether "uttered or unexpressed," and she repaid them with an affectionate attachment and lovingness, manifested by her obedience and assistance as a dutiful daughter and a fondness for her home, which by a love for the beautiful she had transformed into an art gallery.

Her highest accomplishment was music, possessing inherited talent, and with firm application she mastered some of the finest pieces of piano music.

It would be ungenerous and ungrateful to withhold giving voice to the many noble qualities that adorned the whole life of Lydia S. Gernerd—happy, amiable, generous and confiding, she won hosts of friends, and was a leading spirit among her companions, who mourn her loss with a deep, unutterable sorrow. She was a worker in the Church, Sunday School, benevolent societies, and among the King's Daughters was one of the most active. For several years she was organist in St. James' P. E. Church, and her touch and renditions were so pleasing that there was universal regret when she resigned

Her pilgrimage here was short, but by "labors of love," she well fulfilled the ministries of life, and we treasure up in our memories many incidents of a pleasing kind connected with this bright, winsome girl whose speaking lips the Angel of Death hath so cruelly closed, but set a seal of Peace upon her brow, for if ever a dead face told of perfect Rest and Peace, that of Lydia's did, as she lay in her handsome casket upon a bed of roses and white carnations—(her mother's tribute)—while all around her were heaped the most beautiful floral gifts of affection from friends, relatives and societies.

The last sad rites took place from her home at 3.30 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, where hundreds of her friends assembled to take a last look upon all that was mortal of Lydia S. Gernerd. The beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church was rendered by Rev. Wm. Heakes; she was then tenderly borne to her last resting place by six of her young friends: De La Lloyd, Frank C. Cooke, De La Keller, Harry Shoemaker, John H. Hatch and Edwin Schuyler.

When the funeral cortege reached the cemetery, there too had the hands of affection been busy, beautifying the open grave and upturned earth with lovely flowers, so her last resting place was amid the beautiful blossoms she so loved to imitate, upon canvas when living, but now

"Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

M. J. L.

The following notices of Miss Lydia Gernerd's death we take from the Williamsport papers of Monday:

From the Republican.

The death of Miss Lydia Gernerd, of Muncy, only daughter of J. M. M. Gernerd, will be a great shock to many Williamsporters. Miss Gernerd was well known in this city, having many intimate friends here and frequently visiting here. Her death occurred Saturday evening after several days of intense suffering. Last summer Miss Gernerd fell from a swing while attending a picnic and sustained an injury which though painful was not at the time considered at all serious. Later, however, an abscess developed and the young woman became very ill. The best medical aid was summoned and nothing that could be done to alleviate her suffering and prolong her life was neglected. A surgical operation was performed, but it was of no avail and Saturday evening she expired.

Miss Gernerd was an exceedingly bright and cultured young woman. In Muncy she was a general favorite and her death is sincerely mourned.

To

Miss Jessie Heilman

With the best wishes of

J. M. M. Gerard

X mas. 1907.



SPRINGTOWN.

HEINRICH GERNHARDT

AND

HIS DESCENDANTS.

HISTORICAL FACTS AND MUSINGS—COGITATIONS ON INTERESTING GENEALOGICAL PROBLEMS—RECORDS OF THE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS OF ALL BRANCHES OF THE FAMILY—BRIEF SKETCHES OF MANY OF THE MEMBERS—AND SOME INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

BY JEREMIAH M. M. GERNERD.

PRESS OF THE GAZETTE AND BULLETIN,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
1904.

PREFACE.

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There was no thought at first that a Preface would be needed to this genealogical compilation. Everything under this head was said in the Introductory chapter that it was supposed the indulgent kindred—for whom alone the book has been written—would desire to know, or that there was to tell them. But now that the manuscript is ready to go to the printer, and will make a much more costly and pretentious book than was contemplated, it seems proper that something more should be said about it.

The first thought was to compile a complete up-to-date Family Register, not omitting a single name or date, but in this the effort is not a complete success. It was imagined that a mere booklet of about forty pages would suffice to contain a full birth, marriage, and mortuary record of the family, with such notes of interest here and there as could be gleaned, but this was a misapprehension. A great deal of time was spent during the last six years, and hundreds of letters were written each year, indeed often more than one hundred letters a month, to obtain the needed data, and still the record is not complete. It is with some reluctance, therefore, that the book is thus sent to press.

In some cases the full names and dates were not obtained, in a number of instances the dates given by different members of the same branches of the family do not agree, and in the records of some of the branches the members of the sixth and seventh generations do not appear. It was not surmised that the family in less than 140 years had become so immense, so widely scattered, so intermarried with other families, and now exists under so many divergent conditions of life, and that such wearisome labor was involved in writing its history. Many of the letters mailed were never answered, and many of the responses received were so tardy in coming that the work at times became exceedingly irksome, and it more than once seemed necessary to put it aside. Since under-

taking the labor the author has learned of a number of persons who attempted to perform the same task for other families, and after making some progress were so dismayed by the difficulties looming up that they gave up in despair. No one can conceive how tedious and Herculean such service is without trying to perform it.

The Gernhardt family will seem great in at least one respect—numbers. In America it now includes seven generations, and is scattered over 26 states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The number of Heinrich's descendants, dead and living, is now somewhere between two and three thousand. A respectable family in point of size, certainly. How many of the kin would have guessed that there were one-fourth as many? And yet, although the fecundity of the family may seem exceptionally remarkable to many, it will not appear so to the genealogical student who knows how cotemporary families increase.

All the names of the first five generations are believed to appear in this compilation, and most of the sixth and seventh successions. Not one name or date would have been omitted if furnished in time for publication. If any one now born hereafter wonders why his or her name does not appear in the Family Register, this statement will explain the involuntary omission.

This history, as already intimated, is written only for the Gernhardt kindred, and not for the unrelated. If Heinrich's descendants are satisfied with it, the object is fully attained. Outsiders are not expected to find it of enough interest to invest a dime in it.

The kindred are united by a bond of union that should hold them all together in affection, and give them a peculiar interest in each other, and therefore also in this history of the family. If they cannot esteem their ancestors or their fellow descendants for worldly distinction and greatness, they can at least respect them for being average upright and well-behaved citizens, and we trust for those noblest of all virtues that win temporal and eternal happiness, which should be their highest aspiration. They do not essentially differ from other people. They share the common allotment of American families. They partake with the mass the same trials and struggles, the same triumphs and failures, the same

virtues and imperfections, the same pursuits and opportunities, and can rightfully claim the same consideration they accord to others. They can be unconcerned about the renown, the mere distinction of rank and style to which many aspire—and which so many fail to attain, or often fail to maintain. The great majority of our kindred have been and now are of the useful class, callous-handed and hard-working tillers of the soil, mechanics, bread-producers and bread-winners, wage-earners, and it is hoped that there is not among us one work-shirking bread-eater.

Some of the family have been serviceable and prosperous in other useful pursuits—as physicians, dentists, editors, ministers, lawyers, teachers, merchants and manufacturers—and a goodly number (29) of the fourth generation went valiantly forth during the great Civil War in defense of the Union and Freedom. Four of the fifth generation also served in the Spanish-American War. Respecting the loyalty and patriotism of the family, none need ever feel mortified. The descendants of Heinrich and Rosine have ever stood gallantly by the Old Flag. Several of the consorts of the female descendants also served in the army, but in this genealogical inquiry we have only passed down along the line of lineal descent.

An interesting feature of the History is the collection of excellent half-tone family pictures. All will doubtless wish with the writer that there were many more of them. Of Heinrich and Rosine and their ten children no pictures exist. Of the fifty-five lineal descendants comprising the third generation the majority died without leaving their posterity such a desirable legacy. The camera had in their day not yet come into general use. It will be a source of great satisfaction to all the kindred, however, that the History is nevertheless illustrated by portraits of at least eighteen of Heinrich's grandchildren. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh generations are also in like manner represented by pictures. Many will doubtless hereafter regret, when it is fully realized how much interest there is in these memorials, that the opportunity was not taken to add many others to the collection Descendants in the future, it may be presumed, will look upon these pictures of the

present generations very much as the few existing portraits of the connections of the past are now regarded.

For the imperfections of the book there is little need of an apology. The author did as well as he could, sparing no pains to be just and accurate, and making no great promises to be fulfilled. The task would have been better performed if all the assistance that was proffered had been given. But, alas, how true with us one and all, that "Procrastination is the thief of time." The intentions were good, but the tardiness was a bad thing for the Family History. Many correspondents failed to come to time, and I could not wait on them any longer.

The long employed pen is now laid down with regret, as with all the uneasiness and misgivings, the disappointments and worryments, there were many happy hours in the accomplishment of this labor of love, and surprise and delight to discover the existence of so many kind and appreciative relations. Adieu, dear descendants of Heinrich and Rosine, and sons and daughters of the First Adam. May we one and all so live that we may be members of the great family of the noble Second Adam, and some day have part in the glorious Family Reunion that will continue throughout eternity.

JEREMIAH M. M. GERNERD.

Muncy, Pa., January, 1904.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VIEWS.

1. Springtown. Frontispiece. This shows some of the improvements now on and adjoining the estate once owned by Heinrich Gernhardt, where he died, and from which his family finally dispersed more than fourscore years ago. The big spring, surrounded by a group of willow trees, is at the white house on the extreme right. His land all lay on the right or north side of the public road, two sets of farm buildings on which are represented in the picture. The White Deer Mountain, west of the hamlet, and on the opposite side of the Susquehanna River, appears in dim outline in the background. A brick school-house standing close to the buildings on the left was unwillingly left out of the view, because it could not be included and also show the house at the spring. The old graveyard on Delaware Run, a spot hallowed in our Family History, is but a short distance beyond the ridge behind the orchard on the right.

2. A nearer and better representation of the famous "Sinking Spring"—a spring that does not sink, however. The water, clear and cold, continues to bubble up on the side next to the house and glides away over the surface and down through the meadow, just as it did for Heinrich and the rest nearly one hundred years ago.

3. The Delaware Run Church—or "The River Church," as often called—and the old section of the graveyard in which Heinrich and Rosine and many others of the family repose.

4. Another view of the same graveyard, showing also the part added since Heinrich's day.

5. The very interesting Duck Farm of C. W. B. Gernerd[5], near the city of Allentown, Pa., where, on a visit in July, 1900, I had the surprise of seeing 16,000 snow white ducks. The foliage of the trees prevented getting a full photographic view of this pleasing and wonderful scene.

PORTRAITS.

MAGDALENA SHAFER BRANCH.

1. John Shafer[4], 1824-1903, Dansville, N. Y.
2-6. Frank M. Shafer[5], and family, Dansville, N. Y.

JACOB GARNET BRANCH.

7. Philip Garnett[4], McDougal, N. Y.
8. Daniel Garnhart[3], 1807-1876, Shelby, Ohio.
9. Jacob Garnhart[4], Shelby, Ohio.
10. Washington Garnhart[4], Shelby, Ohio.
11. Chauncy Wichterman[4], Sanborn, N. Y.

PHILIP GARNHART BRANCH.

12-15. Maria Walton[3], son Hopewell[4], g. s. John[5], and g. g. child Beatrice[6], Muncy, Pa.
16. Catharine Coller[3], 1806-1860, Scottsburg, N. Y.
17-18. Clarissa McNinch[4], 1830-1899, and husband, Westfield, Pa.

JOHN GERNERT BRANCH.

19. Mrs. Hannah Donmoyer[3], 1806-1864, Lebanon Co., Pa.
20. Mrs. Catharine Hinterleiter[3], 1808-1881, Kutztown, Pa.
21. Mrs. Mary Anna Bortz[3], 1811-1868, Trexlerstown, Pa.
22. Nathan Gernert[3], 1813-1879, Breinigsville, Pa.
23. Solomon Gernert[3], 1817-1887, Jonestown, Pa.
24. John Gernert[3], 1822-1900, Breinigsville, Pa.
25. William Gernert[3], Allentown, Pa.
26. Benjamin Gernert[3], Allentown, Pa.
27. Reuben Gernert[3], 1827-1875, Allentown, Pa.
28. Rudolph W. Donmoyer[4], South Bend, Ind.
29. Milton T. Donmoyer[4], Kutztown, Pa.
30. William G. Hinterleiter[4], 1844-1903, Kutztown, Pa.
31-36. Elwood D. Fisher[5], son[6] and g. c.[7], Kutztown, Pa.
37. J. M. M. Gernerd[4], Muncy, Pa.
38. Lydia S. Gernerd[5], 1868-1893, Muncy, Pa.
39. Mrs. Maria Levan[4], Reading, Pa.

40. Charles H. Levan[5], Altoona, Pa.
41. James W. Gernerd[4], 1849-1896, Alburtis, Pa.
42. C. W. B. Gernerd[5], Allentown, Pa.
43. Irwin Franklin Fenstermacher[5], Coplay, Pa.
44. Ernest W. Gernerd[5], Williamsport, Pa.

CATHARINE FOGLEMAN BRANCH.

45-46. Simon P. Fogelman[4] and wife, Dewart, Pa.
47. Jeremiah E. Baker[4], Buffalo, N. Y.
48. Davis E. Fogleman[4], Riverside, Cal.

MARGARET LITCHARD BRANCH.

49-52. George Litchard[3], son Almanzo[4], g. son Martin[5] and g. g. son Donald, Rushford, N. Y.
53. Margaret Clemons[3], Sultphen, Kansas.
54-57. Royal R. Clemons[4] and family, Manhattan, Kan.
58-61. Roger Litchard[4] and family, Arkport, N. Y.

BALTZER GARNHART BRANCH.

62. Benjamin Garnhart[3], 1816-1894, Muncy, Pa.
63-64. Samuel Garnhart[3], 1818-1879, and wife, 18—-1884, Delaware, Township, Pa.
65. Mrs. Sarah E. Taylor[4], Delaware Township, Pa.
66-70. Charles W. Garnhart[4] and family, Stillman Valley, Ills.
71-74. Daniel Garnhart[3], dau. Etta[4], her husband Albert Bergerstock, and their dau. Mae[5], Delaware Township, Pa. The photograph from which this engraving was made was taken by a young amateur artist who insisted on having the family seated at the kitchen door. The picture, just as it is, will be highly valued by all the relations, as well as by the descendants of the venerable and now sightless representative of a generation who have nearly all gone to their graves.

ANNA MARIA WILLIAMS BRANCH.

75. Mrs. Rosanna Kinman[3], 1810-1887, Bellbrook, Ohio.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

In the records that follow of the different branches of the Family a number of abbreviations are used to save type-setting, as b. for born; m., married; unm., unmarried; c., child, or children; d., died; dau., daughter; s., son; n. c., no children; o., occupation; r., residence. A cross, thus ×, means that the missing date, name, etc., was not ascertained. A figure appended to a name denotes that the person is of the generation the figure indicates, as, for example, John Shafer[4] (son of Henry[3], grandson of Magdalena[2],) means that John Shafer[4] is of the fourth generation of the Family, and that he was a son of Henry and a grandson of Magdalena, who was the eldest of the children of Heinrich and Rosine. The names of the members of the several generations are also represented by different kinds of type.

HEINRICH AND ROSINE GERNHARDT AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

INTRODUCTION.

To the descendants of Heinrich Gernhardt and his wife, Rosine Fetterman:

This book, the reader is reminded, is published only for private circulation, though perhaps hardly anybody outside of the family will want to read it. I would say that my father died when I was but ten years old, and that I lived to be more than threescore years old with but slight knowledge of my ancestors and kindred. I saw my paternal grandparents only a few times, when I was a small boy, and when I had no more interest in our family history than in the nebular theory of the astronomers. All that I knew respecting my great-grandparents of the Gernhardt line before beginning to gather the data for this genealogical fabrication was their names, that they had several children besides my grandfather, that they had once lived in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and that from thence they had migrated—before my father's time—to some part of Northumberland County. When and where they were born, what their social and pecuniary condition was, when and where they were married, where and under what special circumstances they commenced and spent their domestic life, when they settled on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, when and where they died, and where they were buried, how many children they had, and what became of them all, were matters of which, after my hair had turned grey, I still remained as ignorant as everybody now is of the pre-historic ages and origin of the North American Indians.

It might here be asked, How many of the many living descendants of Heinrich Gernhardt knew more than this—or as much—and could trace their ancestry back on the same line more than a century? When, several years ago, I was seized with an irrepres-

sible desire to know more about the early history of the family, and decided to gather the material to construct a complete genealogical record, not one relative to whom I applied could give me any information, except what related especially to his or her own immediate branch of the family. This was not encouraging, and I began to fear that the undertaking would prove too much for my age and opportunity. But I found a link now and then that served to keep interest and curiosity alive, and that finally led to the discovery of many other links; and thus was in time enabled to trace the Gernhardt blood, and formulate an almost perfect genealogical chain from 1765 to the present time. But there is nothing singular in all this. The great majority of the inhabitants of America probably know no more about their sanguiferous connections, and have no more knowledge of their ancestors back of three generations.

If, as some have thought, "He that careth not whence he cometh, careth little whither he goeth," and it is true that "They who care not to know their ancestors are wanting in natural affection," then it might at first thought seem that the greater number of every family are wanting in natural affection, and foster but little concern as to their future life. I have not found this to be the case, at least not as a rule, either among my connections or my acquaintances, but believe that many thoughtful souls are reasonably concerned with the all-important question of the endless hereafter; that they fondly cling to the consoling belief that it is neither all of life to live, nor all of death to die; and that at least the great majority are eager to hear about their ancestors, and know whence they themselves came and whither they are going. The truth is that interest in family history is now rapidly growing in all sections of the country, and this is proof enough that natural affection is not wanting.

Knowing that our ancestor, Heinrich, had sometime settled in the county of Northumberland, it often occurred to me to go to Sunbury and see what the court records there might disclose, and finally I assigned myself the task of making the search. By the help of the obliging clerk of the Recorder I was soon de-

lighted to find the record of his last will and testament, which interesting instrument reads as follows:

HEINRICH GERNHARDT'S WILL.

In the Name of God, Amen. I, Henry Gernhardt, of Turbot Township, in Northumberland County & State of Pennsylvania, being but in a midling state of health at present but of sound memory, mind and understanding, blessed be God for his mercies but considering the uncertainty of this life & not knowing how long it may please God to continue me on the land of the living, I do make and publish this to be my last will and testament in manner and form following, viz:—principally & first of all I commend my immortal soul into the hand of God who gave it & my body to the earth to be buried in a christian like manner at the direction of my executors hereinafter named and as to my worldly estate wherewith it has pleased God in this life to bless me with, I give and dispose of the same in the following manner, viz:

First. It is my will and I do order that all my just debts & funeral expenses be duly paid & satisfied as soon as conveniently can be after my decease, as to my lands in York State, I give and bequeath as follows, viz: One farm containing one hundred acres in Sparta Township, in Ontario County, whereon Andrew Shaffer now lives, I give and bequeath twenty acres of said farm to my grand-daughter Catharine Gernhardt, daughter of my son Philip Gernhardt to her heirs and assigns forever. The said twenty acres to be laid of the northeast corner of said tract to be four square; the remainder of said tract, I give and bequeath to my daughter Magdelena all the remainders of said tract of land to be wholly and solely at her disposal at her decease. Subject, nevertheless, to a lease given by me to Andrew Shaffer, husband of said Magdelena. Provided, nevertheless, that the said Andrew Shaffer by or through his right of marriage or otherwise whatsoever shall have no right to sell any of the above granted or bequeathed land from the said Magdelena, but that it shall be entirely at her own disposal. Provided that the purchase money which I paid for said land together with such notes or bonds as I have in my hands against the said Shaffer with interest thereof does not amount to more than the equal dividend of the other heirs, if otherwise so much of the interest it is to be paid as will make each & every of the others equal, as to my farm in Turbot township where I now live on. It is my will and I direct that it

shall be appraised by six honest and disinterested men to be chosen by & with the consent of the heirs and after being duly sworn are to set a fair valuation on said land, and if one or more of the heirs shall take it at the valuation they or any of them is to have it, the other heirs consenting thereto and the amount to be divided as is hereafter directed. But if neither of them wishes to have it at the valuation, then it is my will and direction that as soon as convenient after my decease that it with all my personal property be sold at public vendue to the highest and best bidders, and to be divided as follows, viz:

First, the children of my son Jacob Gernhardt to be as one heir, my daughter Elizabeth Gearnhardt, my son Philip Gernhardt, my son John Gernhardt, my daughter Catharine Fogleman, my daughter Margaret Lichard, my son Baltzer, my daughter Anna Marria Williams and my daughter Susanna Gernhardt my children & heirs to each of them to have an equal share of all my estate both real and personal after deducting out all my just debts & funeral expences which I order and direct to be first paid, except Philip Gernhardt which to have one hundred dollars less, and Baltzer Gernhardt to have fifty dollars more than the rest of the heirs, whatsoever bonds, notes or receipts for money paid for or to any of my heirs which are in my hands against them at the time of my decease, with the interest thereon due, is to be counted and be as so much paid to them of their share of my estate, my daughters Elizabeth & Susanna is to have each their bed and bedding, and what belongs thereto and a cow or cows equal to what their other married sisters get & Anna Marria Williams to have that cow that she raised on my plantation, and whereas I have purchased a tract of about one hundred acres of land in Ontario County, in the State of New York, whereon John Lichard lives on, for which there is no title made to me as yet and certain payment to be made before the title can be got. It is my will that in case I should die before the payment is made or the title is obtained that my executors shall as soon as possible pay the money and make the title to Margaret Lichard and her heirs and to be off set as so much of her part. And it is my will & I do direct my executors to pay to my grand-daughter Catharine Gernhardt daughter of my son Philip Gernhardt the sum of one hundred dollars out of the monies arising from my estate, before a division is made with the other heirs, as to cloths and wearing appearal it is my will & I do direct that they be equally divided between my sons.

And lastly, I do nominate, constitute and appoint my son John Gernhardt, Baltzer Gernhardt and my son in law Peter Fogelman to be the executors of this my last will and testament.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal the twelfth day of Feby., one thousand eight hundred and twenty.

HEINRICH GERNHARDT. [Seal].

(Witnesses—Thos. Smith and John D. Macklin).

CODICIL TO THE ABOVE WILL.

I, Henry Gernhardt, of Turbot Township, in Northumberland County, do make & publish this codicil to be part of my last will and testament, that is I leave and bequeath unto my three daughters, viz: Polly Williams, Elizabeth and Susanna the house that Baltzer now lives in clear of my rent for the space of one year after my decease, together with the garden firewood & hay through the winter for three cows that is each of them hay for one cow during the winter with half an acre of good ground to plant potatoes on, and the stable that is by Baltzer's house with the one-third of the apples that grows on the place all of the above mentioned to be clear of any rent only the girls to assist in gathering the apples, likewise one hundred weight of good beef & one hundred weight of pork to be delivered to them by my executors clear of any charges and also fifteen bushels of wheat to be given to them out of my share and six bushels of corn & nine bushels of buckwheat to be given to them also out of my share of the grain coming to me from Baltzer.

Signed, sealed, published and declared to be part of my last will and testament, this twenty-eighth day of February, 1820.

HEINRICH GERNHARDT. [Seal].

(Same witnesses).

A REVELATION.

Here was a revelation of great interest. Our almost forgotten ancestor had made his last will and testament on the 12th day of February, 1820, and came to the end of his life-journey, for which he was evidently prepared, sometime probably in April, as the will was placed on file near the end of that month; though it was not until the 22d day of August that the first witness, Thomas Smith, appeared before the registrar and testified that he saw the testator sign the will. John D. Macklin for some reason did not

appear to testify until the 30th day of November, when the will and codicil were finally proven and approved, and letters testamentary granted. Heinrich wrote his name in German, but the clerk copied it as it is written in the text of the will in English—Henry.

There was to me a volume of history in this document. Rosine had preceded Heinrich to the land of rest and silence. Their last terrestrial abiding place was in Turbot* Township, about two miles east of the Susquehanna River. They had ten grown-up children, who, as afterwards learned, were named in the order of birth; and one of these, Jacob, had evidently also before him gone the way of all the earth, though many months passed before it was ascertained where he had lived and died, and what had become of his children. One daughter-in-law (Philip's wife) had died and left a child, Catharine, who was also kindly remembered in the will. Four of his daughters were married, and Elizabeth and Susanna were still single. Two of them, Magdalena (wife of Andrew Shafer), and Margaret (wife of John Litchard), were then living in the town of Sparta, Ontario County—divided the following year, so that Sparta is now in Livingston County—in the state of New York. Besides these facts the will contains other particulars of interest relating to the family, and gives some light on the customs in rural life in that day. These disclosures gave great satisfaction, and were an immediate incentive to hunt for more "links" to construct, if possible, a complete genealogical chain. Here were a number of most interesting facts about my great-grandparents and their family that not a living relative was able to tell me. I was delighted.

Another question that it was thought that examination of the

*The proper and original way of spelling this name is *Turbutt*, but being now always spelt *Turbot*, it is here under protest substituted by the name of—*a fish*. The name was given in honor of Col. Turbutt Francis, a prominent pioneer, and soldier in the French and Indian wars, who, in 1769, immediately after the last purchase of this part of the Pennsylvania province, became the most extensive land proprietor in what is now Northumberland County. He owned all the land for a distance of eighteen miles along the Northumberland side of the Susquehanna, from the town of Northumberland to the neighborhood of Watsontown, and there is no earthly excuse for dropping his name for that of a fish. The village originally named Turbuttville (a few miles east of the Sinking Spring) now also has the fishy name of *Turbot-ville*.

court records would solve was, When did Heinrich locate in the county of Northumberland? The record of two real estate purchases were soon found that gave the answer. On the 19th day of April, 1805, he bought 181 3-4 acres of land in Turbot Township of James Durham, one of the earliest settlers of the county,—the place is now in what is known as Delaware Township—known as the Sinking Springs, for the consideration of "one thousand pounds in real specie." April 15, 1817, after the demise of James Durham, and only a little more than three years before Heinrich himself paid the debt of nature, he bought 162 acres more adjoining of Durham's sons, John and William, the executors of the Durham estate, which now enlarged his plantation to 343 3-4 acres. It is surmised, therefore, that he left Berks County sometime before his first purchase of the Durham property, now about one hundred years ago. I had learned many years ago from Daniel Heinterleiter, an old uncle living in Berks County, that Heinrich and his family had migrated from Greenwich Township, from a locality about 4 1-2 miles northwest of Kutztown, to some point above Sunbury, in Northumberland County, but the date was not remembered. It is not improbable that he may have rented a year or so in the county before he bought the Sinking Springs property. The lately deceased Geo. W. Hassinger, of Reading, Pa., who married Susan Gernert[4] (Solomon[3], John[2]), at my request spent several hours searching the court records of Berks County, but failed to find any evidence that our ancestor ever owned any real estate in that section.

The next thing to inquire into was, What became of the four sons and the six daughters of our ancestors, Heinrich and Rosine, and where are their descendants living, and are they all useful and worthy citizens of this great land? And where were the principals of the family born, and whose progeny were they? Of the three eldest of their ten children I cannot remember that I ever heard either of them mentioned, and of some of the others neither I nor any one I asked knew whither they had drifted. It was soon evident that I had undertaken no easy task, at least for me, but my curiosity grew with each discovery, and there was

real satisfaction in the genealogical inquest. "'Tis Curiosity—who hath not felt its spirit, and before its altar knelt?"

After many inquiries I chanced to hear of Mr. John Shafer, of Sparta, near Dansville, N. Y., a venerable grandson of Magdalena the firstborn of Heinrich's and Rosine's children. I immediately wrote to him, telling him of our relationship, and that I was trying to compile a genealogical register and history of the family, in which undertaking he at once became deeply interested. He too felt the impulse of the fascinating power of curiosity. His knowledge of the first family was even more limited than mine, but for the information I imparted to him he gave most valuable help in return. These things are here mentioned because I am pleased to think that whatever relates to the family, and shows the slow progress in the production of this history, imperfect as it may be, will interest every thoughtful person of the *friendschaft.*

THE SETTLEMENT IN NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.

Mr. Shafer had, with very respectful regard, preserved his grandmother Magdalena's precious German Bible. He could not himself read German writing, so he carried it three or four miles to a German scholar and by his help learned that it contained the very important record of his grandmother's birth and place of nativity, stating that she came into the world on the sixth day of February, 1771, in the township of Lehigh and county of Northampton, Pennsylvania, and that she was married to Andrew Shafer on the 11th day of February, 1794. Here was another revelation of great interest, as it at once indicated that Berks County could not have been the place of the original settlement. Magdalena was, therefore, 34 years of age, and already eleven years married, when the family removal to Northumberland County took place; and—as afterwards learned—the children were all born, Susanna, the youngest, being six years old when the exodus to Berks County from Northampton occurred. Sometime after learning this the opportunity came to visit Easton and examine the court records of the county of Northampton. Then and there the interesting discovery was made that our ancestor, soon after

coming to America, had located on a tract of 157 acres of government land in Lehigh Township, for which tract he had not lifted his patent deed until 1790, and that he sold the same to one George Ensle, April 21st, 1795, for the consideration of five hundred and seventy-five pounds—a sum that now seems to indicate that he had for that day made some substantial improvements, and that he had selected a good piece of ground. It appeared from this that he did not at the longest live in Berks County more than eight to ten years, after having lived in Northampton probably all of thirty years. In this way link after link of the chain of the family history was found, and question after question came into mind, each new fact having its share of interest, but—after all—curiosity is never long satisfied. We always want to know more.

Had Heinrich relatives in America? It is not unlikely, considering the rush of Germans to this side of the Atlantic, but we do not know that he had. There were other emigrants of our very variable name—presumably our name—and possibly related to Heinrich, who came from Germany at different times to seek their fortunes. There were Christopher Gerner, Hans Georg Gerner, and Johan Matheis Gerner, the proverbial "three brothers" perhaps, who landed at Philadelphia in August, 1750; Joh. Georg Gerner, who came over in November, 1754; Christoph Martin Generdt, October 20, 1764; and Johann Christian Gernet and Johannes Gernet, October 27, 1764; but nothing is known of these earlier settlers or their posterity, and one can only imagine that they may have been related to Heinrich. Their names may now be so changed as to bear but little resemblance to their original appellations—and the originals may not have been correctly recorded.

In Volume XVIII of the Pennsylvania Archives, Second Series, appears the name of our ancestor, Joh. Heinrich Gernardt,—by the way, the editor of the Archives, Dr. Wm. H. Egle, complains of the "wretched chirography" and the still "worse spelling" of the original records—in the list of foreigners imported in the ship Chance, Charles Smith, master, from Rotterdam, last from Cowes, England. As to the prefix Joh., our ancestor either drop-

ped it, or, more likely, it was inadvertently placed there by a careless clerk. As there are not less than thirty-three Johans and Johannes in a total of but seventy-seven names in this one list of emigrants, it would seem that the registrar thought that about every other Deutsch-man must be a Johan. The Germans in their own tongue, by the way, were *Deutsch,* but not Dutch. The Hollanders, it must be remembered, were the *Dutchmen,* and our ancestor was not a Hollander. The Pennsylvania Germans must know something of Hollandish to be able to understand the dialect of the Dutch. "Pennsylvania Dutch" is therefore a very often misapplied name. But no use to insist on repudiating the name now, as it has become an Americanism as well recognized and as irrepressible as the title of "Uncle Sam" or "Brother Jonathan" is for the United States, as "corn" is for Indian Maize, or as the appellation "White House" is for the Executive Mansion. When the Yankees call us *Dutch* we must just hold our tongue. (Frequent digressions it is hoped will be kindly tolerated in this history, since so little is really known about our ancestors).

All males over sixteen years of age were obliged to take the oath of allegiance to the King of England, "heartily, willingly and truly"—as each one "solemnly, sincerely and truly" professed and declared when taking the oath—immediately after landing in America, being usually marched in a body to the Court House for this ceremony. This obligation was taken by our *Deutsch* ancestor, Heinrich, on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1765, and no doubt—as the oath reads—"without any equivocation, mental evasion, or secret reservation whatsoever." As this important event occurred just 55 years before his death, it may reasonably be surmised that he was probably somewhere between 20 and 25 years old when he became a citizen of the Province of Pennsylvania under the crown of Great Britain, and that he was therefore probably between 75 and 80 years old at the time of his death. It is a matter which all will forever regret that the graves of himself and his consort were not properly marked. I am sorry to confess that not one of their descendants could even tell me where under the "clods of the valley" their bodies had been consigned back to Mother Earth. Of this, more anon.

It will also often be lamented, as time rolls on, that no one could tell when and where our ancestors, Heinrich and Rosine, were born, when and where they were married, just how they were situated for more than a quarter of a century in their Northampton home, and how they toiled and struggled to get on in the world during the trying times in which they lived. That they were not born with silver spoons in their mouths is sure, to make use of a homely but forcible expression; but that they were frugal, worked hard and early and late, had few luxuries, if any, except such as beneficent nature provided; and that in the sternest sense they had to "earn their bread by the sweat of their brows," is also certain. The majority of the German emigrants were quite poor. Many were so poor that they were compelled to sell themselves, or they were sometimes sold compulsorily at public auction to the highest bidder, just as the blacks were sold in the days of their involuntary servitude, for a term of service lasting from three to seven or more years, the price depending upon their age, the value of their service, and the amount necessary to pay for their passage and other incidental expenses. These people were known as "Redemptioners." Robert Sutcliff, an English Quaker who traveled upwards of ten thousand miles in the Middle States, mainly on horseback, in the years 1804, '05 and '06, in the interesting narrative of his journeys pays this tribute to this class of Germans: "I noticed many families, particularly in Pennsylvania, of great respectability both in our Society and amongst others, who had themselves come over to this country as Redemptioners, or were the children of such. And it is remarkable that the German residents in this country have a character for greater industry and stability than those of any other nation." This is high praise from an Englishman.

For further information relating to the Redemptioners the reader is referred to my *Now and Then,* Vol. 3, pp. 61 and 96. I have the original Indenture of a German and his wife, made in April, 1788, by which they sold themselves into service for a term of four years, the consideration being thirty pounds and ten shillings, paid for their freight from Rotterdam and their living and

clothing during the period of bondage, and at the expiration of the term 16 Spanish dollars each in lieu of new suits, the further sum of 10 pounds and 10 shillings specie, a cow with calf, and a sow with pigs. This couple never became rich, but lived many years afterward in the community where they had served, were useful and respected citizens, and their descendants are worthy people. The affluent Englishman who bought them in time suffered financial misfortune, and some of his descendants became almost as indigent as the score or more of Redemptioners who had sold themselves or were sold into his service. But, what matters this if

> "Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue;
> Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
> Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish!"

Our ancestor is supposed to have had something to begin with, and it required only a small sum for a diligent man with a strong heart to secure a piece of good land then, and—find a willing wife to help him to improve it. They prospered after years of privation and faithful toil. I have not been able to learn where Heinrich found his *guten frau* Rosine. The story of their courtship and domestic life would now be extremely interesting to his descendants, but, alas, it is forever buried with them. It may be imagined, however—having but few facts of personal history I must beg to be allowed to indulge the imaginative faculty—that Heinrich had not far to go to woo her whom he loved, as there were settlers by the name of Fetterman then living not far away, in Northampton County. In the list of assessments of Macungie Township (a part of Lehigh County since 1812), made by the commissioners at Easton, December 27th, 1781, we found the name of George Fetterman. Was he a relative of Rosine? And among the early settlers of Milford Township (also now a province of Lehigh County) there was a Balthaser Vetterman (alias Baltzer Fetterman), to whom a land warrant for fifty-two acres of land was issued August 14th, 1752. In the assessment list of the taxable citizens of Milford Township, dated December 27th, 1781, twenty-nine years later, appear the names of Balzer

Fetterman and George Fetterman. Might not Baltzer (or Balzer) have been Rosine's father, and George a brother? A question, merely!

And what personal property did Rosine at her marriage bring to Heinrich's slender estate? We can only refer to the custom of that day, and guess. By turning back to Heinrich's will and taking note of what Rosine's own daughters received as their marriage portion, we may infer that she was fortunate if she too had received "a bed and bedding, and what belongs thereto, and a cow." We are not absolutely guessing. And this we know, our ancestors were humble Germans, and no class of foreigners made better citizens, and none were more industrious, and none in time became more thrifty. And this also is true, that in no other class of people who came to this broad and free land to better their condition was the love and sentiment of home and family, and of their adopted country, stronger.

OUR ANCESTORS IN EUROPE.

It would be a source of satisfaction to describe even the place of Heinrich's nativity, if we cannot trace back his ancestry. The famed region of the Upper Rhine, and the valley of the river Neckar, in the lower part of Germany, formerly an independent state—part of it now forms the northern section of Bavaria—commonly known as the Palatinate, is the land from which the German settlers of Eastern Pennsylvania chiefly emigrated, and I believe that our ancestor also came from this section of the *Vaterland*. The Palatinate was for centuries the scene of many terrible conflicts, and the battlefield of some of Europe's most sanguinary wars. The inhabitants were time and again the hapless victims of the most savage cruelty. The whole country, history says, was sometimes pillaged and completely desolated. In the autumn of one year, 1688, the French murdered more than one hundred thousand of its people, and laid its villages and towns in ashes. These invasions and atrocities, and the tyranny of its rulers, constituted one of the main causes of the extensive Palatinate emigration to the colonies in America. These Palatines

were in fact voluntary exiles from fierce religious persecutions and unendurable political oppression.

How did our more remote ancestors fare in such direful times, and did they with their fellow-countrymen perform heroic but unavailing deeds in defense of their homes and families? We know not, and can only guess and ponder. It was in 1750, when Heinrich was a lad perhaps just old enough to realize some of the horrors of war, that hostilities broke out between Prussia and Austria, involving France and England, and the ill-fated Palatinate was again overrun and became the dismal scene of wasteful camps and battles. Only ten years before this, in 1740, probably about the time when Heinrich first breathed the breath of life, a general European war began that lasted for eight years, and raged back and forth over the ill-starred territory of the Palatinate. The troubled inhabitants had hardly time enough to recover from the calamities of one war, before they became involved in the horrors of another. It was during the war of the Spanish succession, which began in the time of Heinrich's parents, or grandparents, in 1701, and lasted about twelve years, when the Palatinate was overrun by contending armies, that the tide of emigration to America set in so extensively that it came to be regarded as almost a national craze. Heinrich a few years later simply followed in the wake of the tens of thousands of his countrymen, perhaps followed relatives or some esteemed acquaintances, to the land that offered so promising an asylum to the poor and oppressed. But we cannot lift the dense curtain that hides from us the secrets of our remote European ancestors, and we must be content to confine our study to our American history and genealogy.

But, if we even could follow Heinrich back to his place of birth, and trace the Gernhardt blood back a dozen generations, would this satisfy us? Would we not then have the same never satiated curiosity to trace our kindred still further back, back down through the Dark Ages, back down through the ages when the German tribes came into frequent conflict with the haughty Romans, back even to the very beginning of the Christian era?

Would we not then have the curiosity to know from what primitive tribe or stock we emanated? Would we not then be just as inquisitive to know what our ancestors were like, and what they did in pre-historic times, even far back in the Age of Stone? Nay, would not some of the still more inquisitive wish to go on back, back, way back, expecting sometime actually to find a savage ancestor covered all over with long hair, and with a low retreating forehead and unprepossessing physiognomy, and even a prehensile caudal appendage, just like a monkey? Don't be appalled, dear reader! We do not trifle in saying this. This is not levity. Why it is a stern fact that philosophers, scientists and eminent and pious divines all over the civilized world are now busy trying to persuade themselves and all the rest of mankind that such is really man's lowly origin; that instead of having fallen from a state of perfection, he has been slowly differentiated or evolved from the lowest form of life; and that he has from the start been, and still is, moving on upward in the scale of both physical and psychical development. There is at least some comfort in this, if it is true. That is, if it so be that we have not fallen, we have at least risen. The Gernhardts, looking at it in this way, are not of more humble origin than any of their neighbors, and they have just the same right, capacity, incentive and opportunity to get up higher. After all, what's in a name, or in a title, or in family, in this free democratic land! Did not our American forefathers wisely decide and declare that ALL MEN are created free and equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with the same natural rights? In a word, what is it that constitutes true manhood? Is it not true that we are all of "one blood," and that

> "By birth alone the *name* descends;
> Your *honor* on yourself depends?"

THE NEW WORLD LIFE.

Let us in imagination come down to the more recent time of Heinrich's settlement in the forest of Northampton County, when and where he established himself several miles back of the river, near the banks of which the first emigrants had located. Lehigh

Township comprises the western end or corner of the county as it now exists. Its present (the township's) metes and bounds were fixed in 1765, the year of our ancestor's arrival. It is south and east of the Blue Mountain, against which it buts, and which, with its lofty and almost uniform summit, forms a pleasing view from all parts of the domain. It is bounded on the north by Carbon County, on the east by Moore Township, on the south by Allen, and on the west by the Lehigh River. The territory was once known as "The Indian Land," as Thomas Penn, the Proprietary, in 1735 had it surveyed with the idea of making it a reservation for the Indians who were then still lingering in the triangular tract known as the "Forks of the Delaware;" but the project was not carried out, and the lands soon thereafter began to pass into the possession of white settlers. The county of Northampton was erected by Act of Assembly in March, 1752, only thirteen years before Heinrich came to the Province of the Penns. At the extreme western border or corner of the township the Lehigh River passes through the Blue Mountains in a deep gap, the high sides of the broken ridge facing the river rising almost perpendicularly, and the whole surroundings combining to form one of Pennsylvania's most beautiful and charming scenes. The Indians called the gap *Buch-ka-buch-ka,* which the historian Heckewelder says meant "mountains butting opposite to each other." How often the eyes and thoughts of Heinrich and Rosine and their children must have been fixed on this romantic spot, and on the long stretch of the stately mountain, every day in the field of their vision. Another deep gap of most singular physiographical interest, a perfect riddle to the speculative geologist, and also in full view from about all parts of the township, is the Wind Gap, called by the Germans *De Wind Kaft,* through which no stream flows, but over the thoroughfare that passes through which in former times there was a vast amount of teaming and travel. It was through this gap that the main division of General Sullivan's army of 5,000 marched on the 19th day of June, 1779, when it set out to invade the country and break the power of the formid-

able Iroquois Confederacy, after having encamped along the road the previous night in Lehigh Township. We may imagine that Heinrich and his neighbors—and perhaps Rosine, with nearly three months old little Philip in her arms—came to look upon this army of war, which it was doubtless well known had for some days been forming at near-by Easton, the county town. But our hard-working ancestors of Lehigh Township never for one moment dreamed that a century or more later they themselves would have an *army* of descendants born and living in peace and prosperity in the fertile and beautiful region of New York, called the "Long House," then occupied by the dreaded savages who had perpetrated such cruelties on the settlers along the borders, and whom these well armed and determined men under Sullivan were about to visit and punish so effectually. But such is life! "Fate is above us all!"

The custom was, that when the pioneer had selected a piece of unoccupied land that suited him, he immediately made application to the proper officer of the Proprietary government for a warrant, after which the tract was surveyed for him, and a draft thereof made. Then, to get lawful possession he had to pay a specified per centum of the price down; which, at the time our ancestor made his application for his 157 acres, had been advanced to twenty-two dollars and twenty-two cents per hundred acres; so that, according to this, his preliminary payment was about thirty-five dollars. He then had acquired a presumptive title, and could without molestation enjoy and improve the land as if it were already all his own. After this he could also have plenty of time to pay the balance of the purchase money, and get a deed-patent to acquire the complete right and title, so that he could himself make a deed in case he wished to sell. In the meantime all he was required to pay was a yearly tax of one-half-penny for each acre of the tract, which in Heinrich's case was therefore only about 78 cents. This was done by the Proprietary government to encourage emigrants to come and improve the Province.

How long our ancestor thus enjoyed possession of his land and

paid his annual tax of a few shillings before he (in 1790) obtained his patent, we did not find it convenient to search the records to learn, but it may be imagined that he must have applied for the preliminary warrant before, or about the time, he was married. I happen to know that Nicolas Saeger—who was the maternal great-grandfather of my wife, Louise S. Gernerd—obtained a warrant in 1737 for several hundred acres on Coplay Creek, only about ten miles south of *my* great-grandfather Heinrich's tract, and that he did not apply for and receive his deed-patent until in 1762, a full quarter of a century after he had secured possession. Great-grandfather Gernhardt had no need to hurry, therefore, to get his title from the government, and might have settled on the tract almost directly after he became a colonist, twenty-five years before. The patent, we may here note, was granted to him as Henry *Garnet*—another instance of "worse spelling" than writing.

If we know nothing of the personal experiences and circumstances of Heinrich and Rosine during their many years of domestic life in Northampton, we at least know something of the customs and conditions of that period. It then meant the hardest kind of work to make a farm. The wilderness had to be subdued, as every rod of good vacant land was heavily covered with the primitive forest. Only here and there was there a clearing one hundred and thirty-five years ago, even on the first occupied tracts of land. Farm-life was one continuous drudgery. The early settlers had few comforts and conveniences, and knew little of labor-saving machinery. To have a horse, wagon, plow, one or two cows, a saw, axe, a few tools, as augers, a draw-knife, square, etc., and a hundred broad acres, more or less, made the stout-hearted and ready-handed German pioneer feel as independent and contented as the most flourishing farmers are now with all their cleared lands and modern conveniences. There was freedom and novelty and pleasure in their new life, and they rejoiced whenever they thought of the restraints and despotism from which they had escaped. They were now in a land of promise and opportunity, where they could make themselves comfortable homes. They did

not wish for things of which they had no knowledge, and they did not see their effects and surroundings as we regard them now. Though none of us may wish to live and struggle as they did, yet we must admit that in a broad sense they were just as happy as we are now.

The first act of our forefather after he had made a sufficient clearing on his claim doubtless was to construct a cabin of logs, and to fill up the interstices with sticks and mud. The floor, if not at first merely of clay pounded down smooth and hard, was probably made of hewn plank, and the roof may even have been thatched with long straw, but later on laid with boards or split shingles, and the heavy doors were hung on big wooden hinges. There were probably two rooms on the ground floor, and a half-story loft above, where the children slept when old enough to climb up the stairs, or ladder. In the kitchen, in the partition wall, we think we see an immense fire-place, constructed in a massive stone chimney, where the cooking was done, and, if it could be had, a swinging iron crane from which to suspend the kettles over the fire. The fire was produced with steel, flint and punk, as matches were then not yet invented. Until prepared to make tallow candles, they burnt hog's lard, or the fat of some wild animals, in little boat-shaped iron or tin lamps; or perhaps at first used pitch-pine knots and splinters to make light. But they did not want light very long, as they had no daily papers to read, and the general habit was to retire early, and enjoy sound and refreshing sleep after working hard all day. For sweeping Rosine had splint-brooms made of hickory saplings. For coffee they substituted roasted beech nuts, chestnuts, peas, rye, or corn. No time was lost in planting an orchard, and as soon as they had apples then came the greatly esteemed luxury of cider, apple-butter, dried apples, apple pie, and—foolish Esau, to give his birthright for a beef-steak, if he could have had—"Schnits and Knepp."

There were various other victuals that the German emigrants had been accustomed to in the *Vaderland* that they soon provided themselves here. "Sauerkraut," for instance, was regarded as being very nearly one of the necessities of life. People of other

nationalities were wont to turn up their noses when they smelt of it, or even sometimes when it was mentioned,—we think Horace Greely once contemptuously termed it *pickled manure,*—but it is now becoming a very respectable dish, and is quite in demand among the refined of other races. It is often pronounced unwholesome, but we have frequently known invalids crave it and eat it freely and feel comfortable, when other food would distress them. And there is "Pan-Haas" (in English, "Scrapple," or, as often called, "Pan-Rabbit"), a favorite dish in every German household, and now eaten by almost everybody. And who, that knows what is good, don't like "Smear-Case!" Indeed, there are many other things that other people have learned from the provident and straightforward Germans. And I imagine that Mother Rosine—I just now think I can see her at work in her humble cabin, a stout, healthy, rosy-cheeked, kind-hearted woman—was an excellent cook, and a good, cleanly housekeeper, as this is exactly what the majority of German women were, and now are.

The furniture of our ancestors was doubtless at first of the simplest descrption, most of it very likely made by Heinrich himself. A great-granddaughter now living in Lehigh County has a rocking-chair that she says her father willed to her as the chair made by his grandfather (Heinrich), and this is unquestionable evidence that our forefather possessed considerable mechanical aptness. Later on, as prosperity permitted, and the family increased, various unpretentious conveniences were added to the household outfit. What an event in their plain, simple and economical domestic life when they became the happy possessors of a stove! Think of it! A stove! And no doubt it was one of the old-fashioned ten-plate stoves, invented by the philosophic Benjamin Franklin, who—as has so often happened—married the girl that at first made fun of him. And what would dear old Mother Rosine think if she were to wake up out of her last long sleep and see the latest improved cooking stoves and ranges, the convenient extension tables, the elegant side-boards, cushioned chairs, superb chamber suits, grand carpets, lace curtains, as well as the

organs and pianos, that many of her numerous descendants have now? And what would she say, if she stood there in her cabin door as of old, in her gown made of flax, and barefooted, even if it were on a cool autumn day, and saw a whole train of her female descendants coming to pay her their respects, dressed in elegant skirts, handsome coats, exquisite furs and muffs, patent leather shoes and "loves of bonnets," now so common? It was still after her day in Northampton County that ladies, real ladies we have been told, would wear silk dresses (when they could afford it), and walk miles to church and *carry their shoes,* and then, to appear more presentable, or respectable, or fashionable, but hardly more comfortable, just before reaching the place of worship put their shoes on their feet. The shoemakers then often traveled from house to house to make and mend shoes; and, because the shoes were well made, of honest leather, and were tenderly taken care of, would last a long time. This reminds me that I once saw a Pennsylvania German have on a pair of calf-skin boots that he had then been wearing for forty-three years. They were his wedding boots, and were, of course, only worn at "dress-parade."

And what would contented Heinrich think, with his rude plow made of hard wood, harness made of rawhide and rope, clumsy hand-made forks and hoes, hickory flails, and his "Dutch scythe" and reaping-hook, if he saw the mowers, reapers and binders, corn-planters and corn-shellers, sulky plows and steam threshers, and the many other improvements that farmers have now? We would all like to hear him express his mind. What changes indeed since the days of our first German ancestors. We can now but imperfectly realize how they lived and managed to get along in the world. How glad all would be to have a series of photographic views of Heinrich and Rosine, their children, their home, their effects and surroundings, to illustrate this little volume. But there were no cameras and kodaks then. The "wonderful century,' with its almost countless discoveries, inventions and improvements, was for us to have the advantage of and not for them. The population of the land they adopted has not only increased

far beyond their expectations, but the changes in the mode of living—farming, building, clothing, furniture, traveling, transportation, heating, lighting, education, recreation, even preaching, doctoring, and burying—are just as great. This would now almost seem to them like a new world. Of course, they would soon perceive that it is still the same old world of sin and sorrow, pain and sickness, vanity and weakness, vice and crime, and infirmity and death.

> "Man is a child of sorrow, and this world
> In which we breathe hath cares enough to plague us;
> But it hath means withal to soothe those cares;
> And he who meditates on others' woes
> Shall in that meditation lose his own."

The descendant-reader doubtless feels like lingering at Heinrich's and Rosine's forest home, and will regret that no one can tell them more about it. According to the history of early times every settler in the woods had frequent use for a gun, and would have a smooth-bore for ball or shot as soon as it was possible to acquire one. The forest abounded with game, that at times constituted an important part of the settlers' living, and so, of course, Heinrich had a gun. Wild pigeons were so plenty that they could sometimes be brought down with stones, or even with a club. The flocks were often so immense that they were like moving clouds. Wild turkeys were numerous, and often large and fat, weighing 30, and sometimes more than 40 pounds. Ducks and pheasants were even more common. Squirrels, as well as crows and blackbirds, were so common and destructive that it was for years a serious question how to get rid of them. Deer were also very pernicious, often coming to the fields in herds to brouse on crops that the needy settler could not well spare. It was then no bragging matter to shoot a deer. When a sportsman in this part of the world shoots one now, he imagines himself a hero, and he wants his friends to hear of his wonderful performance. If a reporter is at hand the feat is sure to be mentioned in the daily paper. Hawks, foxes, wolves and bears in Heinrich's time were also yet so common and bold that poultry, sheep and pig raising required more or less vigilance. We may conclude, therefore,

that he always had his gun handy and loaded, and that he learned to handle it effectively.

At the period of his settlement the Indians had forever passed far beyond the Blue Mountain as a people, but a lingering attachment led some of them now and then to make friendly visits to the white settlements and scenes of their former glory and happy days, and to dispose of their peltry to the more provident and thriving whites. Lehigh Township had, with the surrounding districts, suffered severely in times so recent from Indian forays, compelling the frightened settlers to seek safety in flight to Bethlehem, Nazareth and Easton, that the savage war-cry was still perhaps sounding in some alertful ears. The last serious inroad of the merciless warriors was in 1763, only two years before Heinrich's advent, when a number of atrocities and murders were committed, which sad events were therefore still fresh in the minds of the people, so that no doubt painful apprehensions were sometimes yet felt that the revengeful foe might come stealing down over the mountain again on the old warpath, and especially when, in 1778 and 1779, they heard of the frightful massacre at Wyoming, and along both branches of the Susquehanna. We can imagine that the older settlers used to tell our ancestor-couple of the cruelty and treachery of the red sons of the forest, how they had more than once to forsake their homes and crops to save their lives, so that when he saw one of the race with a tomahawk in his belt he began to wonder if his scalp-lock would ever be wanted. It is stated on page 327 of Vol. 12 of the Pennsylvania Archives, First Series, that as late as 1780—when Heinrich already had a family of four little children to protect—a force of 112 men had to be stationed at Fort Allen, where the town of Weissport now stands, on the Lehigh River, only a few miles west of the Blue Mountain; and in the history of Carbon County it is recorded that in the same year the Indians perpetrated some murders in the section just north of the ridge.

THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

Heinrich came to the Province of the Penns a full decade before the beginning of the War of the Revolution, and did not then

realize that other evil and even darker days were ere long to come upon the youthful colonies. But the causes that finally led to the long and dreadful clash of arms between the white brothers were then already at work. It was the same year (1765) in which he became a citizen, by his solemn oath and residence, that both houses of Parliament, with but slight opposition, passed the odious *Stamp Act;* which decided that all such instruments of writing as deeds, bonds, and notes were illegal and void if not executed on stamped paper, on which a duty must be paid to the mother country. It is true, Parliament repealed the act the following year, because of the intense excitement and opposition it raised in America; but unfortunately in its place followed an even more irritating enactment known as the *Declaratory Act,* which insisted "that Parliament have, and of right ought to have, power to bind the colonies *in all cases whatsoever.*" The touchy colonists did not believe in being bound hand and foot in all cases whatsoever, and taxed without proper representation, and without their own consent, and this may be regarded as the primary cause of the Revolution.

We must pass over the anxious days of earnest and more or less bitter—not always bloodless, as some serious riots took place —contention as to rights and duty, to the time of actual, open conflict, which was at last precipitated in spite of the fact that many on both sides urged moderation and forbearance. His irate Majesty, King George the Third (and his Parliament), did not heed the respectful yet firm remonstrances forwarded to him from time to time, but now sternly treated the aggrieved subjects as ungrateful rebels, and sent over an army to compel submission with sword, bullet and bayonet. By this time the public mind throughout the colonies was fully awake to the inevitability of "cruel war," and preparations to meet force with force were immediately commenced. The reader will remember reading in his school history how on the 18th day of April, 1775, a force of eight hundred of the King's grenadiers and light infantry marched to Lexington and Concord to destroy some military stores gathered there, and how that, after they had fired upon the citizens of Lex-

ington who were assembled on the public square, and killed eight of them, they were then themselves fired upon by the Americans with such impetuosity, and beaten, that they marched back to Boston with a loss in killed and wounded and prisoners of more than one-third of their force. It will be remembered how this affair aroused the colonists to the highest pitch of indignation, and at once brought on the war. It will also be remembered how a British force of three thousand men, about two months later, undertook to disperse the Americans from Bunker's Hill and were twice repulsed, and then how General Clinton came up with a reinforcement, and how—the powder of the Americans having become exhausted—the redoubt was finally carried, though at great cost to the British. Vigorous measures were now taken by both sides to fight it out, and an era of gloom, uncertainty, destitution, carnage and suffering followed that put the valor and patriotism of the colonists to the severest test.

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The immigration of the Germans to Pennsylvania had been so great, that at the period of the Revolution their number made them an important element in the cause of independence. When the revolt of the colonies came they were at once all on the side of freedom. Four days after Independence was declared at Philadelphia the citizens of Easton and the country surrounding hailed the news by a great street demonstration, after which they marched to the Court House and heard the Declaration of Independence read. Capt. Nagel's company of "Berks County Dutchmen" was part of the first contingent of outside colonists who came to the support of the New Englanders after the battle of Bunker's Hill. Our humble ancestor up the Lehigh, near the foot of the Blue Mountain, doubtless soon heard the soul-stirring news, and was at once in sympathy with the spirit and aim of the Revolution, though he probably never carried a musket even as a militiaman or "Associator." He had a wife and several small children to care for, and his circumstances were such that he may have thought he could do his adopted country the best service by helping to raise food for the army. And perhaps he feared to leave his family on account of the Indians, who seemed ready

any hour to rush down upon the for the most part unprotected inhabitants. Not every man could nor did leave his farm, or workshop, or mill. Among the contingent of supplies at one time assessed by the Supreme Executive Council to Northampton County was 500 barrels of flour and 1,000 bushels of forage every month, and this, of course, required an effective force to serve in the quiet fields at home. We would all be glad to know just how Heinrich and Rosine felt, and just what they said and did as they from time to time heard of Indian atrocities, and of the fearful struggle for freedom against a despotism that, as the Declaration of Independence declared, "has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people," and was guilty of other "repeated injuries and usurpations," but we can only surmise how they were affected by transpiring events and what they did and thought.

In the description of his land in the deed our Northampton forefather gave to George Ensle, in April, 1795, some of the contiguous tracts were in the names of Conrad Laufer, Jacob Walp, Conrad Kreider, Philip Heiney, Henry Piegle and Adam Dieter. Several or most of these land-owners may have resided elsewhere. Conrad Kreider, it appears, was not one of his nearest neighbors, as he lived a few miles south of him, in Allen Township. By reference to Vol. VIII of the Pennsylvania Archives we find that Conrad Kreider was the Wagon Master General of Northampton County during the war* Northampton was at that time still a large territory, having as yet only contributed (with Berks, Lancaster, Cumberland, and Bedford), to the erection of one county, viz., Northumberland in 1772. Its area was afterwards greatly reduced by further concessions of territory in the

*After writing the above I learned (from the letter of John Arndt, on page 421 of Vol. 5 of the Penn'a Archives) that Conrad Kreider was appointed "Waggon Master General" by the Justices of Northampton County, assembled at the town of Northampton (now the city of Allentown), on the 26th day of June, 1777, in pursuance of a plan recommended by the Supreme Executive Council of the State. At a meeting of the Justices on the 5th day of July following W. M. General Kreider reported that the number of wagons then in the county was five hundred and fifty. The wagons were then divided into brigades, and lots were ordered to be cast to decide which brigades should answer General Kreider's call first.

formation of Wayne in 1798, of Schuylkill in 1811, of Lehigh in 1812, of Monroe in 1836, and Carbon in 1843. We here reproduce from the Archives two of W. M. General Kreider's letters addressed to His Excellency, Joseph Reed, President of the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania, which are of special interest, because showing the distressed state of the country at the time Heinrich was cutting down forest trees, grubbing out roots, burning brush, plowing around stumps, chasing away crows and blackbirds, cutting grain with a sickle, threshing grain with a flail, and perhaps sometimes, when bad news came, feeling discouraged, and wondering if he really had come to a land of peace and safety and independence:

Allen Township, Northampton County, July the 22d, 1780.
May it please your Worship:

I Received the orders from the 24th of June last, to make up thirty Teams in this County of Northampton, to send to our Army, which Teams I Expected to make up in a short time but finding myself very much disappointed by the utmost of my Exertion and taking all Methods in my Power Viz. first I sent all my Deputies to make up such a Number of Teams according to the strength of their Districts without fail and to bring in a true account of all those who had not taken the Oath of Alegiance, but they got only three Teams in the whole County by that Method, Secondly I send to all my Deputies again to Warn the Farmers all in their Districts to meet on a certain day and each Township to make up so many Teams required to make up the above Mentioned Number but getting none, Thirdly I send to all those who had not taken the Oath to take their Horses Waggons and gears by force saving two Horses on each Plantation, and got but eight Teams in all by that Method, for on the most Plantations Especially of Disaffected People is only two Horses, and with the said eight Teams I had very much Trouble and Cost, for I was oblidged to have their Waggons repaired all their Horses shot and fodder found for all from the beginning and was oblidged to inlist Drivers for said 8 Teams, and to pay each one Month Wages down and to Promise the Residue as soon as they return and was oblidged to furnish the Waggon Master with Money to supply the wants of said Teams on the Road, which I did with my Money, and send the Teams off last week Eleven in Number,

likewise the Militia which Assisted by taking said Eight Teams I was oblidged to Promise Reasonable Wages and did pay some.

Further I must acquaint the Honorable the Council about the Deputies under me that I can get none in my District to act any more for me in such Business, Their Excuse and Complain is of their service they have done last year, and having not received as yet their Wages and what they had due was too little and will not serve any more without having first Received what they had due, and then to know a certainty what Wages is to be after, so likewise all the Farmers have the same Excuse and Complain. I hope you will take this into Consideration and furnish me with Money so as I may Perform my promise for it is not Possible for me to get any Teams to go without Money.

I am your most Obedient
Humble Servant,

CONRAD KRYDER,
W. M. Gen'l.

Directed,
To the Honorable the President and Council in the State of Pennsylvania.

At the meeting of the President and Council, three days after the date of the above letter of complaints, the following item—see Colonial Records, Vol. 12, page 431—was entered in the minutes of the proceedings:

"An order was drawn on the Treasurer in favor of Mr. Conrad Kreider, Waggon Master of the county of Northampton, for the sum of two thousand pounds Continental money, and also the amount of other two thousand pounds, to be paid in State money, at the rate of sixty for one, for expences in calling out waggons from said county, agreeable to a late order of this Board."

At the same session of the Executive Council it was resolved to forward further orders to the Wagon Masters of the then eight counties of the State, and urge them to act in the most vigorous manner in the performance of their duties. The following, one of the resolutions, shows how necessary it must have been that the army be furnished with teams:

"*Resolved,* That in case of difficulty or delay in making up the said teams, the said Waggon Masters and their Deputies do

apply to the magistrates and officers of the militia for their assistance, and that they impress any horses, waggons and gears, distinguishing between such as have taken the oaths or affirmations of allegiance, and those who have not, and saving always to every plantation at least two working horses; That the said horses, waggons and gears, be appraised on oath by two persons, to be appointed as the Waggon Law directs, and a certificate given; That the Waggon Masters do, within one month, make a true return to this Board of all horses, waggons and gears so taken, and also the prices affixed."

In response to this the following letter was sent, by Kreider, directed to the "Honorable the President & Council in Philadelphia:"

Allen Township, Northampton County,
Aug'st 6, 1780.

May it please your Worships,

When I Received your orders to me from the 25th of July last for making up the Teams required in the orders of this County, and for Buying the one Hundred Horses, I began to Execute the orders immediately, but soon found that I could not get any by the directions I had, for the owners of Horses would set their own price. I then Notified all the Justices of the County to meet on the 5th of this month to Assist me. At the same time in Notfying the Justices a new demand came from his Excellency General Washington by Major Lee with a party of the light Dragoons, for one Hundred four Horse Teams and twenty-four Horses more, either to make them Voluntarily in a short time in this County, or, according to his orders, to Impress. He likewise (the said Major Lee) came to our meeting, and all the Justices of each Township in the County so notified met on the day appointed at the very hour, and unanimously undertook to make up the said one Hundred Teams and twenty-four Horses, laid a Quota on each Township for the same, and likewise for the one Hundred Horses above mentioned, and to have all the Teams to go this Week, and the twenty-four Horses. But to acquaint the Honourable the President and Council about the Conductors which I must have to each Brigade of Waggons and likewise to all the said Horses; none will undertake to go without knowing a certainty of wages what to have, and will not go without good wages. So likewise the drivers, of which the most part I shall be obliged to inlist and to pay one month advance; and none of the Conduc-

tors will nor can go without some Money for the Supply themselves and the Teams in Necessary articles on the Road, and as I was acquainted that forrage was very scarce, and in the most places none to be had in the Jersey, I ordered each Team to take forrage for eight or ten days from home, for which they will have ready money paid down. Which Conductors, Drivers, forrage, Expresses will require a large sum of Money, for which the Sum I received last is too small, and for the order I received for Money at the Treasury at Easton I can get none yet as there is none there. I hope you will send me a good sum of Money as soon as may be, as I cannot act without, for which I will honastly account in my Settlement. And to let me know what hire the Conductors and drivers is to have or I must undertake to set a price. Further would I be very glad to know whether our County is now excused from giving the Teams required in the orders of the 25th of July last by sending off so many now; further do I want fifty sertificates more at least, as I have received only fifty and shall want one Hundred.

I am your most
obedient Humble servant,
CONRAD KREIDER, *W. M.*
for Northampton County.

Heinrich at the date of these war requisitions was hardly yet fairly started in life. That is, it is not to be supposed that he was in as comfortable circumstances as many of his German countrymen who had already been on the road to fortune ten to forty or more years before him. He was young, but he may have felt that he could neither go into the service as a soldier or as a teamster. He now had four small children—the fifth, John, my grandfather, was born only a few weeks after the date of Kreider's last of the above letters—and for these helpless ones affection claimed that he must remain with and provide for them. He had no child yet that could help him on the farm. Like the poorer and more recent of the settlers, he probably had but one horse; if he had two he was more fortunate, yet even then he was not subject to the order of the Executive Council, which considerately spared "to every plantation at least two working horses." And may he not for some years have done his work with a yoke of patient oxen?

The great difficulty of getting teams; the fact that, as Kreider says, the teamsters had "no money to supply themselves with necessities," and the condition of the horses, which had to be *shot* (!) and of the wagons, that had first to be made fit for service, shows how poorly many of the farmers were prepared for what was required of them. But it is a pleasure to note that when His Excellency, General George Washington, made a personal requisition for "one Hundred four Horse Teams and twenty-four Horses more," and sent Major Lee with a party of light dragoons to *convince* them of the urgent need of the army, then the one hundred four-horse teams and twenty-four horses more were ready to go *the same week yet,* and without the disagreeable necessity of impressment. In these days of abundance and luxury, of marvelous improvements, and of the blessings of peace, we cannot easily realize how the inhabitants must have felt, what they endured, and what sacrifices they had to make in the dark and dubious days of the Revolution. But at least the Germans of Northampton seemed to have responded promptly, though it seems that the people of some sections did not, as three weeks after Kreider's second letter His Excellency, General Washington, was obliged to write a very doleful letter from his headquarters in Bergen County, N. J., to President Reed of the Executive Council (See Penn'a Archives, Vol. 8, page 525), concerning the "extremity of distress" to which the army was then again reduced. After stating how sadly destitute his men were, and that it had been no inconsiderable support to their cause that they had so far respected the personal rights of the inhabitants, while the British troops had wantonly violated the same, the noble Commander-in-Chief proceeds to say:

"From the above state of facts it may be foreseen that this army cannot possibly remain much longer together, unless very vigorous and immediate measures are taken by the States to comply with the requisitions made upon them. The Commissary General has neither the means nor the power of procuring supplies. He is only to receive them from the several agents. Without a speedy change of circumstances, this dilemma must be involved; either the army must disband, or what is, if possible, worse, sub-

sist upon the plunder of the People. I would fain flatter myself that a knowledge of our situation will produce the desired relief—not a relief of a few days, as has generally heretofore been the case, but a supply equal to the establishment of magazines for the Winter. If these are not formed before the Roads are broken up by the Weather, we shall certainly experience the same difficulties and distress the ensuing Winter which we did the last. Altho' the troops have, upon every occasion hitherto, borne their wants with unparalleled patience, it will be dangerous to trust too often to a repetition of the causes of discontent."

Such was the disheartening condition of the country during the early years of Heinrich's and Rosine's domestic life, when they were toiling hard and rearing their children in the lonely backwoods near the base of the Blue Mountain, with wild and unoccupied lands still nearly all around them. Fifteen years later, when they sold their place to George Ensle, two of its boundary lines were still along unseated lands. But the reader is now left to imagine by himself what life meant to them in their humble and solitary pioneer home, during the long and determined struggle for honor and independence.

It may be well to add here that the greater portion of the most densely populated and the best improved section of Northampton County at this critical period lay south of the Lehigh River, and comprises what is now known as Lehigh County. A letter dated Allentown, Aug. 24, 1780, from David Deshler, Commissioner for Northampton County, to President Reed of the Executive Council, (See Penn'a Archives, Vol. 8, page 517,) says: "Be pleased to send me Fifty thousand pounds for the use of purchasing supplies for the army, without that article it is impossible for me to carry on the Business in the manner I could wish. I can purchase one hundred head of cattle in one week's time, if I was supplied with money for that purpose. I have the offer of five hundred Bushels of Wheat from one person, but cannot have it for want of money." Two days later, Aug. 26th, (See Colonial Records, Vol. 12, page 460,) the Council directed that an order be drawn for the sum of £1,000, to Colonel David Deshler, for purchasing supplies for the army. Uncle Sam's credit and resources

have improved mightily since then, and also his facilities for doing business.

THE INDIAN WALK.

Heinrich's land was located just within or along the border of what is now known in history as "The Indian Walk," or "Walking Purchase of 1737." The purchase of 1682 made by William Markham, the agent of William Penn, was to extend as far as a man could walk in three days. After walking one day and a half Penn thought that he had land enough (enough then at least), and thereupon a line was agreed upon. But ere long the land-covetous white settlers began to encroach more and more on the Indian domain, which made the aboriginal proprietors feel uneasy, and realize that they must take some steps to protect themselves. They reasonably insisted on a limit being fixed to the extension of settlement. Accordingly several treaties were held —one in 1734, one in 1735, and the final one in August, 1737—by which it was at last agreed that the purchase of 1682 be confirmed. It was then assented that the question of territory should be decided by another "walk;" that the walk should take place in September, 1737; that the starting point was to be at a certain chestnut tree close to the northern border of the 1682 purchase, and near the sight of what is now Wrightstown, Bucks County; that the start should be made at sunrise, and the finish be made at noon on the following day. To make all that was possible of the bargain, the Proprietary government chose three strong men,—Edward Marshall, James Yeates, and Solomon Jennings,—who were all famous as great walkers, and incited them to do their utmost by agreeing to give them five pounds in money and five hundred acres of land for their service. Sometime before the actual test an experimental walk had been made, to see how much land could thus be secured, and the trees along the route were blazed, to give the walkers the benefit of a chosen course.

The walk was not fast at first, but ere long the walkers began to warm up and quickened their pace so much that the Indians who were with them as witnesses found it hard work to keep up, and from time to time insisted that the walkers should "*walk* and

not *run.*" There was no use of their remonstrating, however, as there was no stipulation that the walk should be slow. The famous walkers had their reputations at stake, and this was still another incentive to make extraordinary effort. There was also considerable betting on them—it is said mostly in favor of Yeates—and probably they were also stimulated by offers from the bettors. People gathered at some points along the route to see them pass. So it was of course predetermined to have a "heap walk," and get out of the bargain all that there was in it. Most of the Indians became thoroughly disgusted, declared they were cheated, and walked away from the scene in sullen anger. A number of persons followed on horseback. We have not the space to repeat all the incidents we have found on record relating to this questionable feat of diplomacy, about which so much has been said and written. It was as unprofitable for two of the walkers as it was unsatisfactory to the outwitted Red Men. Jennings broke down the first day, and so injured himself by his severe exertion that he is said to have died from the effects several years after. Yeates gave out the next morning near the foot of the Blue Mountain (not far from the spot where Heinrich and Rosine afterward lived), and had so overtaxed himself that he was blind when picked up, and lived only three days. Marshall was in the rear for some time at the start, but at the noon hour when the walk ended he was the champion walker and had reached a point beyond the mountain nearly sixty-four miles from the place of starting—some have estimated the distance as high as eighty-six miles —and was doubtless very tired, but was evidently not injured, as he appears to have lived to a great age; one writer says he died at seventy-nine, and another says he lived to be ninety years old.

But after the walk came the most exasperating part of the transaction to the aggrieved Indians. From the northern terminus of the walk a line was to be drawn eastward to the Delaware River, and all the land south of this line, and between it and the river, was to be added to the former purchase and forever belong to the insatiable whites. The precise eastward course of this line was not specified in the deed, or contract, and therefore, instead

of running it direct to the river, as the less artful Indians had expected, it was so deflected to the north as to embrace almost twice as much land as they had calculated to convey. They at once saw the advantage that was taken of them, and fearlessly denounced the proceeding as an outrage. And they never forgot it. Nineteen years later (in 1756) it was the leading question at a council held in Easton, when they again insisted that the walk was not fairly conducted, that the Proprietaries had not dealt honestly with them, and that the line from the end of the walk should have been run to the nearest point on the river. This walk, the astute historian, Dr. William H. Egle, says, in his valuable History of Pennsylvania, "was the cause of jealousies and heart-burnings among the Indians, which eventually broke out in loud complaints of injustice and atrocious acts of savage vengeance. The very first murder committed by them after this transaction was on the very land they believed themselves cheated out of."

The troubles with the Indians within the domain of the Walking Purchase, of so large a portion of which they regarded themselves as having been deliberately cheated, were, as already stated, about at an end when Heinrich commenced making a home in the wilderness within the line of the first day's walk; but the settlers were still at times uneasy, as they knew the Indians had not ceased to lament the transaction of thirty years before, and they trembled for their families when they heard of the fearful murders and devastation in the frontier settlements west and north of the Blue Mountain. During the War of the Revolution, when the disaffected Indians were urged on and sometimes even led by British officers, the people living within the bounds of the Walking Purchase had reason enough for the gravest apprehensions.

EXODUS FROM NORTHAMPTON.

Why Heinrich was induced, after selling his place in Lehigh Township (1795), to move with his family about twenty-five or thirty miles southward along the eastern base of the Blue Mountain, to a section in Berks County that appears to have possessed no attractions greater than the neighborhood he left, no one now

living knows. Possibly some friend, or relative of his wife, influenced him there. As it appears that he did not invest in real estate in that vicinage, it is surmised that he merely rented a place until he could make up his mind where to buy and settle permanently.

Magdalena, the firstborn of the ten children, had already (1794) been married to Andrew Shafer, and had almost immediately thereafter migrated to Northumberland County, as a baptismal record shows that her first child (Henry) was christened in Turbot Township on the 3rd day of April, 1795. Jacob, the eldest son, had just attained his majority, and he must very soon after have followed his sister Magdalena and her husband to the same section, as we find that it was not long after that he there gave his hand to a damsel (Miss Kramer), who we may surmise had got his heart at first sight. We all know how such things happen. George, their first child, was born in 1798. The upper end of Turbot Township (now Delaware) was almost entirely settled by Germans from Northampton and Berks Counties, and among them it is altogether probable that Heinrich and Rosine already had a number of other acquaintances.

In the temporary home in Berks County, then, still lingering near the lofty ridge of the Blue Mountains, and still betimes hearing alluring reports of the fertile lands and beautiful valleys beyond, Heinrich and Rosine for a time sojourned, and continued to toil, following day after day the same but slightly varied routine of domestic life, their children fast growing up, and one by one looking out into the great alluring world, doubtless gazing with wondering eyes over the Blue Ridge, and thinking and sometimes even talking of leaving home to shift for themselves, as young birds when they have grown old and strong enough to fly away from their parental nests. The third one to leave the parental fireside was John, the fifth-born, who made up his mind to be a chairmaker, and so he was accordingly indentured as an apprentice to one of that craft by the name of Karchner, who had a shop near *Millerstettle* (now the borough of Macungie), in Lower Macungie, since 1812 a part of Lehigh County. He finally

settled and spent the rest of his days in the township of Upper Macungie, and was the only one of the family who remained east of the Blue Mountain.

The few years' sojourn in Berks County passed quickly by—it is the universal experience that the years seem to grow shorter to man as he grows older—and Heinrich finally resolved to follow the tide of emigration that was steadily flowing from Northampton and Berks westward beyond the Blue Ridge, behind which he and Rosine had together watched the sun nightly sink out of sight for more than thirty years, and whither the rest of the children now doubtless longed to go, since Magdalena and Jacob were already there. He was now about sixty years old, and in the time of life when the feelings and illusions of youth are being stripped somewhat of their dazzling hue, and when most men are disposed to act with greater caution. How often the words of the poet come true:

> "One by one young feelings die,
> And dark doubts make us falter."

By industry and severe economy—the Germans in the past were more inclined to make money by hard work and saving than by investment and speculation—he had accumulated some means, and now longed to have a farm again that he could call his own. Seven of the children were still with him—Anna Elizabeth, Philip, Catharine, Margaret, Baltzer, Anna Maria, and Susanna.

The family now packed up such of their household goods and belongings as they could conveniently transport over the mountains on wagons, and over such roads as they had in a new country one hundred years ago, to make a new home on the famous West Branch of the Susquehanna. Vendues were held in those days the same as now, and perhaps as many in proportion to population, so we may suppose that sundry effects were first disposed of by a public sale. Other families from the same section came to the new German settlement about the same time, and possibly one or more came in company with our ancestors. The Esbachs, for instance, came over the mountains from Northampton in April, 1805, also settling in Turbot Township. Baltzer Garnhart,

Heinrich's youngest son, not long afterwards married Anna C. Esbach, who came here with her brothers.

Heinrich may have come to the West Branch with several teams and wagons, but only one wagon is now remembered, as this one descended to his youngest son, Baltzer, who was his farmer at the time of his demise, in 1820, and is still remembered by a grandson (blind Daniel Garnhart), who is yet living. It was well taken care of, and was still in use many years after Heinrich's death. It was one of those heavy wains widely known as "Conestoga Wagons," with broad tire, long and high panelled body, usually painted blue, with bowed bottom to keep the load from sliding or jolting, high ends and sides correspondingly curved. Wooden bows crossed over the body from side to side, on which a cover of thick unbleached linen was stretched, making a roof to keep the goods dry, as well as for protection from sun and dust. These great wagons often carried four and five tons of merchandise—for the transportation of which they were in great favor in the past century, before the day of canals and railroads—and when thus freighted were drawn by four to six heavy horses.

These Conestogas were conspicuous objects moving along the highways, appearing almost like houses or boats on wheels, and were in consequence often in later years called "Arks," "Road Schooners," or "Ships of the Prairie." I well remember the interest with which I several times examined well-preserved relics of this order when a boy. On one side of the immense body there was a box about 12 or 14 inches long and perhaps a foot deep, with a sloping lid and strong strap hinges, in which were carried hammer, nails, straps, cords, and various other articles that might be needed in case of a break-down, to mend wagon or harness. Iron loops were also so arranged on one side as to hold an axe, which was always ready for the same purpose, and was often also needed to clear the road of fallen tree trunks, or tree tops, after severe storms. Such was the wagon that constituted one of our ancestor's most valued possessions, and with which he migrated from Berks to Northumberland. The reader may imagine him seated in the saddle on the left wheel horse, known

always as the "saddle horse," or sometimes one of the boys, or one of the girls, for a change, patiently moving along on a three or four days' journey through the yet undemolished forest, slowly climbing over the various rugged mountain spurs, crossing the still sparsely settled valleys, fording the streams, floating across the North Branch of the Susquehanna on a ferry flat, while Rosine and the girls were perched high up on the load on seats made comfortable with sheep pelts or bedding. Bells on the horses doubtless united their pleasing tinkle with the noise of the heavy wagon, to break the stillness of the forest on hill and in dale, as the use of bells on such teams was one of the cherished customs of that day.

SETTLEMENT IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

The date of the arrival on the West Branch of the Susquehanna we have found no record to determine, but it is certain that on the 19th day of April, 1805, as already stated, Heinrich obtained his deed for the 181 3-4 acres known as the Sinking Springs, in Turbot Township (since 1843 in the division known as Delaware Township), where he lived until he died (1820), and where his family finally dissolved, his children one by one scattering and settling in various sections of the country. It has been surmised that he lived a year or more in the neighborhood—perhaps with Jacob, or Magdalena, as both were already settled here, or possibly on the place he bought, which he might have articled for before the deed was executed—but this is a mere guess. Three years before he died (1817) he bought the remaining 162 acres, then probably all still woodland, and part of the original survey for some years known as the Durham property. In the recollection of persons still living the greater part of the township was still covered with forest.

The name Sinking Springs originated from a rivulet that issues from several fountain-heads, but mainly from a very large and elegant spring on the place (see illustration), and discharges into the Susquehanna three miles or more below. The stream (not the springs) sinks below the surface some distance below the springs and runs a considerable part of the way underground,

then again appears on the surface and flows on above-ground until it unites with the river. As it flows on "with many a curve," you, dear reader, may imagine that it is forever babbling the famous (Tennyson's) song of The Brook:

> "I chatter, chatter, as I flow
> To join the brimming river,
> For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

Yes, true it is, many have come, and many have gone, and many more will come and go, but the little babbling brook still flows on, and will go on forever, just as it did when our ancestors saw it "curve and flow to join the brimming river."

The pool formed by the main spring is about 25 feet wide and 50 feet long, as clear as crystal, and is at present surrounded by a group of six large and ancient-looking willows, but which it is said have grown up and were planted since the place passed out of the Gernhardt name. When we saw it in the summer of 1900 it was the home of a large school of shy trout. The 343 3-4 acres owned by Heinrich are now all cleared and divided into a number of tracts, the part bordering on the public road now constituting a portion of the site of a hamlet occupied by a dozen or more families, now known as Springtown, but not a foot of the ground is now owned by one of our kindred. How much of this world "doth, as a vapour, vanish and decay." The scene is already so changed that if Heinrich and Rosine and their children could visit the place now, they would hardly recognize it as having once been their cherished home. The streamlet, the undulating land, and the hills and mountains in sight, might indeed still seem familiar, and yet how true it is that—

> "Change is written on the tide,
> On the forest's leafy pride;
> On the streamlet glancing bright,
> On the jewell'd crown of night;—
> All, where'er the eye can rest,
> Show it legibly imprest."

Verily, we are one and all but frail pilgrims in the present ever-changing world.



THE "SINKING SPRING."

Regarding the family history of even this later period, but meager information could be obtained. All are now in their graves who could have furnished the facts and reminiscences that would be of exceeding interest to their numerous descendants. But we of advanced years can still well realize how very different domestic and rural life still was during the fifteen years from the purchase (1805) of the Sinking Springs to Heinrich's death (1820), and later. Our struggling ancestors were still obliged to endure many of the hardships and privations that made up the life of the pioneers. But a great and general change of habits and customs was making gradual progress ever since the advent of the first settlers. Progress and improvement followed thrift and prosperity, though not near so rapidly as during the last half of the wonderful nineteenth century. In many respects the habits at the beginning of the last century were still much the same as described in a previous chapter. At the period of Heinrich's settlement in the West Branch Valley, and during several decades later, the contrast of things and usages then with the things and practices of the present day was still immense.

A few more things may here be mentioned to enable the younger members of the present family, and the generations yet to come, to realize in some measure how our ancestors lived in the beginning of the past century. People in the then back country still dressed very simply, and the clothing of men and women was about all made of flax and wool, then still raised on every well-managed farm, and the clothing was also mostly home-made. A calico dress cost about as much as a silk dress costs now, and was even more rare. Every ambitious housewife still had her spinning wheel, and many a one had even her own loom, and made her own cloth. The boys, girls and women, and many of the men, still went barefooted during the summer; and the girls and women often still carried their shoes in their hands when they went to meeting on Sunday, and did not put them on their feet until near the place of worship.

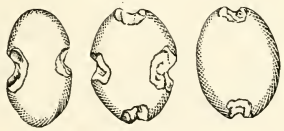
Most of the traveling was then done on horseback, though nothing was thought of a five, ten, or fifteen mile walk. Light

vehicles had not yet come into use. The first "Dearborn" wagon probably in Turbot Township was owned by Adam Gudykunst (of Milton), who was a hatter by trade, and traveled about the country with his fancy turnout selling his hats. This was somewhere about 1817. The conveyance was built in Connecticut, had no springs, and was rather ponderous, yet was regarded with much curiosity. His son, the late Joseph Gudykunst, of Muncy, once remarked to me that "it was nearly as heavy as a field gun carriage."

It would require a separate volume to do full justice to this transitional period, but we shall mention only a few more things that just now happen to come into mind. Fine home-made linen was bleached until as white as pure snow, and made into sheeting, pollow-cases, towels, underclothes, etc., to "dress up" for Sunday meetings, to go visiting, or courting, or attend funerals. Things were then made to last for awhile. The word "shoddy" is not exactly new, but it did not then signify as much as it does now. A much valued possession of mine is a three bushel grain bag made of linen that was in use on my grandfather John Gernert's farm, in Upper Macungie, about 65 years ago. Matches were still unknown. Coals were kept alive over night by being well covered with ashes; but sometimes the fire would die out, and then the ever ready steel and flint and punk were resorted to; or it was necessary to speed to some neighbor and borrow fire. Many are now living who have heard some of the old people who have passed away tell how, in the big hearths of the great stone chimneys of the old-time log houses, the early settlers used to bake bread in low kettle-like iron pots with covers, the pots being placed on hot coals, and coals also piled on the pot covers to make the loaves bake evenly,—and how they then baked "Johnny cakes," all crisp and brown, in long-handled iron pans, or in "spiders" with long legs. But when many now living were boys about every house was provided with a big stone or brick bake-oven, usually standing out in the yard convenient to the kitchen—which in turn are now becoming obsolete.

During Heinrich's time—and until the canals were made and

dams were built across the Susquehanna (about 1830)—shad came up the river from the sea in great schools, each school usually consisting of marvelous numbers. They came up to the creeks to spawn, and then later in the season returned to salt water. In still earlier times the fish constituted an important part of the food of the Indians. "Net Sinkers," in the form of flat notched pebbles, of various sizes, with which the dusky fishermen weighted their vine-and-grass nets, are still found in great numbers in many places along the river. To the white settlers the shad likewise became a dependency, and were caught in immense quantities, being by many salted down for summer food. The late well-known "Uncle John" McCarty, long an esteemed citizen of Muncy, who was born November 4th, 1794, once related to me how he used to enjoy fishing for shad, with a seine, and what great loads of them he saw sold at the rate of four dollars per hundred—only four cents each. As our ancestors lived convenient to the river, they doubtless often enjoyed the luxury of eating shad.



INDIAN NET SINKERS.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

Of Heinrich's politics nothing is remembered. The mass of early German settlers did not care much for political honors and power, having more ambition to own fertile farms, have clean fence rows, possess strapping teams and big barns, raise good crops, and quietly enjoy the blissful freedom that the new world had promised them—though at the present day politics may have as great fascination for their descendants as for any other class of American citizens. They were in the early day, it seems, more or less influenced by the Quaker element,—William Penn had twice visited Germany before he came to America, and made

numerous converts to Quakerism, of whom numbers afterwards came to Pennsylvania, but whether Heinrich was ever "moved by the spirit" of this mild and war-opposing people is not now known. William Beidelman, of the Northampton County Bar, in his interesting book, "The Story of the Pennsylvania Germans," says:

"The peace of the new province was often threatened by foes from within and from without. The wars between England and France frequently threatened the peace of all the colonies, and the Indians were a menace to the settlers all the time. They would start out on frequent raids among the inhabitants, and would sometimes perpetrate cruel massacres, against which it was of the highest importance to guard, by an efficient militia, the organization of which the Quakers opposed to a man. The Indians knew that the civil authorities could not rely on the Quakers for any armed assistance, because they were opposed to war and the bearing of arms. This left the defense of the colony to the non-Quaker population, and to the civil authorities, to which the Quakers refused loyal support. The Quakers were an embarrassing influence in the Colonial Assembly, to which they were frequently elected by the aid of the German votes, especially of those in Northampton County. It has been said that the organization of this county was, primarily, for the purpose of divorcing the German vote from Quaker control, in behalf of whose candidates it was usually cast, in obedience to the influence of the Quakers of Philadelphia and Bucks Counties."

This may indicate the general disposition and susceptibility of the early German population. But Heinrich settled in Northampton at least thirteen years after the county was formed, and it is not probable that he was ever directly influenced by Quaker politicians or sentiment. He lived during seven Presidential campaigns and administrations, and though he may never have neglected his fields to go electioneering, or to participate at a barbecue, or in any other partisan demonstration, it may be presumed that he twice helped to elect George Washington President, and that he took part on one side or the other in the battles of the ballots that elected John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe to discharge the responsibilities of that high office. He died while the latter, near the end of his first term, sat in the Presidential chair.

Phebe Earle Gibbons, in her book, "Pennsylvania Dutch"—properly Pennsylvania German, as she herself admits on the first page—has the following suggestive item on page 21: "A gentleman of Easton, Northampton County, tells me of a German farmer, who lived near that town, who said he did not see any need of so many parties—the Democrats and Lutherans were enough. On his death bed he is reported to have said to his son, 'I never voted anything but the Democratic ticket, and I want you to stick to the party.'" This zealous Democrat could not have been Heinrich Gernhardt—of course not—as our ancestor had left Northampton County while General Washington was still President, more than a century ago. His sons, it appears, afterwards belonged to both parties, and his present descendants are perhaps about equally divided in politics. As some whole families of the clan are Democrats, and others are all Republicans, it seems that partisanship to a great extent becomes a birth-inheritance, or initiation during childhood, or in modern evolutionary parlance is a question of environment. My good father was a staunch Whig; he died when but thirty-one, before the Republican party of to-day was born; and I can well remember shouting with him for Harry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuyson before I was quite eight years old. I remember also that immediately after it was known that James K. Polk and George M. Dallas, in the battle at the polls, had received a majority of the votes cast, I took part with a number of my little playmates in the raising of a small Hickory Pole, not understanding that *hickory* wood had any significance, or that we were on the wrong side to commemorate victory, and that we should have been rowing our little boats up Salt River. General William A. Petrikin, the most prominent Democratic politician of the neighborhood, came riding by on horseback just as we had the pole up and stopped to compliment us on what he supposed was a genuine manifestation of Democratic zeal. "This yer ain't a Polk pole, Mr. Petrikin; it's a Clay pole," shouted one of my complacent companions. The enthusiastic Democrat smiled, and without saying another word to the ardent young "coons" went on his way—thinking perhaps that we were not being raised right.

The majority of the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania were Lutherans, and to this sect our ancestors, Heinrich and Rosine, belonged. All would surely be glad to know when in the old world their ancestors adopted the doctrines of the Reformation, and just what it meant to them socially and practically, as well as religiously, to separate from the then unmotherly Mother Church, but we can only guess from general history that there were no love-feasts with the old masters and brethren and sisters in commemoration of their withdrawal. The fight for religious freedom and rights of conscience was long and hot, and was forever inevitably being mixed up with politics, the personal interests of ambitious partisans, of bigoted priests and intriguing potentates, and it is not likely that the injunction in the 44th verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew was often very strictly observed by either side. Beidelman, in the history just referred to, says: "The religious contentions followed soon after Martin Luther's protestation against the Church of Rome, and they continued for more than one hundred years. They were waged with a cruelty and ferocity compared to which the crimes of the Turks in later years against the Christian Armenians pale into a mere shadow." When Protestants got the upper hand they too could make cruel use of their power, as for instance, when John Calvin instigated the burning of Michael Servetus, the celebrated physician and theologian, and when John Rogers declined to help save Joan Boucher, as sincere a Christian as himself, and coolly declared that *"she ought to be burned."*

Not to dwell too long on this subject, I will here merely add that the seeds of religious conviction of our early American ancestors have not all continued to sprout and develop on the new-world soil precisely as planted and watered, as their dearly cherished Lutheranism—like the commingling of their life-blood with the blood of a multitude of other families, of which a few words appear in another chapter—is now blending with many other religions, as with Methodism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, Congregationalism, Baptistism, Adventism, Unitarianism, and has we know in the present generation been leavened with unconventinal

and peace-loving Quakerism. It may be questioned how Heinrich would have regarded this tendency of splitting up, if he had been told of it while alive in the flesh, and when, like all the world, he only saw things through glasses darkly; but, if it were possible for him to send a message to his numerous descendants from his present abode, he would doubtless think it quite enough to remind them of the words of Him who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

A writer in the "North American Review" not long ago insisted that the Roman Catholic Church is now the most hopeful of the three great divisions of the Christian Church—meaning the Greek Church, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Protestant Church. The Roman Catholic Church is thus assumed to have the best prospect for the future, because she is so nearly a unit, and because sharing liberally in the growing light of the age; and that the Protestant Church has suffered and is now falling behind, because disintegrated into so many sects through the principle of the right of private judgment. And because at last realizing that the foundation of true religion is not individual right but loyalty to Christ, it is further affirmed that the Protestant Church is now striving for a reunion of its many separated parts.

If all denominations were united in one common body, would that make men more truly Christians? Are the more unified Roman Catholics more Christian than their fellow-Christians of other creeds? True religion is in the life, in the spirit, and not in the outward form, or profession, or creed, or name. Loyalty to Christ and to Truth does not require renunciation of private judgment. It only asks the intelligent and reasonable and pious use of man's good sense. Is not a good Quaker, or an equally good Methodist, or a truly good Baptist, or Presbyterian, just as loyal and near and dear to Christ as a good Roman Catholic, or a good Lutheran? Nay, is not the name of Jesus of Nazareth *the only name* under heaven given among men whereby man can be saved?

The Protestant Church may with better reason be claimed to be the more hopeful, and to stand at the front of the tripartite

division, not only because it broke away from Roman Catholicism, but from the very fact that it was itself broken into fragments. Disintegration into a multitude of bodies, though not without attendant evils, has still further promoted religious freedom, and been a great factor in the progress of thought and of true religion. It has still further advanced the cause of Reformation. It has served to broaden and liberalize the Christian mind. It has helped to show the folly of persecution, and to extinguish the fires of martyrdom. It has aided to free Christianity more effectually from the incubus of paganism and superstition, and from what Luther termed "the Roman dunghill of decretals." It has made more clear what is essential and what is non-essential. It has stimulated criticism, and given Bible students a new and better conception of the Truth. It has even had a salutary and reformatory influence on Roman Catholicism. When at last the reunion of the many parts does take place, unity will then be on a broad, solid and lasting basis. The world will then have Truth for authority, and not mere human authority for Truth. Then indeed there will be but One Church, One Faith, One Baptism, as all will by One Spirit be baptized into One Body and drink into One Spirit. And then even the three great divisions of the Christian Church will become as One.

SUPERSTITION.

A descendant of Heinrich living in the western section of the State of New York writes that he remembers hearing an uncle who had many years ago visited in Pennsylvania say, that "the relations down East were more or less superstitious, and that some even believed in spooks and *hexerei*" (witchcraft). This may have been true, but I can say that I have never known or heard of any instance among them of serious belief in spooks or witches in my day, except in a few not serious instances among timid young people. I have, however, observed enough of superstition in some of its protean forms wherever I have been, whether North or South, or East or West. Superstition is not a mere provincial or family foible, but is a world-wide imperfection, or predisposi-

tion to belief in the presence and power of beings in an unseen world all around us, that has come down to all from our over-credulous ancestors as an inheritance. Man has not yet entirely emerged from the Dark Ages of superstition, or outgrown the irrational conceits of the childhood-age of the world. A few words under this head may be of some interest, therefore, to the wiser and less superstitious generations of Heinrich's blood in the future—as it is hoped that those who follow in the ages to come will know much more, and be a great deal better, than the kindred of this generation. All now well know, or ought to know, that there is any amount of room for improvement in the best of families.

Yes, I do remember hearing some of the old folks talk in a sort of jocose way about some erratic persons who they said behaved as if they might have been *fer-hext* (bewitched),—in the same figurative sense as the Devil is now sometimes said to have control of persons,—but I never heard of anyone I knew, related or not related, who was seriously thought to be bewitched. And I never met a person of good sense who thought that he had ever encountered a genuine spook. Superstition in this form I am positive has not in my time prevailed "down East" any more than elsewhere. There was a fearful amount of such credulity in times past, in all parts of what is now called the civilized world, but no stain has ever besmirched the character of the Pennsylvania Germans anything like the witchcraft delusion of the English settlers in Massachusetts, who in 1692 hung nineteen innocent persons at Salem, under the aberrant idea that they were witches, and had at the same time incarcerated from 150 to 200 others charged with the same occult powers, who would perhaps soon have shared the same tragic fate if there had not still been people of sense enough left to see the folly of such superstition and persecution, and had not the wild frenzy thus been checked. One of the unfortunate victims was a little child only five years old. Many such shocking things are recorded of that unhappy era of popular excitement. One poor old Irish woman was charged with being a witch, and simply because she could not repeat the Lord's Prayer absolutely

correct, she was adjudged to be guilty and executed. Even a dog was tried for the same offense and killed. Sir Walter Scott, referring to this dark chapter in English history, in his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," says that "even the barbarous Indians were struck with wonder at the infatuation of the English colonists on this occasion, and drew disadvantageous comparisons between them and the French, among whom, as they remarked, 'the Great Spirit sends no witches.'" Descendants of Heinrich and Rosine, you need never be ashamed of your German ancestry. If you are, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

Of course the Germans, as well as the people of all other nationalities, have inherited many superstitions in the way of signs, omens, cures, and illusions of various kinds. For instance, to see the moon first over the right shoulder is believed to denote good luck. If a child is stepped over by any one it will either entirely stop growing, or be stunted in its growth. To let a knife or fork unintentionally drop on the floor while seated at a table means that some one is coming who is hungry. If thirteen guests are seated at a table it is an omen that one of the number will die soon. Many are extremely averse to starting from home on a long journey, or to begin any important work or enterprise, on a Friday. If the cat is washing her coat visitors may be expected soon. If one's hair is cut on the first Friday of new moon it will grow thicker and more beautiful. If a dog wails it portends death in the family or of some dear friend. When, some years ago, a young man I well knew got married and it was discovered that he had thoughtlessly put one of his socks on wrong side out, the whole house regarded it with satisfaction as an omen of good luck, and heartily congratulated the young man. Children who were supposed to be *awgewocksa* (liver-grown) were cured by some sort of conjuration known as pow-wowing,—and I well remember how confident one of our kindred who died many years ago seemed to be that he had such power. To prevent homesickness when coming to a new place, the proper thing to do is to make haste and look up at the sky through the chimney. To cure or prevent rheumatism, the wrist, arm or ankle is bandaged with

an eel-skin. I knew a man of English descent who carried a raw potato in his pants pocket for many years for the same purpose. The tuber finally got so smooth, hard and shrunken that it was not easy for any one to guess what it was. There is no end to such senseless *glawwa* (beliefs)—but where in the wide world do we not find them? It so chanced that while I was writing this very chapter a lady of English parentage called on my wife, and as she had entered at the dining room door, she hesitated when leaving to go out the front door, saying, "I will go out the way I came, or I might bring you visitors." My wife must have been visibly amused as she remarked, "Oh! the visitors will come just the same," as the lady quickly responded in an apologetic tone, "I don't care for myself, if you don't mind it." No one cares to be thought superstitious, yet the entailed predisposition to be so is manifested by every one of us at some time and in some way.

Every age, and every nation, has its idle whims and frivolous delusions, a history of which would require dozens of volumes, instead of a few hasty paragraphs. Often great multitudes have all at once strangely given themselves up to some great delusion, or gone wild in pursuit of some senseless fad, and through the same caprice that leads to superstition. Whether it is the idea of perpetual motion, of the philosopher's stone, of the elixir of life, of the fountain of youth, of the crusades to the Holy Land, of the divine right of kings, of the immolation of heretics to establish the Church of God, of Christian science, of an oligarchy based on slavery, of spiritualism, of demonism, or whether it is the witch mania, it proceeds from the same love of mystery, want of common sense, and the inborn tendency to superstition, or to see objects and conditions that have no existence but in the imagination. But there is Hope for humanity. Education, the diffusion of practical knowledge, the separation of Church and State, better acquaintance with the laws of nature, a right conception of what constitutes true religion, a higher ideal of life, is destined to dispel the mist of superstition and homage for the purely visionary, by which the human mind has so long been enthralled.

A most insidious yet senseless phase of superstition is the mon-

strous delusion of Spiritualism, with its rappings and tappings, its table tippings and slate writings, and its pretended communications with and materializations of the dead. Our esteemed relative in Yankeedom need hardly be reminded that the birthplace of what is called Modern Spiritualism was not far from his own home, and that he need not come "down East" to find the best soil for the propagation of that hallucination. New York, New England and the progressive West have furnished more mediums, in proportion to numbers, than the sturdy and chary Pennsylvania Germans. The latter—with some exceptions of course—are too open and honest to pose as mediums.

But that the Germans "down East" were in early times rather inclined to believe in the existence and power of witches may be inferred from the following amusing account in Linn's "Annals of Buffalo Valley" of a witchcraft farce that was enacted in Union County, only a few miles south of the Sinking Springs, and but five years after the demise of Heinrich:

"During this year a remarkable farce of witchcraft was played in the family of a man named Kern, in Beaver Township. He had a wife and two daughters, and followed the occupation of farming. In his immediate vicinity lived a man named Romig, who, from some unknown cause, became a hypochondriac, and the impression got abroad that he was bewitched. Soon after this the milk in Kern's spring-house became sour, within a few hours after it was placed there. This occurred daily, until the farce was concluded, which was in two or three weeks. The next act played was of a more remarkable character. Kern's tables and kitchen furniture were to be seen flying in all directions, thrown, it was *supposed*, by supernatural means. Knives, forks, spoons, ladles, &c., never remained more than five minutes on the dresser after having been placed there, but were thrown in various directions about the house: and, as the more *believing* portion of the neighbors asserted, it was no uncommon thing to see them thrown through the solid wall of the house, without leaving any mark of their passage in the wall! A peddler, who stopped for the purpose of trading some of his notions to Kern, asserted that he had not been in the house ten minutes before his hat and dog were thrown through the wall of the kitchen into the adjoining yard.

It is not to be presumed that he was influenced in propagating this story by the hope of assembling a crowd around his wagon.

"During these transactions Kern had a numerous crowd daily at his house, and on Sundays there was a gathering at his door, such as the most eloquent divine would have failed to assemble. Of these the major part came prepared to believe *all* they saw, and *all* they might hear. Of course, there was no lack of *true* stories. The unbelieving portion of the visitors—a very *small* number, for men of *sense* generally staid at home—kept their eyes open, and readily discovered that the old woman and the daughters were the witches, and threw the knives, forks, &c. A witch doctor was called, who proceeded, with great solemnity, to expel the evil spirit. Divers magical and mysterious rites were performed, exorcisms were chanted, and texts of Scripture nailed to every door and window in the house. The witches, however, set the doctor at naught, and baffled all his schemes. At length a party of young men, residing in New Berlin, resolved to try their skill at taking evil spirits. One of them, having procured a mask, a huge flaxen-wig, a pair of furred gloves, and other necessary apparatus, set out with the rest, in the afternoon, and arrived at Kern's early in the evening. At their request the witches performed, to their great satisfaction, until a late hour. At length, when all the visitors, except the young witch doctors, had left the house, it was resolved to commence operations. They desired to see how the witches acted above stairs, and were accordingly conducted up the ladder, accompanied by the whole family. In the meantime one of the party, who had a remarkably hoarse and deep-toned voice, and who was to act the part of the devil, was notified by a preconcerted signal—for he had not entered the house—to prepare for action. He accordingly put on his wig and mask, which he rubbed with phosphorus, and wrapped himself in a buffalo skin. The party up stairs were well provided with squibs. One of them had a piece of phosphorus, with which he wrote on the wall such words as "devil," "hell," &c., in a number of places. The signal being given, the candle was extinguished, the squibs distributed most copiously, and the horrid words on the wall shone out in liquid fire. The barrels and furniture in the room were trundled about the floor, and an astounding uproar was kept up for some minutes. Presently a terrific roar was heard from below. All parties ran to the stair-door, and saw, at the foot of the ladder, *His Grim Majesty,* in all the terrors of flames, flax, fur, and horns. Satan made an appropriate speech on the occasion, and then retired. His address was followed by a

most edifying exhortation, by the wag of the party, on the sin of deceiving, and the danger of another visit from Old Nick, if the present practices should be persisted in. The terrified witches made a full confession, and so ended the enchantment."

THE DELAWARE RUN CHURCH.

Rosine died sometime before Heinrich, but no record appears to exist of the date of her demise. After persistent inquiry no trace of the Family Bible was discovered. Neither her grave nor Heinrich's "narrow house" were ever properly marked. Both were entirely forgotten by even the oldest of their descendants who still live in the neighborhood, and who are members of the same church. Some even insisted that the old folks must have been buried in the Warrior Run Presbyterian churchyard, the still older burial place of the Irish, Scotch and English settlers, some three or four miles south-east of the Sinking Springs. This surmise was thought reasonable from the fact that it was not until the year 1826 that the deed was given for the ground for the Delaware Run Church graveyard, and it was inferred that it was not until then that the first church building was erected and the first interments were made. The young minister at present in charge of the congregation replied to a letter of inquiry addressed to him on the subject, that the church records in his possession only date from 1867—this was the year in which the present more commodious brick edifice was erected—and that he was sorry he could not furnish the information that was wanted.

But the "swallowing gulf of dark oblivion" has not engulfed all the truth in this instance. On further investigation it was found that, whereas Daniel Fulmer during his lifetime had promised to donate the ground to the St. John's Lutheran congregation, and had died without making either a conveyance or a will, a deed for the land (159 perches) was therefore executed by his administrators, Jacob Follmer and Abraham Sterner, on the 14th day of February, 1826, by the direction of the Court of Northumberland County. Daniel Fulmer died August 14th, 1823, and was himself buried on the promised ground three years even before the deed was made; and his agreement with the congrega-



DELAWARE RUN CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD,
NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.

tion is positive evidence that there was such a congregation existing *before* he died, and definite ground for the belief that there was also already a graveyard. And fortunately for correct history a son of the donor of the land was found to be still living within a mile or two of the church, and although in his 86th year was still in full possession of his mental faculties, and was able to explain the matter and prevent such a wrong impression from passing down as history. Mr. Daniel Fulmer junior was born March 13th, 1817, and lived nearly all his life on the very farm on which the graveyard and first church edifice were located. He was the fifth of the six children of Daniel Fulmer, deceased. To him it is a clear and certain matter of family history that the first church was built *before he was born.* His sister Sarah (McCoy) was born in 1815, and was a babe at the time the building was erected. The first house of worship, therefore, was not built later than 1816, the last year before Daniel Fulmer junior was born.

The oldest graves in the Delaware Run churchyard have no inscribed headstones. Many have either common undressed stones, or rudely trimmed stone slabs, and some evidently are now without even such simple, visible tokens, the stones having sunken out of sight or been unmindfully removed. A venerable member of the congregation, who claims to have dug more graves here in his day than any other man, says that it is impossible to make a grave in any part of the old section of the ground without uncovering human bones. Though Daniel Fulmer was buried here in 1823, and had years before given the ground for a graveyard and church, the marble slab that marks his grave was not set up until sometime between 1835 and 1840, when his son Daniel was a grown up young man. The two oldest graves we could find marked with headstones bearing legible names and dates are the tombs of Peter Shady, who died November 20th, 1822, and of Anna Susan Mosteller, born a Fetterman, wife of Heinrich Mosteller, born July 26th, 1758, and died September 15th, 1822. These were buried before Daniel Fulmer, and four years before, as some thought, the first building was erected, and only two

years after Heinrich Gernhardt died. All who died prior to 1822 have no tombstone records—a goodly number, as appearances seem to indicate—and among them, to the regret of many descendants, are Heinrich and Rosine Gernhardt and their son Philip's first wife. There are several other graves marked with common dark stones from some near by quarry, that once bore inscriptions probably older, but the decaying memorials have scaled off so much that whatever was inscribed on them is no longer legible. There is no reason at all we think to doubt, therefore, that the Delaware Run churchyard is the final resting place of our ancestors. And after making a diagram of the part of the ground where so many of their nearest descendants are buried, it seems almost certain that the very spot where they were interred can still be pointed out. But their sleep in their narrow houses is just as sound and restful, and the final summons that shall awaken them is just as sure to be heard, though their graves are unmarked and unknown.

The venerable Mr. Fulmer also said that he had often heard his mother, and other old people of the congregation, declare how for years before they had a special house of worship they used to meet in their dwellings to sing and pray and hear the gospel expounded when the weather was cold, and that in warm weather they sometimes assembled in the barns or under the trees. Heinrich and Rosine beyond a doubt found a congregation here, when they settled among the people of their own language and religion, who had been here in some instances as much as a quarter of a century before them. And for at least four years before Heinrich died he could also meet with them in a house built expressly for divine worship. And moreover, as the Delaware Run church was only about one mile from the Sinking Springs, it is altogether improbable that they were buried elsewhere and with people of another tongue and name. In this connection the fact is of interest that many of their household and neighbors are sleeping here with them. Near them are buried a son and three daughters —Baltzer, Anna Elizabeth, Catharine, and Susanna; two daughters-in-law—Philip's first wife and the wife of Baltzer; two sons-



GRAVEYARD ON DELAWARE RUN.

in-law—Peter Fogelman and George Mosteller; besides four grandchildren and a number of great-grandchildren. Sweetly and peacefully they slumber here under the clods of the valley, waiting for the bright day when, according to the apostolic faith to which they held, "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

The first church building was a high one-story log structure, lathed and plastered on the outside, and thickly overspread with small pebbles, giving it a rough cast, stone-like, conglomerate aspect—a common style of building in that era The entrance was by a double door in front, next to the public road, close to which it stood. The pulpit was at the opposite or gable end, and was an elevated, old-fashioned hour-glass or goblet-like structure supported by a single center post, from which the minister had a commanding view of the galleries that extended around three sides of the building and had each three or four rows of seats. The ground, 159 perches, was deeded February 14, 1826, as directed by the County Court, as already stated, by the administrators of Daniel Fulmer, to John Lose and Solomon Menges, as "trustees of the German Church on land adjoining a branch of Delaware Run in said (Turbut, but now Delaware) Township, called St. Johns." In this building we feel assured that our ancestor, Heinrich, attended divine service, as most of his children continued to do for some years after he died—Magdalena, Jacob and Margaret having already migrated with their families to the state of New York before he was numbered with the dead.

The present building is of brick, 40 by 60, with a basement for the use of the Sunday school. It stands partly on the sight of the old house, but mainly on land (27 perches) that was given by Joseph Graven for the nominal sum of one dollar. Samuel Garnhart, one of the sons of Baltzer, served as a member of the building committee. A marble tablet on the outside front of the church bears the inscription: "St. John's Delaware Run Union Church, April 28, 1867." A small German Reformed congregation assisted in building it, and also still worship in it.

THE NAME GERNHARDT.

There are certain facts that will perhaps seem curious to all who are interested in this genealogical history; as, for instance, first, the many mutations that the ancestral name Gernhardt has undergone; and second, that not one of all the numerous descendants now writes it in the original way. From Gernhardt it has been changed to Garnhardt, Gernhart, Garnhart, Gernardt, Garnett, Garnet, Gernet, Gernert, Gernerd, and several of the kin we know had formed the habit of spelling it Gerner. This does not seem to be so curious, after all, when we take the trouble to investigate the subject. It is really nothing unusual. The name Gernhardt has only shared what is a very common fate of names. See list of names, for instance, in the history of the Jacob Garnet line of Heinrich's descendants. I could give many examples from my own personal knowledge. The most remarkable case of change of any family I am acquainted with is the name Ecroyd. The author of a history of this English family, the ancestry of which he traces back five centuries, says: "The name has been spelt in a hundred different ways and pronounced accordingly." Possibly in course of time the name Gernhardt may be diversified to a far greater extent than at present. Perhaps if we could follow it back five hundred years it might be found in many other forms, and quite as unlike what we now term the original as any of its American corruptions or simplifications.

Names get changed through a variety of causes and circumstances, doubtless sometimes even from a sense of selfish pride, as not wishing to be known to be connected with certain families, or possibly because not wanting to be considered Dutch, or Irish. Often some local or trivial cause is the secret of change, or the origin of a new name. A man by the name of Brower, for instance, as we are told, started a *brewery*. To distinguish him from others of the same name he was called Brewer, and from him are descended many who now write the name Brewer, some perhaps not knowing that the name was ever changed. I once met an old man in the eastern part of Pennsylvania who was only known as Billy Cherry. When a babe he was found under a

cherry tree, and because his rightful name was not known he was christened William Cherry. A similar case we have heard related occurred in Columbia County many years ago. The Rev. Peter Kessler, a well-known Lutheran minister, one morning found an infant lying on the *plank* walk at his front door, and as no one claimed the waif the compassionate divine adopted him and named him Peter Plank. But no change of cognomen from such cause, or from mistaken pride, we believe has ever occurred to any of the Gernhardt clan.

The same general cause that has led to the never-ending change of language, as the steady progress of learning, and the commingling and unification of many nationalities, has doubtless also affected the pronunciation and spelling of personal names. Consider for a moment the transition of the Anglo-Saxon of four or five hundred years ago to our modern English—of which ready illustration may be found in our best dictionaries. It is with some difficulty that we can now understand the language of even three hundred years ago. And this has been more or less the case with all languages. Language is forever in a transitionary condition, a state of decay and reconstruction, of change and progress. "Ah me! what is there in earth's various range, which time—may not change!"

The best of scholars welcome change of words when in the direction of simplicity, as, for example, the transition from plough to plow, from favour to favor, from quartette to quartet, from Engelond to England, from Esquimaux to Eskimo. Why, if there is any other special reason, my grandfather changed the name Gernhardt to Gernert, and my father transposed Gernert into Gernerd, I never learned, as it was done long before I joined the family and got a name; but I have no suspicion whatever that either was ever for a moment ashamed of the name. A frequent cause, it is evident, is the intermingling of different languages, want of education, and thoughtless disregard of time-honored custom. A German, by the way, is very much inclined to use the phonetics *d* and *t* interchangeably, just as *h* and *o* are often used reciprocally by Englishmen. I recall once seeing a road-guide in

Lehigh County inscribed, "Roat to Breinigsville!" The reader will perhaps here be reminded that Conrad Kreider in his letter to the Supreme Executive Council speaks of being obliged to have the horses "shot" before they were fit for service in the army. A German is also particularly apt to leave the *th* silent, as, for instance, when he says *Souss* Easton, for South Easton, *Norsamson* for Northampton, and I *sink* for I think.

As this subject of the mutation of names is of general and permanent interest, the readers of this book will appreciate the following instructive excerpts from an address delivered by the Rev. D. E. Schoedler at the annual reunion of the Follmer (or Fulmer) family, in Northumberland County, October 16, 1894, and published in Vol. 11 of the Meginness *Historical Journal.* (Mr. Schoedler, by the way, some years ago had charge of the Delaware Run congregation):

"In no country in the world have names been so shamefully mutilated as in America; worst of all the Huguenot names of New York, and next to them the German names of Pennsylvania. The process began with the settlement of the country. In 1727 the proprietors of Pennsylvania issued a proclamation in which they requested the Germans to assume English surnames. Many, moved by a feeling of loyalty, complied with the recommendation. In this way, besides innumerable instances of direct translation, many German families got surnames which appear to be purely English or Scotch. Would you not think that names like Buchanan, Livingstone and Kercheval are either English or Scotch? They are German, however. Buchanan is Buchenhain (beech-grove), Livingstone is Loewenstein, and Kercheval is Kirchenwall (church wall).

"Some years ago there lived in Pennsylvania a family by the name of Fenerstein. Moving to Virginia, the children were enrolled by the village school teacher under the name of Flint; and, subsequently, In Indiana, the name Flint was changed into Gun. Those who are conversant with both English and German can easily see how these transformations took place.

"I have an aversion to hybrid forms—names partly English and partly German, such as Stonemetz instead of Steinmetz. So also it is foolish to try to preserve the pronunciation of one language by the spelling of another. This gives rise to such hy-

brids as Steinbaugh, Stienback, Rodenbaugh, Bridenbaugh (Breitenbach), etc. If you have inherited from your ancestors the respectable name of Lauterbach, please do not change it into Louderbough or Lowterback. If you have become so intensely English that you cannot suffer your honorable German name to remain intact, translate it into Clearbrook and be done with it. It would then be sufficiently pretty to satisfy the most fastidious, and future generations might possibly allow it to remain unchanged.

"All such changes are, however, a sign either of weakness or of empty pride. The person who affects them is ashamed of his home, of the language of his ancestors, and longs for that which is strange and foreign. It is commendable in the Germans that are coming to America that they should be anxious and eager to learn the English language, and to adapt themselves to American customs and manners; but as soon as some of them can say 'yes' and 'no,' they don't want to use their mother tongue. Said one German to another: *Wie alt ist deine Frau?* (How old is your wife?) Instead of answering in German he answered in English, saying: 'My wife is dirty and I am dirty-two.' This craving after that which is strange and foreign reminds me of those persons who are fond of using foreign words and phrases, and of an incident related by Sydney Smith. Once upon a time he visited a lady who had a great many different kinds of flowers, and who was fond of using their Latin instead of their common English names. 'Madam,' asked Mr. Smith, 'have you got the *scabies septemdecem?*' 'Why, no, Mr. Smith, I do not have it now, but I used to have it.' 'Well, Madam, the *scabies septemdecem* is the seventeen years itch.' (This is a joke on the English, by the way. J. M. M. G.)

"If the Germans of Pennsylvania have failed to receive the recognition which they deserve, the fact is principally due to the readiness with which they have ignored their grand traditions, as though it were a disgrace to be connected by descent with the land of Gutenberg and Luther, of Leibnitz and Humboldt, of Goethe and Schiller, of Scharnhorst and Stein."

This is interesting and nearly all true, but, Mr. Schoedler, it is not entirely correct. It is useless to strive with one's breath to change the course of the wind. The world moves, and we must move along with it—or get left behind. To keep in the current of human progress, and adapt ourselves to American

customs and manners, is neither a sign of weakness nor of empty pride. To respect and appreciate our German ancestors we need no more use, spell and pronounce words and names the same as they did than that we must dress as they did, work and live as they did, use the same clumsy tools, travel in the same conveyances, build the same style of houses and ships, bind our books in half-inch boards and rawhide, write only with goose-quills, sleep in feather beds, bake bread in brick-and-mortar ovens, pow-wow for the relief or cure of diseases, believe in spooks and witches, and be forever consulting almanacs about the weather, and watching the signs of the zodiac. If Heinrich and Rosine Gernhardt have made any progress in learning since they left the earth, they are doubtless pleased that their descendants have enough progressiveness and originality to depart from their own simple ways and manners, to do better than they have done, if even sometimes to long for that which is strange and foreign, and are glad to have them prefer the language of the land as soon as they can say "yes" and "no." The present ways of spelling their name would interest and amuse them, doubtless, because perchance now comprehending the universal drift of mundane things, but would surely not make them think they were for these reasons ignored. Gerner, Garnet, Garnett, Gernet, Gernert, Gernerd, Garnhart, etc., are all as pretty as Gernhardt, and so far as mere names can be are just as honorable—especially to the great majority who have honorably inherited them, and can not now very well reverse them. I, for one, shall hold on to the name my father gave me. Even the name Gernhardt may be supposed to be a mere example of many earlier changes.

CHANGE OF LANGUAGE AND OF LIVING.

The mother tongue seems destined to become extinct, at least as the language of the descendants of Heinrich Gernhardt and his wife Rosine, in a few more generations. The third generation already had become somewhat Anglicized, by frequent social and business relations with English-speaking people, and through the influence of English schools. And naturally this process would have been far more rapid if our kin had immediately scat-

tered in communities where English was almost entirely spoken. While the majority of the fourth (my own) generation whom I have met can still speak the so-called Pennsylvania German dialect, by far the greater number have not learned to read German, and I do not personally know one who can now write German, or read German writing. My parents still had their German newspapers and books when I was a boy, but I doubt if there are three families of the kindred who to-day read anything but English. If Heinrich and Rosine were awakened from their death-slumber of almost a century and permitted to visit their numerous descendants, they would be obliged to have an interpreter even now to converse with many of them. My own experience and observations of more than half a century incline me to believe that in less than sixty years more hardly a descendant will have any practical knowledge of German, unless it is acquired by special study, the same as Latin and Greek are now acquired.

When a boy I visited Lehigh County, where my grandfather, John Gernert, had settled, and where all my uncles and aunts were born and then lived, and I remember that it was then said that but few people outside of the towns and business centres could speak English,—and in no counties of Pennsylvania were the inhabitants so eminently German as in Lehigh, Berks, Lebanon and Northampton,—but now English is rapidly becoming the prevailing language, and there are comparatively few who do not speak English quite as readily as German. I was indeed amazed at the apparently universal change on a recent visit to these pioneer German counties. It is true I met many who still preferred to speak German, as if it were instinctively felt to be a misfortune that the endeared old mother tongue had to go the way that so many earthly things go, but English is the language of the land, of the courts and of the government, of the business world, and of the common schools, and all this, combined with the powerful influence of the excellent higher English educational institutions at Reading, Kutztown, Myerstown, Annville, Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton, makes it inevitable that this section will at no very distant day be completely Anglicized. Indeed, even in speak-

ing German, it is significant of the impending destiny of the tongue that many of the vocables the Pennsylvania Germans now use are pure English words.

It may indeed transpire in a few generations that the entire body of Pennsylvania Germans will become so Anglicized that they will seldom be even longer spoken of as "Pennsylvania Dutch." Many families that we are acquainted with are now only known to be of German descent by their (often slightly changed) German names. It is true the Pennsylvania Germans hold on to their mother tongue with a remarkably strong and affectionate retentiveness, and that the transformation anticipated may possibly be delayed longer than I have thought, but it is evident to all who observe what is going on in the world of flesh that Fate has decided against all but English as the language of the American nation, and that all other dialects or languages must sooner or later forever disappear. The time will no doubt come when descendants of Heinrich and Rosine will read in this little volume—especially prepared only for them—of their German origin, and wonder at the destiny that has brought about such a radical transformation, though the same German blood still courses in their veins.

Indeed, may we not in imagination go a few long steps further, and conjecture of an age—and it may perhaps not be so very remote as many would think—when the world will have but one language, one system of weights and measures, one uniform order of coinage, one idea of the natural rights and social duties of man, one common sentiment as to the justice and conduct of nations, one thought as to the evil and uselessness of war, and the one faith that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Is not this expectation every day taking a stronger hold of human Faith and Love? Does not the world seem to be gradually getting ready for a great and universal change—which may come quickly when the time is ripe? Never in any age did the grand conception of Jesus, expressed in various ways—once when He said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"—seem so plausible and

full of meaning as at the beginning of the twentieth century. If the rate of the world's wonderful progress in the nineteenth century is maintained, the advancement of this century towards such a desirable consummation will surely be very great.

As Christian faith and influence is keeping pace in a general way with the increase of population and the general progress of the world, a word more as to the world's achievement may here be admissible. Books of intense interest relating to the inventions and discoveries of the last century have been published*, but I do not remember reading two mere paragraphs embracing so much as the following from a paper by Frederic Emory on "The Greater America," in *The World's Work* for December, 1901:

"The fecundity of our people in invention, so greatly stimulated by our patent system, was but the natural outcome of our industrial absorption and eager activity in all forms of mechanical employment. Undoubtedly the individual wit was sharpened, the individual ambition stirred by the consequence we learned so soon to attach to material success. In his very valuable review of invention during the past century (in 'Progress of Invention in the Nineteenth Century'), Mr. Edward W. Byrn presents a most interesting picture of 'the gigantic tidal wave of human ingenuity and resource' which has fructified human effort more widely and with more beneficent results in the United States than anywhere else in the world. At the beginning of the century, he says, James Watt had invented the steam engine, Eli Whitney had given us the cotton gin, John Gutenberg had made his printing type, Franklin had set up his press. We had the telescope, the mariner's compass and gunpowder, but inventive genius was still groping by the light of a tallow candle. There was still a lingering prejudice against invention, and 'a labor-saving machine was looked upon askance as the enemy of the laboring man.' Since then the benefits of invention have so amply proved themselves that to-day 'the inventor is a benefactor whom the world delights to honor.' There is hardly an occupation, a phase of life, in

*"The Progress of the Century." 583 pp. Harper and Brothers. 1901. A series of remarkable articles by a number of eminent specialists.

"The Wonderful Century." 400 pp. Dodd, Mead and Co. By Alfred Russel Wallace. An able review of the successes and some of the failures of the century.

which labor has not been made easier and more productive and individual comfort immensely promoted.

"In the long roll of the nineteenth century's achievements we find the steamboat, the railroad, and a vast number of machines propelled by steam; the air-brake, the sleeping car, the telegraph, the ocean cable, the telephone, the phonograph, the graphophone, the kinetoscope; the fire and burglar alarm and messenger boy service; the application of electricity in the production of light and power; the cook stove, the coal oil lamp, the churn; photography in its many forms; the reaper, the mower, the thresher, the corn planter and a host of labor-saving implements for the farmer; the sewing machine, the typewriter, the web perfecting press, the linotype machine; the gas engine, the elevator, the steam fire engine; the great variety of useful articles made from India-rubber and celluloid; the fire-proof safe, the ice machine and cold storage system; the canning of vegetables, fruits, meats and oysters; the stem-winding watch; the use of iron and steel for house and ship building and for roofing; the suspension bridge and tunnel; the revolver, the repeating rifle, the quick-firing gun; the ironclad war vessel; the roller mill, the shoe machine, the hydraulic dredge; the Jacquard loom; the artesian well, the friction match; the use of anaesthetics and of antiseptics in surgery; the making of false teeth and other achievements of dentistry; the manufacture of artificial limbs and eyes; the spectroscope, the X-ray apparatus; and finally, the automobile with its promise of revolutionizing local transportation, and, perhaps, of furnishing the farmer with a convenient substitute for horse-power, or even steam, in plowing and otherwise cultivating his land and hauling its products to the market or the barn."

It is impossible to comprehend all the changes in the manner of living since Heinrich and Rosine Gernhardt, more than one hundred and thirty years ago, commenced their married life, and lived with their ten children in the forest of Northampton County. Their descendants now live in the most wonderful and promising era the world has ever yet seen; an age that affords opportunity to enjoy more comforts, delight in more pleasures, travel more, see more, acquire more knowledge, and to know Earth and Man better, than any age since God gave his earthly Image dominion over all the earth. Every thoughtful descendant may be thankful that he did not live when they lived, nor live as they lived, but can

well rejoice that he was permitted to see this marvelous age of development and its golden opportunities. As to the future, the world now seems full of promise, though some signs appear to portend direful checks and wide-spread trouble before social and intellectual advancement can reach a much higher and broader level, when culture and refinement may become the inheritance of all, instead of being confined to the fortunate few of favored nations. But, when another century of invention, discovery and study, and missionary labor, has rolled by, the descendants who live then will understand the possibilities of social, political, and intellectual progress better than we, and they can better prophesy as to the future of our race.

THE FIRST THREE GENERATIONS.

To enable the younger kindred, and future descendants, the more readily to understand the rise and spread of the family, and to assist every one to trace and discern with ease his or her proper place in the line of descent, the following register of the first three generations is first here given separately. Although a member of the fourth generation, it took me many months to obtain the data to compile this epitomized record, which shows how we frail mortals drift apart on the restless sea of life and soon loose sight of nearly every genealogical landmark. The sixty-seven lineal descendants and the fifty-three consorts (one hundred and twenty souls) who comprised this first division of our household have nearly all passed the portal that leads to the land of rest and silence, as only five of the third generation are at this time still alive, and these few are all ripe sheaves ready to be gathered:

HEINRICH GERNHARDT[1]. Born, it is believed, sometime between 1740 and 1745; died in the spring of 1820.

ROSINE FETTERMAN[1]. Dates of birth and death not known. They were probably married about 1769 or 1770. They had ten children and fifty-five grandchildren, as follows:

I. MAGDALENA[2], b. Feb. 6, 1771; married Andrew Shafer, Feb. 11, 1794; died in the town of Sparta, Livingston County, N. Y., May 8, 1834. Two children: Henry[3] and Elizabeth[3].

II. JACOB[2], b. about 1773; was twice married; d. about 1813, at Fayette, Seneca County, N. Y. Eight children: George, Jacob, Susan, John, Daniel and Clarissa by first wife, and Lydia and Anna Maria by second wife.

III. ANNA ELIZABETH[2], b. April 3, 1776; d. July 8, 1854; never married. Lived with her brother Baltzer after her father's death.

IV. PHILIP[2], b. March 1, 1779; twice married; second time to Magdalena Bieber; d. June 9, 1843, at Muncy, Pa. Eight children: Catharine[3] by first wife, and Rosena[3], Sarah[3], Andrew[3], David[3], Adam[3], Hannah[3], and Maria[3], by second wife.

V. JOHN[2], b. Oct. 21, 1780; m. Catharine Siegfried Brobst Aug. 20, 1805; d. Aug. 14, 1851, in Upper Macungie, Lehigh County, Pa. Twelve children: Hannah[3], Catharine[3], Jonas[3], Anna Mary[3], Nathan[3], David[3], Solomon[3], Henry[3], John[3], William[3], Benjamin[3], Reuben[3].

VI. CATHARINE[2], b. Feb. 18, 1783; m. Peter Fogleman about 1805; d. Sept. 3, 1840, in Delaware Township, Northumberland County, Pa. Five children: Mary[3], John[3], Elizabeth[3], Catharine[3], Peter[3].

VII. MARGARET[2], b. Feb. 18, 1783. She and Catharine were twins; m. John Litchard about 1806; d. June 12, 1836, in the town of Sparta, Livingston County, N. Y. Ten children: William[3], David[3], John[3], George[3], Elizabeth[3], Mary[3], Catharine[3], Margaret[3], Henry[3], Benjamin[3].

VIII. BALTZER[2], b. August, 1785; m. Anna C. Esbach about 1808; d. April 12, 1851, in Delaware Township, Northumberland County, Pa. Five children: Mary[3], John[3], Benjamin[3], Samuel[3], Daniel[3].

IX. Anna Maria[2], b. Sept. 17, 1786; m. Charles Williams about 18—; d. April 8, 1862, at Pekin, Niagara County, N. Y. Four children: John[3], Rozanna[3], David[3], Charles[3].

X. Susanna[2], b. Sept. 24, 1789; m. George Mosteller about 1823; d. Nov. 25, 1846, in Delaware Township, Northumberland County, Pa. One child: Rubet[3], who died in childhood.

Had the task of preserving our family history been commenced half a century ago, when many of the older members of the third generation were still alive, much interesting information pertaining to the early history of the family could have been gathered that is now lost. But what has been here garnered is nevertheless of definite interest, and will be of value to the future historians of the family. As but eight of Heinrich's children have become the heads of the families now existing, there are therefore just eight branches emanating from the primal trunk of our great and thrifty American family tree These branches, with their numerous offshoots, will each in turn hereinafter be separately represented, and as completely and up-to-date as it has been possible to obtain the necessary data.

THE GROWTH OF THE FAMILY.

Before presenting the records of the various branches of the family separately, and as fully as it was possible to get correct information, some thoughts suggested by the wonderful growth exhibited by the increase of the first four generations—the fourth generation is now also full-grown—deserve serious consideration. Many of the fourth succession of descendants have already in turn been gathered unto their fathers, and those who are still alive are now called "the old folks." Many even of the fifth generation are turning gray, and, as will be seen by the records that follow, are now grandparents. A most interesting and surprising fact of the family history, therefore, is the wonderful growth, which the following formula exhibits:

1st generation.	2nd gen.	3rd gen.	4th gen.
H. and R.	10 children.	55 grandc.	328 g. g. c.

The second generation, it will be observed, shows an increase of *five times,* the third generation in turn made a growth of *five and one-half times*—i e., along the Gernhardt line of descent—and the fourth generation on the same paternal line made a growth almost *six times* greater than the third. The number of the fifth and sixth generations is already immense,—the seventh is coming on at a rate very encouraging for the future of the family,—but as these individual successions are yet far from being all born, the ultimate figures are not yet available. But what a household for one pair to have in a few generations! If Heinrich and Rosine were still living and could see all their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—an aggregate of three hundred and ninety-three souls, not to mention several full regiments of the three younger sets—they would most surely be amazed. And if they could put on magic spectacles and see all their lineage of ten or fifteen or more generations, what would they think and say then? It is worth while to consider for a moment the natural law of increase already instituted on the earth when God said to Adam and Eve, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." If Heinrich were still here he could certainly not complain that his descendants have to the present time failed to obey this divine command.

To comprehend the actual rate of multiplication, and possibilities of generation, the following excerpt from Darwin's *Origin of Species* will be found especially helpful:

"Although some species may now be increasing, more or less rapidly, in numbers, all cannot do so, for the world would not hold them. There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant nearly so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum

rate of natural increase: it will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old; if this be so, after a period of from seven hundred and forty to seven hundred and fifty years, there would be alive nearly nineteen million elephants descended from the first pair. But we have better evidence on this subject than mere theoretical calculations, namely, the numerous recorded cases of the astonishingly rapid increase of various animals in a state of nature, when circumstances have been favorable to them during two or three following seasons. Still more striking is the evidence from our domestic animals of many kinds which have run wild in several parts of the world—if the statements of the rate of increase of slow-breeding cattle and horses in South America, and latterly in Australia, had not been well authenticated, they would have been incredible."

Assuming that the increase of future generations of Heinrich's descendants will continue, the same in each succeeding generation, at the multiple rate of five—and this is not entirely a theoretical calculation, because, as already shown, it is somewhat less than the actual rate of increase of the family to the present time—then the following computation will exhibit what we also might see if we could look down the vale of time through magic glasses. Heinrich's and Rosine's descendants, actual and possible:

Children, increase 5 times	10
Grandchildren, increase 5 1-2 times	55
Great-grandchildren, increase almost 6 times	328
Fifth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	1,640
Sixth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	8,200
Seventh generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	41,000
Eighth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	205,000
Ninth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	1,025,000
Tenth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	5,125,000
Eleventh generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	25,625,000
Twelfth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	128,125,000
Thirteenth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	640,625,000
Fourteenth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	3,203,125,000
Fifteenth generation, increase reckoned at 5 times	16,015,625,000

These are startling, but not at all visionary, figures. They present a problem for the most serious and practical of the kindred to meditate upon. The last sum in the computation is truly amazing. It is about twelve times greater than the highest estimated present population of the whole world. But recent investigations show a diminishing birth-rate among civilized peoples, and this seems to be the fact among the descendants of Heinrich. To allow a reasonable margin for possibly increasing checks to future growth, therefore, suppose we say that the fifteenth generation will number but *one-eighth* of the above prodigious number. This will allow for a vastly smaller birth-rate. But even then the descendants of Heinrich will in less than five hundred years still outnumber the present population of the earth by probably six hundred millions. This may seem beyond all question incredible, but—again just look at the figures and think. Where is the calculation wrong? Why cannot the tenth, or twelfth, or fifteenth generation, under the same favorable conditions, increase in the same geometrical ratio as the second, third and fourth generations? That the blood of Heinrich and Rosine will in time be commingled with the blood of such a prodigious host seems absolutely impossible, at first thought, it must be admitted, but do not the figures unmistakably look that way?

This problem is not less curious and knotty, if we undertake to trace our lineage back a few centuries. The same puzzling question of the perpetual intermingling of blood confronts the understanding. Looking back, for instance, in imagination down the long and ever divergent line of ancestors from whom our late ancestor, Heinrich Gernhardt, descended, the question presents itself, how many kinds and dilutions of blood had he already in his own veins? Every human soul on earth has, or if dead has had, the blood of two parents. Heinrich was the offspring of two beings, the same as every one of his swarm of descendants. His father and mother each had two parents, and each of his grandparents had two parents, thus giving him eight great-grandparents. Each of the eight great-grandparents had two parents; making sixteen great-great-grandparents; the sixteen great-

great-grandparents together had thirty-two parents, thus giving Heinrich sixty-four great-great-great-grandparents; and but one more remove back gave our ancestor from Germany an admixture of the blood of no fewer than one hundred and twenty-eight great-great-great-great-grandparents. The number thus continues to double up every time with astonishing rapidity, in an order of absolutely natural geometrical progression. The following table—and figures it is conceded do not lie, if properly stated—will more clearly illustrate this amazing truth:

Heinrich had parents	2
The parents each had two parents	4
Great-grandparents	8
Fourth generation of lineal ancestors	16
Fifth generation of lineal ancestors	32
*	*
Tenth generation of lineal ancestors	1,024
*	*
Fifteenth generation of lineal ancestors	32,768
*	*
Twentieth generation of lineal ancestors	1,048,576
*	*
Twenty-fifth generation of lineal ancestors	33,554,432
Twenty-sixth generation of lineal ancestors	67,108,864
Twenty-seventh generation of lineal ancestors	134,217,728
Total No. of 27 gen. of ancestors	268,435,454

Two hundred and sixty-eight millions, four hundred and thirty-five thousand, and four hundred and fifty-four ancestors, in only twenty-seven generations! Think of it! This is a multitude of fathers and mothers beyond the mental grasp of the most capable human intellect. It is a number twice as great as the combined population of all North and South America. And still greater is the wonder. Mother Rosine was just as well off as Father Heinrich in the matter of ancestors, as she also had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, and a grand total of two hundred and sixty-eight millions, four hundred and thirty-five thousand, and four hundred

and fifty-four lineal ancestors in only twenty-seven generations. Therefore, the ten children of Heinrich and Rosine, having descended from both of these aggregations of ancestral lines, or, to use a common genealogical metaphor, as the two great roots united in the parents to form the stem of a great family tree, with its immense and forever bifurcating roots and branches, they (the ten children) had just double the number of ancestors that either one of their parents had; and hence they had the magnificent array of five hundred and thirty-six millions, eight hundred and seventy thousand, and nine hundred and eight ancestors in the same twenty-seven generations—a multitude equal to the present population of all America and Europe combined. Just think!

And this calculation does not go back nine hundred years. What space and figures it would require to construct a table for six thousand years, or for two hundred generations. Of a complete biographical record of all our ancestors, along all lines, back to the beginning of the race, it may almost be said, as is said at the close of the Gospel according to St. John of the things that the Son of Man did, viz., "if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." But if we go back so far, where were all the millions upon millions of ancestors, and where did they come from, if every mortal, of every generation that ever existed, had two parents? Now the puzzling part of this riddle is, that when we get back to Adam and Eve there were, as we are constantly being assured, *only two ancestors* for the whole human family.

The breaks or laps in the ancestral lines of descent; the cross lines, that must at some time continuously diminish, and not forever multiply; the intermingling lines of progenitors that seem to double forever, although the whole human race may have issued from a single pair, is a problem that is left for others to solve. The most important fact in the question to us all is that God—even if there were various centers of creation, as many think—made all the families of the earth of One Blood and of the same Earth. We all share alike in respect to human nature, and rights,

equality, opportunity and destiny. All men, as the fathers at the Declaration of Independence declared, are by birth equal, and are endowed with the same inalienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. All are closely and constitutionally related, and all have the blood of the high and the low flowing in their veins. Is it not folly, therefore, for any one to boast or think himself better or meaner than his fellows because of his birth? God is no respecter of persons, and why should we be? This is the important lesson for us descendants of Heinrich and Rosine Gernhardt. It does not matter who our ancestors in Europe or America were, as every one must work out his own destiny, and answer for his own deeds. As John the Baptist said unto the Pharisees and Sadducees who were silly enough to pride themselves because of their pedigree, "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father. * * * Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit will be cut down and cast into the fire."

"Consider, man; weigh well thy frame,
The king, the beggar, are the same;
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay."

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE.

There is no essential relation between a name and worth. If by act of Assembly, or otherwise, a man has his cognomen changed, that does not in the least affect the blood, the vital and mental inheritance, or character. The blood, or pedigree, remains the same, no matter how the name is changed, or how a person is raised and educated. Beginning with the family of Heinrich and Rosine, their children were just as much Fettermans by blood as Gernhardts—and possibly more so, considered in the light of embryology. During the period of gestation the child is built up cell by cell and tissue upon tissue from the mother's blood alone, and after birth for months normally receive all its nourishment from the mother's breast. And this admixture of blood, like a great flowing river, made up of drops of water from a thousand tributaries and springs, goes on forever.

In the third generation we see that the Gernhardt-Fetterman blood is intermingled with that of the Shafers, Cramers, Shetterleys, Biebers, Siegfrieds, Foglemans, Litchards, Esbachs, Williams and Mostellers. If we could see into the future and follow up all the lines of descent that from here diverge, and look back and see all the lines of lineage that here converge, we would soon be lost in a bewildering maze of lineal and collateral lines. In the fourth generation we see that the genealogical tree has spread out its branches much further still—or the stream has grown much bigger by the inflow of many tributaries—so that the blood-kinship, as the records that follow show, now includes the Klines, Frantzes, Bolanders, Goshorns, Lilleys, Hunts, Wistermans, Friedleys, Crugers, Collers, Mecums, Cruses, Waltons, Lymans, Donmoyers, Hinterleiters, Zieglers, Gachenbachs, Bortzes, Steiningers, Mohrs, Eisenharts, Grosses, Straubs, Hinkles, Treons, Harlemans, Bakers, Freys, Bucks, Seeses, Moritzes, Parsons, Martzes, Hoffmans, Smiths, Tuckers, Buzzles, Millers, Keihles, Steffys, Ameses, Clemonses, Ingolsons, Kinmans, and LeVans. In the fifth generation the blood of Heinrich and Rosine is now being intermingled and diluted with so many other families that it would tax ones memory to remember them all In the sixth and seventh generations, now coming on the stage to act their parts in the great drama of life, and in the succeeding generations, the stream of consanguinity will spread out still wider and wider, until finally the Gernhardt-Fetterman blood will flow in the veins of hundreds of millions of descendants. If the children of Heinrich and Rosine only twenty-five generations back had 536,870,908 ancestors by simply *doubling,* how many descendants will Heinrich and Rosine themselves have in say fifty generations hence, if the rate of increase of each succession of progeny continues to be *fivefold?* The reader who has plenty of time and patience can work this sum out for himself. Surely, the whole world must be related. Just think!

That there is a law of inheritance is evident, but how far it governs life, and is itself governed by the ever varying conditions of life, is not so well known Why some peculiarities occur in

some persons and not in others in the same family is still an egima. That particular features, traits and characters are often transmitted in a marked degree, and sometimes through many generations, is well understood; but why the same traits and characters are often not visibly transmitted, or sometimes only to one sex, or appear only at certain corresponding periods of life, no one can satisfactorily explain. It is, however, believed that every one inherits in some degree, if not always in a manifest degree, the physical and psychical characteristics of his parents; that each of the parents in the same variable degree inherited their traits and qualities from their ancestors—back even to Adam; and that all the yet unborn generations will continue to inherit in the same way. This is the law that Emerson seems to have had in mind when he wrote that, "Man is but the sum of his ancestors." Yet children are never absolutely like either their parents or distant ancestors. No two human beings were ever precisely alike. A strange and confusing world this would be if all were positively alike, alike in thought, feeling, action, appearance, and stature. But every one is a more or less variable reproduction and representation of his parents. Not one is an original and independent creation, but each is a special embryological evolution from his ancestors, like all the other creatures of earth that walk, fly, creep and swim.

My grandfather, John Gernert, had three daughters and nine sons, and I was often impressed when but a mere lad by certain indescribable peculiarities of features and mind—and I sometimes thought of voice—that they all possessed, in variable degree, and I wondered, and still wonder, how and whence they were derived. The greatest number of inheritances are probably never noticed, being too slight or too much overshadowed by predominating features and qualities to be easily observed; but they are believed to exist nevertheless, and that they are all liable to "crop out" and become prominent from time to time. In other words, each one may be the sum of his ancestors, but the component elements of each sum become so exceedingly attenuated and mixed up that we can neither trace nor comprehend them. My deceased daughter,

Lydia, when a year old, bore a striking resemblance of feature to her *maternal* grandmother; before she was six years old not a vestige of the likeness was perceivable, and her cast of face became distinctively Gernerd; though through all her life there were certain peculiarities in her walk and posing that constantly brought into mind her mother's *paternal* grandmother.

It has been asked, May not some inheritances become so attenuated by successive generations of inter-crossing, as to lose all power and significance, and finally disappear altogether, just as they may also sometimes gradually or spontaneously appear? On the other hand, like the Hahnemann idea of medicines, that their curative virtue increases as they become more attenuated, it has also been supposed that the dilution of the blood of our ancestors has not destroyed its nature and power. It is generally believed that our physical and psychical nature has come down to us through hundreds of generations from Adam and Eve. Some of Hahnemann's disciples it is said were so thoroughly convinced of the potency of the infinitesimally attenuated in medicines as to insist that the mere *smelling* of them is often enough to effect wonderful results—smells certainly sometimes make people sick—and that most salutary effects have even been attained by the mere *holding* of medicines in the hand in tightly closed vessels. At all events, if this supposed virtue is but the effect of imagination—a kind of Faith Cure—may it not nevertheless be true biologically that ancestral blood does not lose its properties, though it may not always be manifest to our perceptions, by being diluted from generation to generation. One thing at least seems certain, viz., that every one of us, according to the accepted belief, and as the figures already given plainly enough show, has in his veins the blood, or inherited qualities, of more than 536,870,908 ancestors, who all lived within a period of one thousand years. And this is alike true of every other family in the land. And also, if we are all of "one blood," then has not each one in his veins the blood of the best, as well as the blood of the meanest, of the race? And are not all included in the apostolic asseveration, "As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy?" If Adam really fell from a state

of perfection and through sin became an imperfect and corrupt being, does it not follow that our imperfections are inheritances, and have come down to us through a long line of ancestors? Why, indeed, "should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

I.

MAGDALENA SHAFER BRANCH.

MAGDALENA[2], the first born of the ten children of Heinrich and Rosine, when 23 years of age married Andrew Shafer, in Lehigh Township, February 11, 1794, just fourteen months before her parents disposed of the family birthplace in Northampton County. She and her husband almost immediately after marriage migrated, as already stated, to Turbot Township, Northumberland County, as is evident from a baptismal record we found in the possession of her grandson, John Shafer, which shows that his father, Henry, their firstborn, was christened in that township on the 8th day of December of that same year. Precisely where they lived—Turbot was at that date a large territory, comprising what now forms half a dozen townships—has not been ascertained, but it is presumed that they resided in what is now Delaware Township. Many Northampton County Germans had then already settled in this section, as already mentioned, and it is believed that Magdalena and her husband followed some families hither with whom they were already acquainted.

About 1812, after having resided in Turbot Township eighteen years, when their son and daughter, Henry and Elizabeth, were respectively aged 18 and 15, the spirit of migration once more moved them, and they now followed the strong tide of German settlers of Pennsylvania that had for some years been steadily flowing to the fertile lands of central and western New York, then widely known as the "Seneca" and "Genesee country," once part of the domain of the powerful and troublesome Six Nations. Jacob, Magdalena's brother, as will be mentioned further on, had already eight years before migrated to Seneca County. They concluded to go further west and finally settled in the town—or

township, as we say in Pennsylvania—of Sparta, then a district of Ontario, but since 1821 a part of Livingston County, about four miles north-east of the village of Dansville, on a tract of land now owned by their great-grandson, Franklin Monroe Shafer[5], and which seems likely to remain in the family name many years longer. The family now consisted of five persons, including the little orphan niece, Catharine, mentioned in Heinrich's will, who had been given to Magdalena by her brother Philip, being the only child by his first wife. A small log cabin was their home and furnished shelter for years, while breaking the land and enduring the usual hardships and privations of pioneer life. But the life-struggle was no longer also subject to the dread of the tomahawk and scalping knife, as during the period when Magdalena was a little girl and Indian depredations and murders were common events.

Andrew Shafer was born in Germany, January 31, 1758, and died in Sparta, April 2, 1846, at the advanced age of 88 years, 2 months and 2 days. Magdalena died May 8, 1834, in her 64th year. The bodies of the twain, who in life were as one, lie mouldering side by side in an old graveyard near the center of Sparta, one mile or more north of the place on which they had lived, and which place had been bought and bequeathed to her by her father. Elizabeth, their only daughter, was born March 16, 1797, died September 18, 1816, and was never married. Fortunate it was for Magdalena, therefore, that she had kindly adopted the bereaved child Catharine into her family. Henry[3], her only son, was born December 8, 1794, and died June 14, 1878, in his 84th year; and it is through him alone, therefore, that the Magdalena branch of the Gernhardt family is perpetuated. He was twice married, first to Maria Magdalena Kline, August 8, 1820, who died September 10, 1832, and next to her sister, Susanna Kline, Feb. 7, 1833, whose death occurred June 9, 1866. All are buried in the M. E. Church ground, one mile north of the first mentioned graveyard. Henry's six children, sixteen grandchildren, and sixteen great-grandchildren constitute the oldest, but also the smallest, of the existing branches of Heinrich's and Rosine's great family tree. His descendants:

1. George Shafer[4], b. in Sparta, Nov. 22, 1821; m. Mary Clemons, of Sparta, Dec. 28, 1843. He died at Dansville, N. Y., March 16, 1874, and his wife survived him until in March, 1898. He served four terms as the Supervisor of the town of Sparta, and for twenty-seven consecutive years held the office of Justice of the Peace at Dansville. Once when spending several hours at Dansville I heard the remark made that he was a very popular and capable officer—the truth of this is evident from the fact that he held the office so long—and that he had more records in the Livingston County Court than all the lawyers of the place of that period combined. His children and grandchildren:

 i. Edwin Jefferson Shafer[5], b. Oct. 8, 1844; m. Lucy V. Feathers, of Amnity, Allegheny County, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1874; n. c.; r. Holdrege, Nebraska.

 ii. Susan Elizabeth S.[5], b. July 12, 1846; m. Edward Kelly, of Farmersville, Canada, Sept. 24, 1868; r. Holdrege, Neb. One son: George Edward Kelly[6], b. Aug. 19, 1872; d. Nov. 25, 1878.

 iii. John Madison S.[5], b. June 26, 1848; d. in infancy.

 iv. Endress Monroe Shafer[5], b. Dec. 5, 1849; m. Ida Myers, February, 1892; n. c.

 v. Ramons S.[5], b. April 7, 1852; d. in infancy.

 vi. Rhoda Adelaide S.[5], b. April 7, 1853; m. Joseph W. Burgess, of Dansville, August, 1873; d. Sept. 20, 1875.

 vii. Andrew Jackson Shafer[5], b. Dec. 12, 1855; m. Laura V. Steinhardt, June 15, 1892; n. c. Held the office of Justice of the Peace at Dansville from 1878 to 1882. Removed to Holdrege, Nebraska, where his brother, Edwin, and sister Susan had located. Was elected County Attorney in 1890, and served five terms, until January, 1901. Is counseller at law. The following from the papers of his former home (Dansville, N. Y.,) and his present home (Holdrege) is gratifying testimony regarding his ability and probity:

"Mr. Shafer was born in Sparta, in this county, and studied law in the office of the late John Wilkinson, and with Faulker & Bissel, in this village. He was admitted to the bar in 1880, and after practicing here a short time he went to Holdrege, Nebraska, his present residence, and at once began a political career that has

been honorable and profitable. *The Weekly Progress,* published at Holdrege, says of him: 'The candidate for the office of County Attorney this year, Andrew J. Shafer, is the old reliable. He is the present incumbent of that office and has been for the past eight consecutive years. This fact in itself not only renders an introduction unnecessary, but it is a most enviable testimonial in behalf of Mr. Shafer's administration of the office and his ability as a lawyer. It is needless to say that he is a staunch Populist or a fearless advocate of the party principles, for none have ever questioned his political integrity, while he has earnestly and boldly fought for the reforms demanded by the common people in every campaign since he became affiliated with the party. His official conduct is equally commendable. It has been characterized by remarkable legal ability, cleanness and efficiency throughout the entire eight years, and it is a highly commendable fact, beyond the criticism of political opposition. Notwithstanding his long service in the office of County Attorney, there is absolutely no reason why he should not be his own successor.' "

2. John Shafer[4], b. Feb. 9, 1824; m. Hannah Hamsher, of Sparta, Jan. 24, 1850. She d. Feb. 4, 1898. He d. April 1, 1903. A Dansville paper, referring to his death, said:

"The genial, kindly face of 'Squire John Shafer will be sadly missed from our streets. A good man went to his reward when he died. Although in his eightieth year, Mr. Shafer had been active and about among men, and it was only a short time ago that he was in town shaking hands with his friends. He was born on a farm that his father, Henry Shafer, hewed out of the primeval wilderness in the early part of the last century. Here he lived a sincere, simple life, beloved and respected by his neighbors; here his children were born and reared, to become useful citizens; here his beloved wife died in 1898, and here he passed away, leaving a record any one might envy."

Reference has already been made to the correspondence had with this respected kinsman, and to the lively and encouraging interest he at once took in the proposed family History. Having received very cordial invitations to make him and his people a visit, I went to his place in October, 1898, and spent three days with him most delightfully. I found him comfortably situated in the evening of his life, enjoying the fruits of years of industry and frugality, and the respect of everybody around him. His only



JOHN SHAFER[4], DANSVILLE, N. Y.
1824-1903.



FRANK M. SHAFER[5] AND FAMILY,
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

daughter had then been dead thirteen years, and he was mourning the demise of his wife, who had been dead only about eight months. Recalling his tender allusions to the departed brings to mind the lines:

> "There is in life no blessing like affection;
> It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
> And bringeth down to earth its native heaven:—
> Life has naught else that may supply its place."

His son Frank and wife were keeping house for him and farming the homestead—the place that Frank's grandparents and great-grandparents had each wrought to "hew out of the primeval wilderness"—to which fifty acres more had been added, making a large and valuable farm, under a state of cultivation and with improvements that indicated the use of brains as well as of busy hands. He also owned another valuable farm in Sparta, on which his eldest son, James A., then resided, and now owns.

This venerable great-grandson of Heinrich and Rosine, with whom I afterwards had an opportunity to become still better acquainted, was found to be not only a "good man," with "a record any one might envy," but one who was in more than one sense a remarkable and successful man, with eyes ever open to see what useful thing he could make, or where he could improve things. In a work-shop well stocked with tools, turning lathe, etc., he spent much of his time, as the work of the farm permitted. A rivulet issuing from a strong and never-failing spring on the farm, that flows through a depression in the land near the shop, he utilized by making a pond, at the overflow of which he constructed a chute, and placed an overshot wheel between five and six feet in diamater and two feet wide, which furnished him with power for various mechanical uses. The wheel he connected with the house kitchen by a line of wire so arranged as to do duty also in churning butter. A full description of his numerous mechanisms and inventions would require more space than can here be spared. Never in my travels have I met a man, who never was an apprentice, and lived all his life on a farm, who showed such aptitude for making anything that he needed on his premises. A curious auto-

matic Tally Board, that he designed many years ago for counting sheaves in threshing, interested me very much. Every time fifty sheaves were counted the number was registered until 850 sheaves were recorded, and then the tally commenced again at figure one. If patented when made, if patentable, this might have been a source of income, as he could have made it of almost any capacity, and adapted it to various uses; but he had less ambition to obtain and sell patent-rights than he had to contrive and construct. A Lard Press that he designed forty or more years ago, which was supposed to be new and patentable, has ever since been doing good service on his farm and throughout the neighborhood. Another ingenious contrivance is a Pleating Machine for dressmaking and millinery work, that he had made for his wife, who it seems was also quite defty with the needle. She had one of the earliest Wheeler and Willson sewing machines, and for this he constructed seven different attachments, for binding skirt bottoms, working right and left, a wide and narrow hemmer, wide tape-binder, etc., which, if not at the time patentable, at least showed his wonderful fertility in expedients, and for neatness would have done credit to any worker in metal.

One invention, now forty years old, on which he was induced to take out letters patent, was a machine for dropping and covering corn, beans, and broom-corn seed. This in that era should have been to him a source of considerable revenue, but his ill luck was to deed a half interest to a man who commenced to scheme and work only for himself, and this so disgusted him that he refused to do anything or allow anything to be done with it. It was so planned that three or four of the machines could be attached to one frame, which would have made it especially desirable for western lands. His son Frank still plants his corn every spring with the first machine he made, and the same machine has planted many acres from time to time for the neighbors.

A Southern planter, a patient at the Dansville Sanitarium, one day chanced to see the seeder at work, and noting its efficiency wanted to know if Mr. Shafer could make a machine to plant cotton seed as well, saying that the machine he had did not do good

work, as the seed would pack, and owing to its adhesive nature would not drop properly. Mr. Shafer said that if he had some cotton seed to experiment with he thought he perhaps could. Soon a lot of seed came, with the assurance that if he could make a perfect cotton-seed dropper a fortune was ready for him. After several experiments he had a handsome model planter ready, which he believed would do the work perfectly. He was now ready, hoping and fearing, for the final trial of the machine in the cotton fields. One morning he received word that his friend the planter had suddenly fallen ill and was taken to his home, and two weeks later came the news of his death. Inventor Shafer, as already stated, was not a patent-right financier, and no further effort was ever made to bring the machine forward. The way he bore the disappointment appears from a remark he made to a friend, "If it had been a great success it might have made me proud and wicked."

No matter what Farmer Shafer wanted, he had the tact to make it. Whether it was in the line of cabinet-making, chair-making, plane-making, wagon making, coopering, carpentering, blacksmithing, no matter what, it seemed all the same to him. Many years ago, when in harvesting the raking into sheaves was done with the hand-rake, he devised and made what he called a Buggy Rake,—the wheels of which were 2 1-2 feet high, the axles 5 1-2 feet long between the hubs, and the bent wooden fingers 5 1-2 feet long,—which also proved a useful labor-saving machine, and for which he possibly at that time might also have obtained letters patent, had his ambition inclined that way. Once he mentally thought out a plan of a machine for sawing shingles. A friend who owned a saw mill heard him explain his idea, and was so impressed that he immediately gave him an order for a machine. In the course of a few weeks the thing was at work making shingles, and that it was a success is attested by the fact that it was kept at work right along for about twelve years. Men do not become skillful mechanics and of inventive turn merely by being *taught;* many who have all needed instruction never become in the best sense skilled; but must have innate or inborn ingenuity and mechanical

aptitude. It is giving good advice to the descendants of Heinrich Gernhardt to admonish them to study the proclivities of their children, and never determine what they *must* be, until they know what talents nature has given them, and what they are best suited to be.

Mr. John Shafer had children and grandchildren:

i. James Alfred S.[5], b. Dec. 21, 1850; m. Rosa E. Carney, Oct. 22, 1874. Two children: J. Carl S.[6], b. June 6, 1886; Eva Lena S.[6], b. March 26, 1890.

ii. Martha Saphrona S.[5], b. Oct. 9, 1860; m. Dec. 29, 1881; d. June 15, 1885; n. c.

iii. Franklin Monroe S.[5], b. June 22, 1868; m. Augusta Lena Tucker, June 14, 1888. Three children: Claire Almond S.[6], b. April 16, 1889; Maude Angeline S.[6], b. Oct. 8, 1894; Francis Martha S.[6], b. Sept. 7, 1898.

3. Barbara S.[4], b. May 12, 1826; d. Sept. 9, 1829.

4. Anna Magdalena S.[4], b. April 17, 1829; d. Oct. 8, 1832.

5. Andrew Shafer[4], b. Feb. 28, 1832; m. Elizabeth J. Kuhn, Dec. 25, 1856. He d. Dec. 19, 1896. She d. May 28, 1880. Had children and grandchildren:

i. Emma Rosalind S.[5], b. June 2, 1857; m. Heman H. Johns, Dec. 18, 1879. Five children:

a. George A. K.[6], b. Oct. 18, 1880.

b. Elizabeth S. K.[6], b. Nov. 18, 1882.

c. Ernest L. V. K.[6], b. Feb. 28, 1887; d. Nov. 6, 1888.

d. Herr Maxwell K.[6], b. Oct. 24, 1889; d. Dec. 19, 1890.

e. Leon Lester K.[6], b. Nov. 3, 1891.

ii. Mary Elizabeth S.[5], b. June 1, 1859; m. Heman A. Miller, Jan. 18, 1882. Children: Samuel Ross M.[6], b. Feb. 13, 1883; Heman M.[6], b. May 16, 1888; Maude Angeline M.[6], b. Jan. 29, 1894; Mary Elizabeth M.[6], b. Aug. 29, 1897.

iii. Hattie Mabel S.[5], b. Feb. 14, 1872; m. Chas. M. Shafer, Feb. 3, 1897; n. c.

iv. George Ernst S.[5], b. Dec. 13, 1876; m. Belle Sams, Nov. 18, 1897.

v. Edward Harold S.[5], b. Sept. 23, 1878; d. March 31, 1880.

6. ANGELINE S.[4], daughter by Susanna, second wife of Henry, was born Oct. 13, 1834; m. Francis Altmire, of Dansville, April 19, 1878. Altmire d. June 24, 1896. She still lives in Dansville. One son: Albin Alden Altmire[5], b.×; m. Miss Catharine Riley, Jan. 7, 1897; r. Dansville. One daughter: Catharine Angeline Altmire[6], b. Jan. 7, 1901.

II.

JACOB GARNET BRANCH.

Of Heinrich's eldest son, Jacob, we have learned but little besides the few facts already mentioned. After finding him mentioned in his father's will, several years elapsed, despite of constant inquiries, before it was ascertained that he had settled and spent the rest of his days in the township of Fayette, Seneca County, N. Y., and that he had many descendants in New York, Ohio, Michigan and other states. Many months after having learned what had become of all his brothers and sisters, there was still no trace of him, and finally it became a common thing among the members of the other branches to refer to him as the "Lost Jacob." How soon a mortal may thus be forgotten by his own kindred in this world of never-ending changes. But at last a clue was happily found that brought the forgotten back to remembrance. A correspondent of the author wrote that she had heard that there was an old man living in Lockport, N. Y., by the name of Jacob Garnet (since deceased), and wondered if he were not of that branch of our kindred. A letter addressed to him was dispatched forthwith, and in due time it was found that he was indeed a scion (a grandson) of the long "lost Jacob."

The state of New York after the War of the Revolution acquired a large area of fertile territory by a treaty with the Cayuga and Onondago Indian tribes, and in 1790 and later this very desirable land was laid out into townships (or "towns," as such divisions are called in that state) and lots, and at the close of the eigh-

teenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries there was a rush of settlers to occupy these lands. Among the colonists were many Pennsylvania Germans. A partial list of the early German settlers of Seneca County from this province was furnished by the Hon. Diedrich Willers, of Fayette, in 1898, to "Notes and Queries," edited by Dr. William H. Egle, of Harrisburg, Pa. It is reproduced here as being of general interest to the descendants of Heinrich and Rosine, not only because it contains the name of Jacob Gernet (the original family name, Gernhardt, is in the church and court records of Seneca County found spelled in various ways, as Gernet, Gernert, Gerner, Gernhart, Garnhart, Garnart, Garnet and Garnett, the same as it is represented by alphabetic characters by the other branches of the lineage), and all are familiar Pennsylvania names, but because of the family intermarriages with so many of the families they represent, and also because they serve to illustrate the mutations to which family names have been so liable, as explained in a preceding chapter. Many of the original surnames are given in brackets:

Acker, Jacob
Addams, Jacob
Allemann, Jacob
Ansberger, John (Ernstberger)
Bacher, Jacob
Bachmann, George
Balliet, Charles
Beal, David (Biehl)
Bear, Samuel (Baer)
Beck, Thomas
Becker, John
Berger, Joseph
Bieche, Jacob (Biegi)
Biery, Henry (Beary)
Blasser, Christian
Bolender, Phillip
Bookman, Peter (Buchmann)
Bordner, Benj.
Brickley, John
Burkhalter, Mary
Corl, Isaac (Carl)
Crobach, George (Croubach)
Deal, Peter (Diehl)
Lautenschlager, Joshua, son of Jacob
Lerch, Anthony
Litzenberger, Peter
Lutz, Reuben
Marckel, John (Merckle)
Marsteller, Elizabeth
Mattern, Jacob
Mauger, Henry
Maurer, John
Menges, Conrad
Mertz, George
Metzger, Martin
Michel, John (Michael)
Mickley, Edward B.
Miller, Ludwig
Motz, Jacob
Moyer, Charles (Mayer)
Nioss, George (Niess)
Nothnagle, George
Peters, Philip
Paffenberger, Daniel
Pontius, John

Deisinger, Nicholas
Deppen, John
Derr, Charles
Deshler, John
Dreher, Peter
Emerich, John
Eshenour, John (Eschenauer)
Esterly, George (Esterlee)
Farber, Michael (Tarber)
Fatzinger, Samuel (son of Jacob)
Fell, John
Ferst, George (Fuerst)
Fessler, Benjamin
Fetzer, Daniel
Fisher, John S. (Fischer)
Flickinger, Jacob
Frankenfield, George (Frankenfeld)
Frantz, John
Frey, John (Frei)
Friedley, George (Friedle)
Fusselmann, J.
Gambee, Jacob (Gambi)
Gamber, John
Gauger, George
Gaumer, Charles
GERNET, JACOB (Gernhardt)
Goodman, Benjamin (Gutmann)
Gross, Joseph B.
Hahn, James A.
Hartranft, Jacob
Hassinger, Frederick
Heck, Jacob
Hecker, Henry
Heckmann, Nathan
Hilkert, John (Hilgert)
Himmelburger, George
Hinterleiter, George
Hittel, Bartholomew
Hoffmann, Charles
Hofstetter, Adam
Holben, Christian
Holman, Daniel (Hallmann)
Hoover, Valentine (Huber)
Hoster, Christian
Hummel, Benjamin
Hunsicker, Joseph
Pratz, Philip (Pretz)
Rathfon, Frederick
Reader, Jacob (Roeder)
Reed, William (Ried)
Reichenbach, Reuben
Reiffschneider, Philip
Reinhart, John
Rhoad, Daniel
Riegel, Jacob
Reimer, George
Ritter, Michael
Robinold, John
Romig, Samuel (Romich)
Rothenburger, Jacob
Ruch, Christian
Saeger, Daniel
Sammel, Stephen
Savage, William (Sauvage)
Schad, George (Schaud)
Schaeffer, George
Schankweiler, Henry
Schick, David
Schlottmann, Daniel
Schneck, Adam
Schott, Frederick
Schroyer, Peter
Schwab, Daniel
Schwartz, Jacob
Schweitzer, John
Sell, Jacob (Zell)
Seybolt, Jacob
Shane, Jacob (Schoen)
Sheffort, George (Schoeffert)
Sherodin, Daniel (Sheradine)
Shiley, George (Scheile)
Shoemaker, John (Schumacher)
Seidler, John
Siegfried, Joseph
Singer, Henry
Smith, Jacob (Schmidt)
Snyder, Anthony (Schneider)
Spaid, John (Spate)
Spoon, Daniel (Spohn)
Springer, William
Stadler, Eliabeth
Stahl, Peter
Steininger, Christian

Illick, Frederick (Illig)
Jacoby, John (Jacobi)
Kime, Christian (Keim)
Kemmery, James (Kammerer)
Kendig, Martin
Kennard, William
Kennell, John
Kern, William
Kerschner, George W.
Kessler, Adam
Kidd, George
Kieffer, Henry
Kistler, Jacob
Knauss, Benjamin
Kohler, Peter
Koller, Emanuel
Kroninger, Sylvester
Kuney, John (Kuni)
Koons, David (Kuntz)
Lahr, Henry (Lohr)
Landis, Henry
Langs, John
Laub, Conrad
Stofflet, Ludwig
Straub, George
Strayer, Matthias
Strouse, Thomas (Strauss)
Stuck, Matthias (Stock)
Stucker, Samuel (Stocker)
Trautmann, Adam
Trexler, Thomas (Drechsler)
Weitsel, Isaac (Witsell)
Wetsel, Solomon (Wetzell)
Whitmer, Peter (Wittmer)
Weider, Henry
Willauer, James
Wingert, Mary
Wolff, Christian
Wuchter, Henry
Yakely, Daniel (Jackli)
Yost, John (Jost)
Young, Abraham (Jung)
Yundt, John H. (Jund)
Zartmann, George H.
Zimmer, Benjamin

The precise date of Jacob's settlement in Fayette—then known as the "town" of Washington, but changed to Fayette in 1808—is not known, but it was probably about 1804, as his name still appears on the assessment list as late as April, 1803, as the tenant of 270 acres of land owned by James Hammond, in Turbot Township, Northumberland County, Penn'a, and according to the Lilley family Bible his daughter Susan was born in Northumberland County October 29, 1803. As his son John was born in Fayette, Nov. 3, 1805, he must have migrated at some intervening date. With his wife and three little children, George, Jacob and Susan, the eldest but six years old, he must, therefore, sometime during the interval mentioned, probably in the spring of 1804, have left Turbot Township to seek his fortune in the still newer and wilder territory that had so lately belonged to the once powerful and troublesome Iroquois. It would be a pleasure to relate the circumstances of Jacob's migration, to describe the conveyance with which he traveled and crossed the streams and mountains, the fellow-settlers with whom he may have journeyed, and say

how long a time it took him to make the trip, of what his personal estate consisted, and mention the particulars of the changed conditions under which he hopefully struggled to make a home of his own in a country so new, but these are all matters that must be left to the imagination of the kindred who would be pleased to know. He and his family it is certain had few of the luxuries that are now regarded as among the necessities of life.

A record found in the office of the Seneca County Clerk shows that on the 18th day of May, 1808, he had entered into an agreement for the purchase of 168 acres of land in the town of Fayette, said land being part of what is described as Lot 40 in the Military Tract, and that on the 21st day of August, 1817, four years after his decease, a deed for the land was made by Mary Vredenbaugh and Charles Burnett to his eight children, as "heirs of Jacob Garnart, late of Fayette, deceased." Whether he occupied this tract as tenant prior to the agreement, or lived on other land in the vicinity during the four years he had already been in Fayette, is also now but a matter of conjecture.

But the struggle of life did not last long for him, as not more than nine years elapsed after he arrived in the new land of promise when he was called away to the silent land whither we all go, and where the weary all find rest. His first wife—Anna Maria Kramer—preceded him to the world unseen but a few months after the birth of their daughter Clarissa, Aug. 10, 1809, and when the firstborn of their six children was barely twelve years of age, a bereavement and loss of counsel and companionship that no one without the same mournful experience can fully realize. In 1811 he married Miss Mary Shetterly, with whom he had two daughters, and near the close of 1813, but several months before the birth of Anna Maria Elizabeth, the second of the two daughters, and when he was himself probably yet under forty years of age, he was cut down and gathered by the Great Reaper who sooner or later claims every one formed of clay. His issue and descendants so far as I have been able to obtain the names and records:

I. GEORGE[3], b. about 1798, in Northumberland County, Pa. Little is remembered respecting him. He was, as just stated, a mere lad at his father's death. It is said that in later years he became addicted to intemperate and improvident habits, and that finally, when old and feeble, in January, 1871, found an asylum in the Seneca County Poor House. He died April 20, 1878, aged 80, occupation laboror, and, according to the record of the superintendent, was a widower—but of his having been married no one seems to have any knowledge, and the statement is a matter of doubt. One who used to see him sometimes in his better days says he was then single, and "a good-hearted and industrious man," and thinks that loss of property, and possibly domestic infelicity, if true that he was married when old, may have caused him to add to his trouble by vainly trying to "drown grief in the intoxicating bowl." How liable, and in how many ways, we poor mortals one and all are to err. Brother! are you a saint, and worthy of being enrolled among the list of the saints? "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own?"

II. JACOB GARNET[3], b. Feb. 25, 1800; m. first, Anna Margaret Frantz, of Seneca County, N. Y., April 13, 1819, and second, Margaret Bolander, of the same county, June 22, 1848. Anna d. May 28, 1847; Margaret d. Dec. 13, 1854, and Jacob d. April 5, 1859. A citizen of Fayette, not related, but who knew him well, says the inscription on his tombstone, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," is a well deserved panegyric. He was a provident and industrious farmer, in good circumstances, an honored and influential citizen, of whom many favorable things might be said. He had ten children by his first wife and two by his second, and his descendants are:

1. JOHN GARNET[4], b. Dec. 4, 1819; m. Eliza Frantz, of Fayette×; d. Aug. 30, 1882; r. at death, Fayette. Had three children:

 i. Millard Fillmore G.[5], b. July 23, 1851; m. Alida McDuffee, of Varick, Sept. 9, 1870; r. MacDougal, N. Y. One child: Clinton Leslie G.[6], b. Nov. 24, 1886.

ii. Sophie[5], b. March 17, 1853; m. Frank Yost, of Fayette[x]; P. O. Waterloo, N. Y. One daughter: Luella[6x].

iii. Laura Elizabeth[5], b. Nov. 19, 1855; m. first C. M. Schott, December, 1874; second, Stephen Rogers[x]; r. Waterloo. One son: Wilbur Schott[6x].

2. Daniel Garnet[4], b. May 26, 1821; m. Catharine Young[x]; r. Fayette. He d. Sept. 24, 1902. Three children:

i. Joseph[6], b: Sept. 7, 1846.

ii. Susan[5], b. June 11, 1848; m. Peter J. Stahl, of Fayette, Oct. 14, 1869. Three children:

a. Lyman P.[6], b. April 30, 1870; m. Grace Ireland, December, 1895. n. c.

b. Bertha[6], b. May 19, 1873; m. George Buckley, of Varick[x]. One child: Etha[7], b. July 16, 1900.

c. Herman A.[6], b. Oct. 7, 1874.

iii. Clarissa[5], b. Dec. 12, 1850; m. Henry Stahl, of Fayette[x]. Six children:

a. Lucl J.[6], b. Nov. 17, 1869; unm.

b. Jessie[6], b. Jan. 3, 1871; m. Cornelius Paine, of Waterloo[x]. Four children: Leura[7], Myron[7], Lewis[7], Ruth[7].

c. Frank H.[6], b. June 15, 1872; m. Sarah Kennedy, of Seneca Falls, March, 1900. One child: Beatrice[7x].

d. Loretta[6], b. Dec. 8, 1873; m. Lyman Leonard, of Detroit, Mich. One son: Byram[7x].

e. Melvin[6], b. Sept. 28, 1875.

f. Ray[6], b. Jan. 8, 1891.

3. George Garnet[4], b. May 19, 1823; m. Elizabeth Young, of Fayette[x]. He d. in Varick, March 5, 1890. Had three children:

i. Frank[5], b. March 30, 1863; unm.

ii. Frederick[5], b. March 9, 1870; d. Oct. 17, 1884.

iii. Susie[5], b. April 29, 1872; m. Oscar Bachman; P. O. Waterloo, N. Y. Six children: William G.[6], b. Nov. 5, 1890; Anna[6], b. Dec. 18, 1891; Pearl E.[6], b. Oct. 28, 1892; Francis M.[6], b. Oct. 13, 1894; Lena B.[6], b. May 24, 1896; Wellington E.[6], b. Aug. 14, 1899.

4. Jacob Garnet[4], b. March 31, 1825; m. Mary Snyder, of Lockport, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1848. He d. at Lockport, March 7, 1900. Had three children:

 i. Edwin Lewellyn[5], b. March 10, 1849; m. Lucy Predmore, Nov. 18, 1883; r. Horton, Olmstead County, Minn; o. farmer. Three children: Ralph Lewellyn[6], b. June 28, 1886; Grace[6], b. July 5, 1894; Edson Predmore[6], b. March 30, 1896.

 ii. Clara Edna[5], b. Feb. 1, 1861; m. Lyman Franklin Ernest, Jan. 5, 1887; P. O. Gasport, N. Y. One child: Eva Belle[6], b. June 18, 1889.

 iii. Clarence Edson[5], b. Feb. 1, 1861. Twin brother of Clara. He d. June 16, 1901.

5. Philip Garnett[4], b. Jan. 3, 1827; m. first, Elizabeth Willoner×; she died in 1861; second, Mrs. Margaret Reed Laub, Dec. 5, 1870; r. McDougal, Seneca County, N. Y. Was a cooper by occupation in early life, but later became a farmer. Has for some years been elder in the Reformed Church at Fayette.

Philip enlisted under the Old Flag on the 5th of August, 1862, and joined Co. I, 126th Regiment, N. Y. Vol. Infantry, and was present in the battles of Harper's Ferry, Gettysburg, Auburn Ford, Bristow Station, Wilderness, Po River, Spottsylvania, Mine Run, Morton's Ford, Petersburg, and, if he had not been disabled at the latter place, would a few days later have witnessed the closing scene of the War of the Rebellion, when Gen. Lee, to avoid "further effusion of blood," wisely accepted Gen. Grant's kind invitation and liberal terms to surrender.

At Gettysburg, Philip's regiment was in the Third Brigade, Third Division, of the famous Second Army Corps, under "The Superb" Major General Winfield S. Hancock, and was in the thickest of the terrible fighting on the second and third days of that memorable and decisive battle. It was the Second Corps that received and repulsed the shock of Pickett's fearful charge in the afternoon of the third day, than which a more determined assault no army perhaps ever made and none ever more valiantly withstood. The Third Brigade was in the front line of battle, the men resting and waiting on their knees, while the defiant and



PHILIP GARNETT, McDOUGAL, N. Y.

confident Confederates under Pickett, Kemper, Pettigrew, Archer, Davis, Armistead, and other fearless leaders, whose valor should have graced a better cause, came boldly, with bayoneted muskets, across the plain from the foot of Seminary Ridge to fight and to win or perish. But the men they were confronting were just as brave and determined, and when the assaulting columns had advanced close to the kneeling line, showing their firm set faces and fire-flashing eyes, the Boys in Blue rose to their feet and gave them a death-dealing volley. But the check thus given to the impetuous foe was only for an instant. Terrible! terrible! was the crash of arms and slaughter that now for some moments followed. Death and destruction did their awful work all along the line. The appalling scene can not be adequately described—and with Philip we are glad to turn away from its contemplation. But thank Heaven! a great victory was won by the defenders of Freedom and Humanity, and the world forever has reason to rejoice.

On the evening of that fateful day, when the ground was thickly covered with the wounded, the dead and the dying, Philip was among the detailed to look after and help the wounded. Finding a dying comrade, whom he had long known and esteemed, and who belonged to his own company, he remained with and did all he could for the sufferer until he died, at midnight, and then, worn out himself with the days of hard marching to reach the field of battle and by the strain that immediately followed, he lay down by the side of his dead friend, under the same blanket, and slept soundly until the first rays of morning enabled him to begin again the search for the wounded. What a sad and extraordinary celebration was this in commemoration of the Fourth of July! But never was there one more heroic and heartfelt since the first Day of Independence. Some idea of the fierceness and havoc of the struggle, and of the sanguinary part in which it was Philip's fate to share, may be formed when it is considered that of the Third Brigade alone 139 men and officers were killed, 542 were wounded, and 33 men were captured, making a total loss of 714, or 137 more than the combined casualties

of the other two brigades of the Third Division of Hancock's Corps. It was in this battle that, as history now declares, that the "backbone" of the great slaveholders' rebellion was broken, but it was at a fearful cost, and, as Philip's further active participation reminds us, there were many terrific and costly encounters before the final victory at Appomattox, and Johnston's surrender at Durham's Station.

After Gettysburg Philip shared in all the important engagements with the Second Corps, in what is known in history as the Wilderness campaign, such as the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Mine Run, Po River, and a succession of fierce conflicts that, until the end of the "cruel war," almost daily occurred. It was during this active campaign that the intrepid Grant made his famous comment in one of his dispatches to the Secretary of War: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." It would require too much of our limited space to give a detailed account of Philip's part and recollections of this eventful period of the great conflict, as it will be necessary also to refer to the military service of many others of the descendants of Heinrich Gernhardt who enlisted in the hallowed cause of the Union and human freedom. Philip probably never dreamed that while he was at the front hearing the "red-mouthed cannon's peal," and during the many wearisome marches and countermarches, when the contending armies were moving to embarrass and circumvent each other, to win the advantage of position, so important often in determining the issue of a battle, that there were others on duty near him, in the same marches and in the same battles, through whose loyal hearts the same blood of his ancestors, Heinrich and Rosine, was then pulsating. How little we, one and all, know of what is constantly transpiring around us in the great world in which we live and strive and muse and die. Philip returned to his home with the marks of merciless war on his person. He was twice painfully wounded: first, by a ball striking his left leg below the knee, while he was going on the picket line at Spottsylvania, one of the hardest fought battles of the war, where the brunt of Lee's desperate

but unsuccessful effort to regain the position he had lost was again sustained by Hancock's Corps; and the next time he was more dangerously wounded by a bullet striking his gun and bursting it, and causing a breast injury that took him to Mansion House Hospital, at Alexandria, and terminated his usefulness in helping to crush the Rebellion. He was honorably discharged when his regiment was mustered out, and now receives a pension of $14 a month. Had children:

i. Sarah Elizabeth[5], b. Nov. 10, 1852; m. Jacob W. Stahl, Dec. 26, 1871; r. Seneca Falls, N. Y. One child: Gertrude May[6], b. May 8, 1879. Gertrude m. Frank Kennedy, Oct. 19, 1898, and has one child: Frances Earl[7], b. Dec. 23, 1900.

ii. Martin[5], b. Nov. 28, 1860; m. Nina Saeger, Nov. 9, 1882; r. West Fayette. Three children: Nancy[6], b. Sept. 3, 1885; Nettie[6], b. April 7, 1887; Eliza[6], b. July 31, 1888.

iii. Charles E.[5], b. Feb. 7, 1872; m. Miss Sarah Hornbeck, July 25, 1896; r. Ovid, N. Y. Is the editor and proprietor of the *Ovid Gazette and Independent,* a flourishing weekly journal having 1,200 subscribers. Is also President of the village of Ovid. He and wife are members of the Presbyterian Church.

iv. Anna Pearl[5], b. Feb. 4, 1877; m. Charles A. Johnston, a prosperous farmer residing near Ovid, Dec. 24, 1896.

6. William Garnet[4], b. April 22, 1829; m. Martha Cook, Oct. 17, 1855; r. Fayette. One child: Hattie[5], b. 1860; m.× Reed, of Ontario County, N. Y.

7. Maria Garnet[4], b. Aug. 2, 1831; m. Jacob Young, March 14, 1861. He d. Nov. 27, 1898. She d.× Had three children:

i. Eliza Jane[5], b. Feb. 12, 1865; m. Alonzo Stahl, of Varick, Jan. 31, 1883. Two children: George E.[6], b. May 24, 1893; Mary[6], b. Sept. 1, 1895.

ii. Edward C.[5], b. July 5, 1867; m. Cora Litzenberger; n. c.

iii. Henry E.[5], b. March 28, 1869; m. Rosa Kuney, of Fayette; n. c.

8. Harriet Esther Garnet[4], b. Sept. 6, 1833; m. Noah Denton, of Varick×. He. d. Jan. 30, 1892. Two daughters: Margaret[5], b. March 15, 1862; d. Nov. 30, 1899. Had five children×: Elda[5], b. Nov. 23, 1863; m. Edward Kunly×. She d. June 23, 1883.

9. Margaret Garnet[4], b. Nov. 4, 1835; m. Orville Easton, March 26, 1856; r. Watertown, Mich. Eight children:

 i. Jacob Clinton Easton[5], b. Feb. 14, 1858; m. Mary V. Rowland, Feb. 16, 1881; r. Grand Ledge, Mich. One child: Flora[6], b. July 9, 1895.

 ii. Susan Belle Easton[5], b. Oct. 17, 1861; m. Frank S. King, Sept. 28, 1881; r. Watertown, Mich. Two children: Josie Myrl K.[6], b. Nov. 11, 1886; Pearl King[6], b. Sept. 4, 1899.

 iii. Josephine Easton[5], b. Oct. 8, 1863; m. Marion A. Dayton, Oct. 8, 1883; r. Jackson, Mich. Three daughters: Bernice[6], b. Oct. 12, 1886; Ethel[6], b. Oct. 12, 1891; Ivah[6]×, 1892

 iv. Ora May Easton[5], b. April 28, 1866; m. Glen D. Shadduck, Dec. 3, 1891; r. Jackson, Mich.

 v. Lillie Adell Easton[5], b. May 26, 1868; m. Allen Jeckells, May 26, 1895; r. Eagle, Mich. One daughter: Georgia[6], b. Feb. 21, 1897.

 vi. Frank Wesley Easton[5], b. April 9, 1870.

 vii. Charles Henry Easton[5], b. Dec. 9, 1872; m. Lura Elwood, Jan. 8, 1902.

 viii. Walter Earl Easton[5], b. March 30, 1875; m. Nellie Whitlock, June 4, 1902.

10. Henry Garnet[4], b. April 5, 1838; m. Laura J. Schram, Sept. 19, 1860; r. Willoughby, O. One daughter: Hattie[5], b. Sept. 23, 1861; m. Edward Kidward, March, 1879. He d. in 1882. One son: Raymond K.[6], b. 1881; d. 1902.

11. Francis A. Garnet[4], b. Nov. 21, 1850; m. Monroe Schaffer, of Lehigh County, Pa., March 4, 1869; r. Fayette. Two sons: Frederick M.[5], b. Dec. 28, 1875; m. Ida Kuney, Dec. 7, 1899; LeRoy C.[5], b. Nov. 14, 1887.

12. Frederick Garnet[4], b. May 14, 1854; d. March 10, 1864.

III. SUSANNAH GARNET[3], b. Oct. 29, 1803; m. Jacob Lilley, March 31, 1825; r. Willoughby, O. She d. April 21, 1851. Had eleven children:

1. SARAH LILLEY[4], b. Jan. 8, 1826; m. first, Lewis Billson, Nov. 30, 1848; second, David Arnold, March 10, 1853. She d. April 1, 1901. Had six children:

 i. George L. Billson[5], b. Jan. 16, 1850×.

 ii. Sarah Ann Arnold[5], b. Jan. 5, 1854×.

 iii. David L. Arnold[5], b. May 15, 1856×.

 iv. Frank Arnold[5], b. May 20, 1858; m. Loella Lockwood, March 20, 1883; r. Perry, Ohio. One child: Lena[6], b. Jan. 9, 1888.

 v. Charles W. Arnold[5], b. May 1, 1860.

 vi. Clara J. Arnold[5], b. Oct. 22, 1862.

2. SUSANNA LILLEY[4], b. Feb. 13, 1828; m. Joseph Philpot, Jan. 6, 1853. She d. Dec. 14, 1899, and is buried in East Cleveland Cemetery. Last r. Willoughby, O. Had five children:

 i. Florence T.[5], b. April 1, 1855; m. William Clark, Aug. 1, 1875; r. Willoughby, O. Five children:

 a. Everett[6], b. June 16, 1876; d. April 25, 1877.

 b. Elmer J.[6], b. March 20, 1878; m. Elgie O'Brien, June 1, 1900. Two children: Glenn William[7], b. Feb. 24, 1901; Oland[7], b. July 4, 1902.

 c. Agnes[6], b. Sept. 3, 1880; m. Burney Lindley, May 22, 1899.

 d. Cora A.[6], b. Jan. 31, 1884.

 e. Lena M.[6], b. Aug. 17, 1888.

 ii. Orra S. L.[5], b. Sept. 12, 1856; m. first, William Dowen, Nov. 8, 1878; r. near Willoughby, O. He d. Sept. 5, 1881; m. second, Perry Moore, Oct. 13, 1883. Had nine children:

 a. J. Ford Dowen[6], b. Sept. 10, 1879.

 b. W. Earl Dowen[6], b. Nov. 3, 1880.

 c. Elva Rose Moore[6], b. Aug. 9, 1884.

 d. Lula Belle[6], b. March 2, 1886.

 e. Egtna May[6], b. April 28, 1887.

f. Hyram Perry[6], b. March 22, 1889.

g. Nettie Hazel[6], b. May 14, 1893.

h. Ray D.[6], } twins, b. April 28, 1896.
i. Ross G.[6], }

iii. George L.[5], b. Feb. 27, 1858; m. Elizabeth Rush, Dec. 25, 1883; r. Grand Rapids, Mich.

iv. Jennie C. L.[5], b. Dec. 28, 1859; m. Henry Kitchen, July 6, 1879; r. near Willoughby, O. Five children:

a. James Everett[6], b. Sept. 29, 1880.

b. Harry Joseph[6], b. May 12, 1883.

c. Susie Lillian[6], b. Nov. 7, 1889.

d. Ruth Madeline[6], b. Sept. 2, 1895.

e. Evalia Belle[6], b. Feb. 17, 1899.

v. Lillie J. L.[5], b. June 21, 1867; m. Frederick Covert, Feb. 19, 1885; r. Willoughby, O. One son: Herold D.[6], b. Aug. 14, 1899.

3. Mary Lilley[4], b. Oct. 10, 1829; m. William Palmer, Oct. 1, 1852. She d. Dec. 17, 1890. He d. Jan. 30, 1896. Both are buried at Euclid, O. Had four children:

i. Francis L. P.[5], b. Nov. 1, 1853; m. Miss Mattie Stockwell, April 20, 1875. Five children: Maud V. P.[6], b. Feb. 4, 1877; Mabel G. P.[6], b. Aug. 14, 1881; Minnie L. P.[6], b. Aug. 19, 1883; Myrtle P.[6], b. July 27, 1885; Martha P.[6], b. July 15, 1887; m. second, to Cora Paige, Sept. 25, 1888. Two children: Ray G. P.[6], b. Feb. 4, 1892; Harry L. P.[6], b. March 28, 1900.

ii. Clara Antonette P.[5], b. March 14, 1856; m. Clark W. Gillette, Oct. 26, 1882; r. Willoughby, O. Five children: Palmer H. G.[6], b. Aug. 26, 1883; Julia H. G.[6], b. Aug. 21, 1885; Wade C. G.[6], b. Nov. 5, 1886; Mary L. G.[6], b. June 15, 1890; Doris Mabel G.[6], b. June 17, 1892.

iii. Lizzie Bell P.[5], b. June 7, 1858; m. first, James C. Maxwell, Nov. 20, 1879; second, Charles Whiting, Dec. 4, 1895; r. Mayfield Center, O. n. c.

iv. Charles Gifford Palmer[5], b. Dec. 3, 1864; m. Isadore Usher, Feb. 25, 1891; r. Euclid, O. Two children: Herold Estcourt P.[6], b. June 16, 1891; Mildred Florence P.[6], b. Oct. 16, 1899.

4. John W. Lilley[4], b. May 28, 1831; m. Clarissa Smith, in 1854. One child: Birdie B. L.[5], b.×.

5 Jacob Lilley[4], b. April 29, 1833; m. Ann Griswold×.

6. Charles Peter Lilley[4], b. June 2, 1835; m. Amelia Ames, July 8, 1855; r. Willoughby, O.

Enlisted Sept. 3, 1864, in Co. B of the 177th Ohio Vol. Infantry, 1st Brig., 2d Div., 23d Army Corps, and served until June 20, 1865, when he was mustered out with his regiment. When the Confederate General Hood with his formidable army moved against General Thomas at Nashville, in December, 1864, our kinsman, C. P. L., writes me that he was with General Milroy at Murfreesboro, and that when the great battle at the Tennessee metropolis was fought he heard the booming of the heavy guns for several days. But he was also destined to have a hand in some of the fighting of that memorable campaign. Hood sent his cavalry under Forrest around to seize the Union position at Murfreesboro and destroy the railroad leading to Nashville. Milroy had notice that Forrest was coming to attack him with 8,000 men, and felt quite ready to receive him with his own force of 5,000. In the evening, when Forrest arrived he sent a flag of truce to Milroy and demanded him to surrender. The undismayed Milroy quickly and curtly replied, says C. P. L., "I will fight you till hell freezes over, and then will fight you on the ice." The next morning, when Forrest opened the ball by driving in the Union pickets and was moving to attack, he was himself unexpectedly attacked by Milroy and with such fury and vigor that he was driven back in defeat, with a loss of more than four hundred men. Lilley's regiment lost four men during the day. Forrest left his dead and wounded on the field. He hurried away to join Hood at Columbia, to serve as his rear guard, as the latter was now in flight toward Alabama, after wasting his strength in a vain effort to drive Thomas out of Nashville. Lilley was with his regiment several months longer, sharing its "stern alarums and dreadful marches," when he was attacked with rheumatism, and laid up in the hospital at Wilmington, N. C., until the close of the war. His family:

i. Charles H.[5], b. Nov. 12, 1856; m. Susan T. Richardson, May 24, 1885; r. Fort Worth, Texas; o. dealer in flour, feed, coal, etc. One son: Henry Charles[6], b. Dec. 12, 1891.

ii. Edward[5], b. Dec. 14, 1858; M. Florence Whitcomb; r. California. Two sons: Guy[6] and Walter[6].

iii. Edith[5], b. Nov. 12, 1861; d. July 24, 1865.

iv. Clifton[5], b. April 20, 1863; d. Aug. 2, 1865.

v. Maggie[5], b. March 26, 1865; m. Frank Douglass Roper, 1885; r. Willoughby, O. Three children: Blanche C.[6], b. April 12, 1886; Belle[6], b. June 1, 1887; Wayne[6], b. June 9, 1891.

vi. Maynard[5], b. March 18, 1867; m. Nellie Burke; d. May 14, 1894. One son: Charles[6].

vii. Belle[5], b. Jan. 3, 1870; d. Nov. 20, 1870.

viii. Blanche[5], b. Jan. 3, 1870; m. Vernon H. Hungerford, Oct. 19, 1899; r. Painsville, O.

ix. Mabel[5], b. May 19, 1874; m. Clayton L. Baldwin, Oct. 14, 1892; r. Cleveland, O.

x. Eugene[5], b. July 26, 1877; m. Catharine Murphy, Nov. 9, 1900; r. Willoughby, O.

xi. Clifford[5], b. May 8, 1879.

7. Daniel Lilley[4], b. Aug. 2, 1837; m. first, Sulvia Pike, Oct. 6, 1859; she d. April 21, 1893; m. second, Thresa Brett, Oct. 6, 1895; r. Willoughby, O. Five children:

i. Lydia[5], b. Aug. 20, 1860; d. Nov. 3, 1880.

ii. Frank[5], b. April 20, 1862; d. May 11, 1862.

iii. Ida Belle[5], b. June 30, 1863; m. Walter Baldwin, Feb. 24, 1887; r. Kirtland, O. Two children: Worth[6], b. Aug. 24, 1889; Lawrence B.[6], b. Aug. 4, 1895.

iv. Jefferson Jacob[5], b. Jan. 2, 1873; m. Lena Hager, Nov. 21, 1894; r. Kirtland, O. Four children: Floyd[6], b. Dec. 4, 1896; Claurant[6], b. Sept. 23, 1898; Gordon D.[6], b. Feb. 26, 1899; Sylvia S.[6], b. Feb. 16, 1901.

v. Clarissa Albertie[5], b. Nov. 18, 1878; m. James Christy, Oct. 9, 1900.

8. Clarissa Ann Lilley[4], b. Aug. 24, 1839; m. William Greenstreet; d. Nov. 21, 1899[x].

9. George W. Lilley[4], b. Dec. 18, 1841; d. May 22, 1900; unm[x].

10. Margaret Lilley[4], b. at Mayfield, O., March 14, 1845; m. first, James Covert, July 14, 1860; second, Daniel C. Dellinger, Feb. 27, 1891; r. Cleveland, O. Had three children:

 i. Amy A. Covert[5], b. Sept. 20, 1861; she m. Fred. Hopkins, Sept. 17, 1882; he d. May 11, 1903; r. Cleveland, O. Three children: Ross C.[6], b. March 4, 1886; Lida M.[6], b. Dec. 30, 1890; Myrtle D.[6], b. May 2, 1895.

 ii. Frank L. Covert[5], b. May 26, 1865.

 iii. Claude R. Covert[5], b. July 14, 1878; killed Feb. 11, 1899, in a railroad accident.

11. Orra Ann Lilley[4], b. May 23, 1846; m. Daniel P. Sherman, May 7, 1862; d. Nov. 13, 1901, at Vicksburg, Mich. Had five children:

 i. Adda M.[5], b. July 2, 1863; m. Anson W. Eberstein, May 6, 1899; r. Scotts, Mich.

 ii. Angie A.[5], b. Aug. 25, 1865; m. first, James Lorback, Oct. 14, 1886; second, Frederick F. Hodges, Dec. 25, 1901. Two children: Lynn Charles Lorback[6], b. July 24, 1887; Harold Lorback[6], b. March 29, 1890—d. Jan. 31, 1891.

 iii. Margaret E.[5], b. June 6, 1869; m. George A. Squiers, Dec. 28, 1898. One son: Merrill David[6], b. July 4, 1902.

 iv. Francie[5], b. Jan. 1, 1877; d. Feb. 13, 1890.

 v. Maud Inez[5], b. Oct. 18, 1880.

IV. JOHN GARNETT[3], b. Nov. 3, 1805, in Seneca County, N. Y.; m. first, Mary Hunt, of Romulus, N. Y., in 1828, and soon afterwards settled in Willoughby, Ohio; Mary d. March 27, 1861; m. second, Miss Augusta Van Avery. He d. Jan. 29, 1865, and is buried in Maple Grove Cemetery, near Willoughby. He was many years proprietor of the "Garnett Hotel," 16 miles

east of Cleveland, on the stage route to Sheridan. The house was afterwards kept for a number of years by his son-in-law, Orin F. Barton. Had five children:

1. Martha Ann Garnett[4], b. Jan. 4, 1829; m. William Hitt, 1847; she d. March 12, 1874; he d. Feb. 10, 1896; r. Willoughby, O. They had six children:

 i. Mary Jane[5], b. Aug. 21, 1848; m. Joseph L. Baldwin, Dec. 20, 1866; r. Nottingham, O. Seven children:

 a. Alvin W.[6], b. Feb. 7, 1868; m. Maud Spafford, Dec. 24, 1892.

 b. Van W.[6], b. Sept. 17, 1869; m. Effie Payne, June 21, 1894. One daughter: Edith Francis[7], b. June 30, 1899.

 c. Eugene[6], b. Oct. 27, 1871.

 d. Glen H.[6], b. May 12, 1875.

 e. Mabel Belle[6], b. Aug. 18, 1881.

 f. Estella May[6], b. Dec. 13, 1883.

 g. Grace Ann[6], b. Nov. 23, 1888.

 ii. Francelia M.[5], b. Nov. 22, 1851; d. in September, 1852.

 iii. Clarence R.[5], b. Jan. 16, 1857; m. Anna Worts, Dec. 14, 1886; r. Mayfield, O. Three children: Alice E.[6], b. Oct. 29, 1893; Grace B.[6], b. June 28, 1897; Hattie M.[6], b. Nov. 25, 1900.

 iv. Ella Catharine[5], b. March 25, 1859; m. Patrick B. Quinlan, March 3, 1878; r. Lacota, Mich. One daughter: Cora May[6], b. Jan. 17, 1884.

 v. Hattie A.[5], b. Feb. 2, 1863; m. Asa S. Mapes, Sept. 28, 1881. She d. Jan. 23, 1887, at Chester Cross Roads, Geauga County, O. One son: George Franklin[6], b. May 7, 1884.

 vi. Frank J.[5], b. June 16, 1865; m. Altie E. Brott, Aug. 5, 1888; r. Willoughby, O. One son: Floyd W.[6], b. Sept. 26, 1892; d. July 13, 1893.

2. Sarah Louise Garnett[4], b. Oct. 1, 1830; m. Orin F. Barton, June 9, 1853; r. Portland, Mich. She d. Sept. 4, 1898. Had seven children:

 i. John J.[5], b. May 25, 1855; m. Emma Bates, April 22, 1877; r. Forest Hill, Mich.



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1807–1876.

ii. Mary T.[5], b. Sept. 29, 1857; d. Sept. 10, 1858.

iii. Franklin G.[5], b. May 26, 1859; m. Mamie Briggs, April 17, 1890; r. Portland, Mich.; n. c.

iv. Jessie G.[5], b. Dec. 24, 1861; m. Lucretia Manderville, April 4, 1884; r. Portland. One child: George[6], b. Jan. 21, 1887.

v. William O.[5], b. Oct. 24, 1863; m. Lottie Lyon, April 24, 1895; r. Portland. Dealer in agricultural implements.

vi. Clara E.[5], b. Aug. 14, 1869; m. Fred. Dewey, Feb. 27, 1899.

vii. Alvin J.[5], b. April 2, 1871.

3. Stephen Garnett[4], b. Aug. 20, 1832; m. Angelia Rooker, August, 1852; d. of smallpox, near Manistee, Mich., where he was engaged in the lumber trade, in August, 1872. One son: Frank[5x], who when last heard from was in the Black Hills.

4. George Garnett[4], b. Aug. 30, 1834; m. Mary E. Schram, Sept. 13, 1854; r. Willoughby, O. Two children:

i. James Alvin[5], b. July 8, 1855; m. Lizzie Hager, Nov. 15, 1876. Two children: Lisle[6], b. Aug. 26, 1879; Arland[6], b. May 4, 1886.

ii. Nettie[5], b. July 21, 1863; m. Henry Hager, March 24, 1880. Three children: Blanche Edna[6], b. July 15, 1883; Harold[6], b. March 11, 1890—d. Aug. 30, 1898; Helen Fay[6], b. Sept. 19, 1901.

5. Carrie Garnett[4], b. in Michigan July 31, 1864, by John's second wife, Augusta Van Avery; m. Robert Walker Merrill, March 15, 1881; r. Grand Junction, Mich. Three children: Clara May[5], b. Aug. 7, 1883—d. in childhood; Gracie Alice[5], b. May 15, 1887—d. in childhood; Pearl Marie[5], b. Dec. 29, 1892.

V. DANIEL GARNHART[3], b. in Seneca County, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1807. When he was nearly three years old his mother died, and he was then taken to Perry County, Pa., and there was raised by Jacob Kramer, a relative of his mother. m. Elizabeth Goshorn, of New Germantown, Perry County, Jan. 20, 1826. In 1832 he moved with his family to Richland County, Ohio. He d. May 17, 1876. She d. Feb. 18, 1894. Had twelve children:

1 Elizabeth Garnhart[4], b. Oct. 20, 1827; m. George Owings, Aug. 10, 1848. George d. July 29, 1902. She now resides at Patterson, Harden County, Ohio. Had eleven children:

i. William O.[5], b. May 24, 1849; m. Louise Deardorf, Jan. 11, 1875; n. c.; r. Kenton, O.

ii. George W. O.[5], b. Aug. 6, 1850; m. Susan Lark, Feb. 13, 1873; r. Salina, Kansas; o. farmer. One son: Walter L. Owings[6], b. May 8, 1874; m. Lucy Lamkin. Has two children: Elva[7], b. Nov. 6, 1896; Lila[7], b. Feb. 25, 1903.

iii. John F. O.[5], b. Aug. 29, 1851; m. Lydia J. Slagle, Feb. 4, 1880; r. Morral, O. Nine children: Eva Idell O.[6], b. Dec. 1, 1880—m. Nov. 8, 1900; Oscar Jacob O.[6], b. Dec. 30, 1881—d. Feb. 11, 1882; Lula Edith O.[6], b. Dec. 14, 1883; Blanche Elizabeth O.[6], b. Dec. 5, 1885; Dorsey Francis O.[6], b. Feb. 22, 1888—d. Aug. 14, 1888; Alonzo Milo O.[6], b. Sept. 29, 1889; Harley Elmer O.[6], b. Nov. 10, 1891; Oda Pruedentia O.[6], b. Sept. 21, 1898; Charles Westly Curtis O.[6], b. Oct. 22, 1901.

iv. Mary O.[5], b. Sept. 30, 1852.

v. Jacob O.[5], b. Feb. 3, 1854; m. Dec. 28, 1878×.

vi. Samuel O.[5], b. Feb. 25, 1855; d. May 28, 1855.

vii. David O.[5], b. May 10, 1856; m. Dec. 20, 1877×.

viii. Orrey O.[5], b. Dec. 13, 1859; m. Sept. 24, 1888×.

ix. Samuel O.[5], b. Jan. 26, 1862; d. June 19, 1879.

x. Lovina O.[5], b. March 22, 1865; m. Aug. 16, 1894×.

xi. Charles O.[5], b. Jan. 12, 1871; m. May 24, 1896×.

2. John Garnhart[4], b. Feb. 14, 1829; m. Eliza Slaybaugh; r. Tiro, O. He d. May 3, 1900. She d. March 18, 1891. One son: Sidney A.[5], b. April 23, 1850; m. Miss× Raudenbaugh, Oct. 29, 1867. Two children: Bertin W.[6], b. July 5, 1868; d. Oct. 6, 1870; Frank F.[6], b. May 3, 1872.

3. Jacob Garnhart[4], b. July 29, 1830; m. Katharine Myers, Jan. 29, 1856; r. Shelby, O.

In the spring of 1852, when 22 years of age, he and his brother George, aged 20, and Henry Sotzen, who afterwards married their sister Lovina, and certain other ambitious young



JACOB GARNHART, SHELBY, O.

men of the neighborhood, contracted the "gold fever" so seriously that the sequel was a party of twelve, all alike violently attacked, banded together to go for the precious nuggets that they fondly imagined were deposited for them in the sands and gravel in the river beds and alluvium bottoms of far-distant California. They fitted up three well-built wagons, with four to six mules to each, and on the 5th day of March started their little caravan on the long overland route for the then everywhere much talked of wonderful El Dorado. At Independence, Mo., they halted long enough to complete the outfit of essentials for so long a journey, and on the 25th day of April set forth on the Fremont trail, via Forts Kearny and Laramie, for the land of gold on which the eyes of the whole enlightened world was then fixed. They crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains on the 21st of June, and on the 2d day of July reached the head of the forty-mile sandy desert, where they gave their animals a rest and made preparations to pass the most dreaded part of the fatiguing journey. They stuffed sacks with grass for the mules, filled their cans with water, and on the afternoon of the 5th set forward on the barren and repellent waste. Twice they halted during the night to give the animals grass and water, but pressed steadily forward until they reached the Carson River, where they took another needed rest. It was a long and tiresome journey to the newly discovered gold field, attended with discomfort and danger, moving step by step slowly across vast treeless prairies, climbing over rugged mountains, wading through streams, now laboring through dark and narrow ravines, at one moment oppressed by excessive heat and at another shivering from cold, sometimes exposed to a soaking rain, and never knowing but that the next moment they might be attacked, killed and scalped by some prowling band of jealous and blood-thirsty savages.

A number of parties of Indians were met along the trail after the young adventurers left Independence, but they never molested the boys, and the boys were valorously careful not to molest them. Jacob says that whenever they dealt with them or came into contact with them, they were always strictly fair and reason-

able with them. The nomadic possessors of the soil, he reminds us, were somtimes ill-treated and taken advantage of by some of the inconsiderate ones of the many thousands who crossed the continent, and in their savage way the offended red men were not always indisposed to seek revenge. This agrees with the historians, who affirm that from the landing of Columbus, the settlement of Jamestown, and the advent of the Puritans at Plymouth, the white man has more frequently than the untutored red man been the first aggressor. The Indians justly regarded the country through which the gold-seekers and emigrants were swarming as their territory, and the government recognized their claim by agreeing to give them fifty thousand dollars every year for fifteen years to permit the emigrants to cross the plains without disturbing them. There was no serious trouble for several years, but the white men began crowding more and more on the domain reserved to the Indians by sacred treaty, especially a few years later when gold and silver were discovered to exist in such bountiful quantity in Colorado as to turn the tide of emigration to that section, and this rush of miners and settlers, and utter disregard of their rights, so alarmed and stirred up the revengeful feelings of the Indians as to incite them to commit depredations, plunder and murder, in the vain hope of regaining sole possession of their country. After they were themselves severely punished for too often indiscriminately punishing the white people, some of the tribes asked for peace. Twelve years after Jacob and the boys followed the overland trail the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were invited to come to Fort Lyon to discuss the question of a treaty, and as they were *promised protection,* five hundred of both sexes and all ages came to the fort. But how were they protected? History says Colonel Chivington fell upon and butchered them, men, women and children, without compassion. Oh! shame! This most disgraceful crime, known as the Sand Creek Massacre, so incensed the outraged tribes that it brought on a still greater war, which, it is stated, cost the United States thirty million dollars, as well as many lives.

The boys also saw mighty herds of buffalo, at that time still a

distinctive and marvelous feature of the great Western plains, but now a sight that the traveler never sees, as since that day, or since the building of the railroads in that country, these huge and lordly animals have been subjected to a most brutal and greedy slaughter, and completely exterminated. They saw them along nearly the whole route across the plains, especially for several hundred miles along the North Platte River, where the herds were amazingly immense; a single herd sometimes containing countless myriads of individuals, covering the prairie farther than the eye could reach. The boys were not skilled hunters, and were not on a buffalo hunt, and found the burly beasts rather shy; but one day they succeeded in killing one, a success by which they were quite elated. The antelope they also found plentiful, and regarded them also as interesting objects on the plain, creatures full of curiosity; when seen nearly always on the watch, and generally careful to keep at a safe distance, though not difficult to stalk when approached unseen and under cover. The boys killed a number, and hence did not have to subsist without fresh meat while on the plains. As the small, thin, and pory pelts of the antelope are of little or no value, their extermination is not likely to take place so long as they have any considerable ranges. But the buffalo were noble game, both their flesh and hides being of great value, and so when the railroads were built sportsmen had easy and quick access to their ranges, ready transportation for their booty, and their destruction went on with startling and portentous rapidity. This also greatly incensed the Indians, who saw their hunting-ranges everywhere invaded, and the destruction of their chief means of subsistence going on at an appalling rate.

The boys arrived at the mining town of Placerville July 16th, having been on the road just four months and one day—a distance now traveled in a few days. They found some of the gold about which they had heard fabulous tales, but they also found that the cost of subsistence was too great to enable them to pile up wealth as fast as they had hoped—and none ever came back East with actual wealth. Nearly all found their way back home

inside of two years. When flour cost 45 cents a pound, potatoes 25 cents, ham 50, beef 60, and other expenses were in proportion, unless one had very lucky finds the "gold fever" was quite apt to abate in the course of a few months. Only one nugget was found that was worth as much as sixteen and one-half dollars. After tenaciously digging and washing dirt in search of the yellow stuff more than two years, Jacob concluded he had saved enough of it to dig back home. He proceeded to San Francisco and secured a passage on the Yankee Blade, and Oct. 1, 1854, found him passing through the Golden Gate en route for "the dearest spot on earth." But fortune "shuffles with a random hand, the lots which men are forced to draw." The next day the vessel ran on a rock below Point Conception, and his feelings and bright anticipations were suddenly changed. There was a dense fog, and the sea was boisterous. When night came great uneasiness was felt by the many passengers. The wind increased in force, now shrieking as if proclaiming a dreadful fate, now bemoaning in so mournful a tone as if singing a death song, the waves meanwhile breaking fiercely over the deck. It seemed as if the ship must go to pieces at any moment, and a thousand helpless souls aboard sink beneath the lashing waves, "with bubbling groan, without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown." Jacob had given up ever again seeing the dear old folks and sweet home. Next day, however, the staunch vessel was still unimpaired, and the wind and waves had so much abated that a freight boat was able to approach and get her off the rock and tow her back to San Francisco. On the 15th he started for New York on the U. S. mail line by way of Panama, and on the 16th day of November he sang, or whistled, and certainly enjoyed "Home again," after an absence of two years and eight months, and was entirely cured of the "gold fever." And he never had a relapse.

The ex-gold digger with his savings of the treasured "dust" now bought 80 acres of slightly improved land with a small log cabin on it, situated about two and a half miles north-west of Shelby, O., and began to improve, with axe and spade, and plow

and harrow, and now in a way more to his taste and ambition tried to earn some of the gold that bears the stamp of good Uncle Sam. He next gave his heart and hand to Miss Kate Meyers, a very sensible and fortunate venture for him, as in her he found a valuable helper and counselor; and by their combined judgment, frugality, and industry, they have won respect and prosperity. They bought more land from time to time, so that by a policy of expansion—after the manner of Uncle Sam—their farm has increased to 195 acres. Good buildings and the best of farming implements also followed as the fruits of thrift and diligence. They had considerable wet and sterile land, but proper tile draining largely increased its productiveness and value—they thus, as public benefactors, adding to the wealth of the country. Jacob united with the Evangelical Lutheran Church nearly forty years ago, has held all its offices, and has for a long time been elder. Has been a director of the Citizens' Bank of Shelby from its organization in 1892. About eleven years ago his spine was injured by a piece of timber falling on him while helping to raise a building, which has brought on an infirmity that has greatly abridged his activity and physical enjoyment; but he manifests constant thankfulness for the blessings of life he is still permitted to enjoy, looks on the bright side of things, and says he hopes "by the grace of God to pull through all right." Has children and grandchildren:

i. George F.[5], b. March 12, 1857; m. Jennie Morton, of Shelby, Nov. 20, 1879. Lives with the parents, and does the farming. Has two children: Guy M.[6], b. Sept. 3, 1880, and May L.[6], b. Nov. 2, 1882. May m. Addison M. High, Dec. 2, 1902.

ii. Eva A.[5], b. June 21, 1860; m. G. Warren Cahill, Oct. 28, 1880; r. Tiro, O. One child: Verril[6], b. July 17, 1881.

4. George Garnhart[4], b. May 8, 1832; r. Galion, O.; d. Jan. 2, 1857. He did not succeed as a gold-digger as well as his more vigorous brother, Jacob. The climate of that section of California, as well as the fatiguing toil of digging, did not seem to agree with his constitution, as most

of the time he was not able to work. He returned home in October, 1853, and after a continued life-struggle of about three years he passed into the realm of rest and peace.

5. ESTHER GARNHART[4], b. April 5, 1834; m. William Sipe, March 9, 1853; r. Shelby, O. Four children:

 i. Frank Ida[5], b. March 12, 1854; m. Barney Beverstock, Dec. 12, 1883. Two children: Harriet Urane[6], b. Oct. 11, 1884; Emma Richardson[6], b. Oct. 26, 1887.

 ii. Allit[5], b. March 23, 1855; m. Clara M. Wilson, May, 1880. He d. Nov. 12, 1892. Two children: Maud Esther[6], b. May 3, 1882; Chester[6], b. Feb. 6, 1884.

 iii. Minette[5], b. Jan. 5, 1857; m. first, Rod Dhu Stober, Oct. 15, 1874; m. second, Louis Arthur Portner, Nov. 18, 1886. One child: Minette Ream Stober[6], b. Nov. 4, 1875.

 iv. George Dean[5], b. March 28, 1858; d. June 4, 1898; unm.

6. SUSAN GARNHART[4], b. Jan. 5, 1836; m. Jacob A. Brubaker, Nov. 6, 1856; r. Shelby, O. Two children:

 i. Frank H.[5], b. March 7, 1858; m. Louise M. Brocks, Jan. 14, 1879; r. Shelby, O. Three children: Bernice B.[6], Lloyd R.[6], M. Meryl[6×].

 ii. Frederick E.[5], b. Nov. 20, 1864; m. Bergette Shearer, Dec. 29, 1885; r. Shelby, O. One son: Roy[6×].

7. DAVID GARNHART[4], b. Oct. 15, 1837; m. Mary Jane Cross, Feb. 6, 1862. He d. July 29, 1895, in Crawford County, O. Had six children:

 i. Daniel O.[5], b. Nov. 23, 1865; d. Sept. 11, 1868.

 ii. Nellie[5], b. June 17, 1868; m. Osea Morehead, July 4, 1887. One child: Lloyd[6], b. Dec. 8, 1889.

 iii. Carlton C.[5], b. July 13, 1876; r. Canton, O.

 iv. Vivian M.[5], b. July 12, 1878; m. Ira Humphrey, Dec. 17, 1897. One child[6×]; b. April 1, 1901.

 v. Earl B.[5], b. Aug. 24, 1880.

 vi. Nina M.[5], b. Nov. 28, 1883; d. Oct. 1, 1885.



WASHINGTON GARNHART, SHELBY, O.

8. Mary Ann Garnhart[4], b. Oct. 5, 1840; d. May 7, 1862.

9. Washington Garnhart[4], b. Jan. 1, 1842; m. Eliza Jane English, Dec. 28, 1865; r. Shelby, O.; o. farmer.

Washington was twice enrolled in the Union service during the Civil War; first, May 27, 1862, for three months, in Co. H, 84th Reg't Ohio V. I., and second, May 2, 1864, serving until Sept. 10, 1864, in Co. F, 163rd Reg't, Ohio N. G. V., when he was discharged by reason of expiration of enlistment. In consequence of the brief term of service, and not having the required drilling, his regiment was employed as an emergency and relief force, and to perform guard duty, but he saw quite enough of war to realize its seriousness. Was in line of battle for some time near City Point, on the Saint James, at the mouth of Appomattox River, within seven miles of Petersburg, standing guard and skirmishing, in a position from which he could plainly see into that rebel stronghold, and where he was daily exhilarated by the inhospitably Johnny Rebs throwing vicious bombshells into the Union camp, utterly regardless of the consequences. The ugly missiles sometimes came too close to be of agreeable interest, especially one that exploded but a few yards from him and severed a poor negro's head from his body. The 163d was next ordered to guard Wilson's Landing, an important position taken by Grant and held by him until the war ended. Washington's family consists of:

i. Minnie C.[5], b. Nov. 13, 1866; m. Charles Morehead, May 18, 1887. One daughter: Anise E.[6], b. Jan. 12, 1888.

ii. Yorado M.[5], b. Nov. 1, 1870; m. W. M. Guthrie, Sept. 19, 1900; r. Crestline, O.

iii. Ralph E.[5], b. Aug. 19, 1875. Graduated in pharmacy at the Ohio Medical University in 1899, then practiced two years in the drug department of the Ohio State Hospital for the Insane. Is now studying medicine at the same University, from which he expects to graduate in 1904.

10. Samuel Garnhart[4], b. Nov. 10, 1844.

On the 7th day of September, 1861, when not yet eighteen years old, he enlisted for three years in Co. I, 15th Reg't Ohio V. I. While performing guard duty in December following he caught a heavy cold that settled on his lungs, making it necessary to take him to a hospital in Louisville, Ky. His father being advised of his condition, went as soon as he could to see him, and took him back home. But a disease had fastened upon the brave boy that refused to yield to medical skill, and on the 20th day of January, 1862, he joined the great army in the "silent halls of death." He stood bravely in the forefront, ready to serve his country to enforce the laws and preserve the Union, and in this brief paragraph we can but tell the simple fact of his heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice. So

> —— "sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> With all their country's honour blest."

11. LOVINA GARNHART[4], b. Feb. 10, 1846; m. Henry Sotzen, Jan. 7, 1864; r. Shelby, O. Five children:

 i. George S.[5], b. July 30, 1865; m. Grace Leppard, Oct. 16, 1887; r. Shelby, O. One child: Bessie S.[6], b. Oct. 11, 1888.

 ii. Harry S.[5], b. Oct. 4, 1870; m. Anna Miller, Nov. 11, 1892; r. Cleveland, O.

 iii. Walter S.[5], b. July 6, 1877.

 iv. Bertha S.[5], b. July 25, 1881; m. Walter Van Horn, Aug. 8, 1900.

 v. Howard S.[5], b. Oct. 9, 1889.

12. MARTHA JANE GARNHART[4], b. April 8, 1848; m. Samuel F. Eckis, March 1, 1866; r. Shelby, O. Two children:

 i. Howard Orvill E.[5], b. Nov. 18, 1866; m. Susan Bargahiser, Sept. 29, 1888. One child: Mary Ellen B.[6], b Feb. 27, 1893.

 ii. Ezra Loyd E.[5], b. May 4, 1874; m. Genella Maud Hartzell, Oct. 22, 1899.

Ezra L. E. in 1898 served nearly seven months in the Spanish-American war as a private of Co. M, 8th Reg't of Ohio V. I. He wisely kept a daily journal, a thing too often neglected by men at

arms in Uncle Sam's service, and from his carefully kept record we make up the following account of his army life—regretting that limited space obliges us to take no notice of many jottings of interest. Though he escaped the test of death-dealing battle with the enemy, he nevertheless experienced nearly all the trying ordeals incident to active army life. For a brief period he at first seemed to think he was having a "picnic." While at Camp Alger, near Washington, D. C., Company M was part of the detail to do guard duty at Dunn Loring, the supply station of the camp. His turn here for duty only came every eighth day, and all the rest of the time he enjoyed making pedestrian excursions throughout the neighborhood, and to the city, visiting all the government institutions, and acquiring all the knowledge available. Among the many notes of interest in his diary we may cite the following as an example: "June 4th. Visited the Capitol building. While passing through one of the lobbies several of us met the Hon. Thomas B. Reed. He immediately straightened up like a regular, came to attention, saluted us and said, "How are you, boys? Where are you from?" When we said Ohio he remarked, "That is a good state, and only good boys come from that state." Perhaps he thought different when he learned that some Ohio boys scratched their names and regiment on the bronze doors of the Capitol. I am glad that no boys of the 8th did this mean thing. The guilty ones were arrested, but President McKinley interceded for them, and they escaped being severely punished. It is safe to say that they will never be caught at such a vandalic act again."

But this agreeable way of soldiering soon ceased, and the service became more serious and exacting. July 5th his command left for New York, and on the 6th the boys marched with their kits aboard the great flying cruiser St. Paul and at once started for the island of Cuba. The voyage, he says, was uneventful, but the few days spent on the ocean gave him and his comrades a fresh and pleasing experience. On the 10th they arrived near Santiago and saw Samson's fleet of iron-clads, the discomfited Vizcaya, and other stranded vessels of the for several months much dreaded but

now vanquished Spanish armada, and they thought that things began to seem warlike. The troops a few hours later landed at Siboney, a few miles east of Santiago, and went into camp in a little valley a short distance to the right of the landing. The next day Ezra had an opportunity to visit Panaderia, a village on the slope of a mountain about three miles from the landing, where he saw hundreds of the destitute and unhappy reconcentradoes crowded into narrow, filthy, and uncomfortable quarters, women and children and feeble old men, whose homes, and the homes of tens of thousands of their compatriots—in fact tens of thousands of the wretched inhabitants had already been starved to death—had been burned, their live stock driven away or killed, and their crops destroyed, by order of the infamous Gen. Weyler of the Spanish army, and the boys began more fully to realize the meaning of war, and the Spanish tyranny that had so strongly appealed to the moral sense and courage of Americans, to come to the relief of the oppressed Cubans in their brave but unequal struggle for freedom and independence.

On the 12th the order came to break camp and march to the front near Santiago, and take position on the right of the firing line. The boys now felt that they must soon face the stern reality of cruel war. Fierce fighting had been going on at the front for days, heavy losses had been sustained, and now their turn had come to try the fortune of arms, and, as they understood, in the most exposed position on the line. It was a long and wearisome march through rain and mud, in the heat, over mountain, and without water to quench racking thirst, but they had come from a far-off land to serve in the cause of outraged humanity, and they were resolved to do their duty. All along the route from Siboney to San Juan Hill the famous Rough Riders under Gen. Young and Col. Theodore Roosevelt, the regulars and other troops had fought the Spanish back step by step to their Santiago stronghold, and now the lion was to be faced in his den. The boys of the Eighth Ohio were ready, only they did not overmuch fancy having the old Springfield rifles and common black powder, when the other fellows had smokeless powder and Mauser and Krag-

Jorgenson rifles. But before they reached the front, however, an aid came in haste with orders for them to go into camp, and to do so they were, if possible, even more willing—as they were tired, and the heat was almost unbearable. And with the welcome order there came also a rumor that they hoped would prove to be true.

The American General had at noon on the 11th instant sent a flag of truce into the town to see if the Spanish General would agree to surrender, and on the 12th the truce was continued, the Americans kindly offering to convey his troops back to Spain with their arms if he would peaceably capitulate. Seeing that more troops had been landed, with additional batteries of artillery, and reflecting that his own soldiers were already feeling the want of proper nourishment, and that his supply of ammunition was also getting low, General Toral wisely and humanely concluded that resistance was useless, and to save life and prevent needless suffering agreed to give up and accept the proffered terms.

Ezra's journal contains many notes of interest, of which the following are taken at random as mere examples. Under date of the 13th he wrote: "Scores of starving Cubans passed our camp to-day. I saw men, women and children pick scraps of meat and crumbs of hard tack out of the mud and greedily devour them." On the 16th, after having again changed camp, he said: "In camp on Seville Hill, overlooking Santiago. It is much healthier here than down in the valley. While in the valley we had a tropical thunder storm; it was sublimely terrible; one continual flash of lightning and one incessant peal of thunder, and the rain fell in 'tubfuls,' as the boys put it." On the 17th this note: "The Spaniards laid down their arms and marched out of Santiago at 12 o'clock to-day." On the 18th: "Fine morning. Saw a native have a pig in a large sack. Its head protruded from a hole, and it was doing its level best at squealing." On the 19th: "It has rained some every day since we landed in Cuba. It has been so regular that I have not made notes of it."

But here, in the valley below and in the camp on Seville Hill, an insidious enemy more dreaded than Spanish bullets had ap-

peared, and had to be combatted That stealthy, stalking, mysterious foe was believed to be none other than the universally dreaded Yellow Jack. Whether yellow fever, or in the great majority of cases, the more common malarial fever, it was a fearful scourge, and caused a panic even among our army doctors. They so alarmed the authorities at Washington that the latter were afraid to bring the army back North for fear of spreading the disease here; but the alarm was groundless, as not one case followed the return of the troops. But the foe was nevertheless real and menacing, and there was cause for the fright. Numbers succumbed to the scourge, and the whole army was seriously threatened. At one time there were not enough well men in Company M to furnish a detail to stand guard. Ezra contracted the fever on the 20th, and from that time on he never again reported for duty. For want of enough wagons to transport food the men at times had to lay down to sleep hungry. The tropical fruits, as cocoanuts, limes, mangoes, grape fruit, could be had, but eating freely of these alone made many of the soldiers sick. But worse yet, the climate was very trying to the unacclimated troops. It was the rainy season, and every day the men were drenched to the skin—and as a rule were sweltering by day and shivering through the night. The wonder is that more did not die. If the acclimated Spaniards could have held out a few months longer, the fever—yellow or malarial—as their effective auxiliary, might have made their defeat a very difficult if not impossible task.

On the 2d of August Ezra made this record: "There are so many of the boys sick that the field hospital was soon filled, so each company takes care of its own sick. The boys built a shack, such as the natives live in, of poles, covered with grass, with bunks of the same material, which, when we put our blankets on them, made very good beds. Private Simpson, who died last night, lay next to me, and when they carried him away I wondered if I would be the next. I told some of the boys I would not die in this country if I could help it."

On the 11th of August the Eighth Ohio broke camp and marched to the heights of San Juan, the strong position of the

Spaniards that was so gallantly charged on the 1st of July by the dismounted cavalry under Sumner and by the Rough Riders under Wood, and where our now invalid relative could at his leisure look over the battlefield and learn of the disposition and movements of the contending forces. A few days later they once more and for the last time broke camp. A minute in the journal says: "Our days in Cuba are now numbered, thank God." On the 18th the regiment boarded the Mohawk—a cattle transport that had just come from Porto Rico, where it had delivered a cargo of mules—and left Santiago harbor homeward bound, passing the sunken hull of the Merrimac with only a few feet of her smoke stack visible, and when steaming by the frowning Morro Castle, wondered how in the world Hobson ever got past its many great guns. The condition of the cattle-ship contrasted unfavorably with that of the magnificent and cleanly cruiser Saint Paul of the International Navigation Company, chartered and fitted up by the government, on which the boys had been taken to Cuba. And besides, the rations were ill-suited for sick men. Neither will they ever forget the sad service of burial at sea. Under date of August 30 the journal says: "Arrived home at noon. Harry Sotzen took me out home—and the old place never looked so good to me as it did that day."

VI. CLARISSA GARNET[3], b. Aug. 10, 1809. Her mother having died when she was an infant, she was committed to the care of a family in the neighborhood by the name of Blosser. When she was four years old her father died. She missed the tender mercies of considerate parents, and was made so much of a menial, doing a man's work on the farm, that she was not even allowed to attend school a single day. But a happier life was in store for her. January 19, 1826, when seventeen, she married a steady and appreciative young man by the name of Gotlob D. Wichterman, the son of a Lutheran clergyman, and was soon taught by him to read, and she found that her life mission was more than to make hay, lay fence rails, husk corn and cut fodder, however useful and honorable the faithful performance of such

hard work may be. Two years later she and Gotlob moved to the vicinity of Lockport, N. Y., where they bought a piece of land. In four years more they sold out at a bountiful profit and bought several hundred acres of the "Holland Purchase," in the town (township) of Royalton, eight miles east of Lockport. Gotlob had learned the trade of weaving, and Clarissa also soon became an expert weaver, and wove all the fabrics of wool and flax needed to clothe her family. She had a large family, and there was always plenty of work, summer and winter, but it was very far from being like the pitiless and unrequieted drudgery of her early life. It was the kind of toil that conduces to contentment, independence and happiness. She died Dec. 25, 1883. Gotlob died April 8, 1887. They had thirteen children:

1. JOHN D. WICHTERMAN[4], b. Dec. 25, 1826; m. Jane G. Swanna, April 14, 1851; r. Galion, O. Six children:
 i. Charles[5], b. March 3, 1852; d. in infancy.
 ii. Frank S.[5], b. July 30, 1853; m. Urath Williams, Sept. 16, 1874. Two children: John G.[6], b. May 8, 1875; Joseph W.[6], b. July 17, 1891.
 iii. Mary Agnes[5], b. Jan. 30, 1856; m. Frank B. Stebbins, June 12, 1878; r. Shelby, Ohio. One son: Ralph[6], b. June 22, 1885.
 iv. James D.[5], b. Oct. 24, 1859; m. Gussie A. Stewart, Oct. 29, 1895; r. Galion, O.; o. merchant. One daughter: Mary Louise[6], b. March 17, 1897.
 v. William E.[5], b. June 25, 1862; m. Mary Hess, Oct. 4, 1894; r. Galion, O.; o. merchant. Two daughters: Jennie E.[6], b. Sept. 24, 1896; Florence E.[6], b. Nov. 20, 1899.
 vi. Jennie Clarissa[5], b. Sept. 13, 1866; m. Dr. Lincoln Chas. Neville, Sept. 3, 1885; r. Seattle, Washington. One son: Richard D.[6], b. April 5, 1899.
2. CATHARINE W.[4], b. March 27, 1828; m. Daniel Long, Feb. 25, 1847; he d. May 25, 1901; she d. March 22, 1896; r. Royalton, N. Y. No issue.
3. SUSANNA W.[4], b. Oct. 30, 1829; m. Reuben Long, July 4, 1855; he d. Oct. 30, 1895; r. Gasport, N. Y. Five children, all living in Niagara County, N. Y.

i. Helen[5], b. April 14, 1856; m. Daniel Frantz, Sept. 28, 1878. Six children: Millard J.[6], b. Oct. 26, 1879; Clifford D.[6], b. Oct. 24, 1881; Loma S.[6], b. Jan. 13, 1883; Edna L.[6], b. Aug. 5, 1885; Marion E.[6], b. Nov. 19, 1888; Francis E.[6], b. June 28, 1890.

ii. Francis F.[5], b. Oct. 26, 1857; m. Chauncy Dysinger, Sept. 25, 1886. One son: Earl[6], b. April 22, 1888.

iii. Sarah Luella[5], b. March 24, 1860; m. Almon D. Van Clere, Jan. 17, 1894. Two daughters: Florence[6], b. June 23, 1895; Ruth[6], b. Feb. 9, 1898.

iv. George H.[5], b. June 29, 1863; m. Ella Mack, May 24, 1893. Four children: Lynford M.[6], b. June 10, 1894; Bessie M.[6], b. Feb. 9, 1897; Lenora Belle[6], b. Jan. 16, 1898; Clarence L.[6], b. July 21, 1899.

v. Charles H.[5], b. June 30, 1866; m. Mary Taylor, Sept. 19, 1893. One son: Howard C.[6], b. Jan. 25, 1899.

4. David W.[4], b. March 1, 1831; d. in infancy.

5. Samuel W.[4], b. May 29, 1832; d. Aug. 2, 1838.

6. George W.[4], b. Sept. 1, 1834; d. July 21, 1838.

7. Daniel W.[4], b. May 27, 1836; d. July 16, 1838.

8. Mary J. W.[4], b. April 17, 1838; m. Simon Widrig, Feb. 18, 1857; she d. May 17, 1894; r. Allen, Hillsdale County, Mich. Three children:

i. Alice Adel W.[5], b. Sept. 6, 1859; d. Jan. 18, 1862.

ii. Clara May W.[5], b. April 19, 1862; m. Fred G. Baker, Nov. 8, 1883; r. Allen, Mich. Three children: D. Leverette[6], b. Aug. 19, 1884; Chauncy[6], b. Jan. 8, 1887; Kathleen[6], b. Jan. 18, 1890.

iii. Katerine W.[5], b. Nov. 14, 1870; m. J. Whitney Watkins, Nov. 17, 1892; r. Allen, Mich. When I wrote to Katerine for her family record, and gave her some idea of the immense family to which she belonged, she said in her response: "I was quite shocked to find that I had so many relations, but I suppose we are all related by way of Adam." Her surprise will no doubt be shared by many others. Katerine is the mother of three of the immense family: John S.[6], b. Jan. 6, 1894; Thomas Whitney[6], b. May 10, 1897—d. July 24, 1899; Alice Morgan[6], b. April 15, 1899.

9. Henry W.[4], b. March 21, 1840; m. Mary Swift, Dec. 30, 1869. He d. May 15, 1870.

10. Chauncey Wichterman[4], b. March 12, 1842; m. Mary L. Pratt, Dec. 28, 1865; r. Shawnee, Niagara County, N. Y.

Like many other young men during the great rebellion who went forth in defense of the Old Flag, Chauncey—then a student at the High School at Lockport—dropped his books and went into the army. He was enrolled as a musician Sept. 1, 1862, for three years or during the war, in Co. H, 151st N. Y. Vol. Infantry, and was discharged with the regiment at the close of the war, June 26, 1865. The 151st being a part of the 1st Brigade of the 3d Division of the 6th Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac, his destiny was to see some rough service in the bloody campaign of 1864, under the fearless and inspiring Gen. Phil H. Sheridan.

Chauncey's recollection after almost forty years is quite vivid of the time when Sheridan, near the close of the campaign of '64, had set his camp along Cedar Creek, just above the North Fork, and had hurried off to Washington on some urgent war business, and the Confederate army under Gen. Early made a sudden and impetuous attack before the break of day, Oct. 19, driving our entire army back about four miles, taking 1,400 prisoners and 24 pieces of artillery, and menacing it with a complete and disastrous rout. Sheridan had just at the critical moment of impending calamity arrived at Winchester from Washington, when, hearing by the noise of the heavy guns that his troops were having a serious time, he dashed off to the front with his escort as fast as the horses could run. Chauncey, standing close to the road on which the dashing General came, remembers the very moment when he arrived, leading his escort at some distance, hat in hand, covered with dust, his fiery black charger panting and foaming all over with a lather of sweat; how he was hailed all along the wavering lines with vociferous shouts of delight and applause; how he shouted something in language, as he dashed by, that would not look well in print, but which stirred his men to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; and how, inspired by his words



CHAUNCY WICHTERMAN, SANBORN, N. Y.

and presence, the pressed divisions and corps were soon again compactly united, ready and eager to meet the expected renewed onset of the now exulting enemy. But there was no waiting. The ebb tide for the foe had now set in, and there was no preventing the recession. At Sheridan's command the whole line advanced with a fervor and firmness that was irresistible, that soon compelled the Confederates to give way at all points and changed their fierce and sudden morning assault into one of the most decisive routs of the whole war; and that closed Sheridan's campaign of '64 with a glorious victory, retaking the 24 lost guns, and capturing 24 Confederate pieces in addition, besides many other trophies, and in turn taking as many prisoners from their ranks as they had taken from us and hurried away to rear in the morning.

As a musician Chauncey did not directly participate in the frequent clash of arms, but when the conflicts raged the important duty he was required to perform made him familiar with the risks and horrors of war. His special service was to help gather up the wounded as they fell, and carry them from the field on stretchers to places of safety, where they could receive surgical attention. The list of battles in which the 151st N. Y. regiment was engaged is a long one, and a full history of Chauncey's three years' service would furnish material for a book. His descendants will regret, as he now himself regrets, that he did not keep a journal during these eventful years of service and make daily records of his duties and impressions.

As the owner of three farms, on one of which he is living, Cousin Chauncey properly regards himself as a farmer, but he has at times been engaged in various occupations besides soldiering and farming, as teaching school, serving as town assessor, six years as supervisor, a number of years as an insurance agent and dealer in real estate, twelve years as a justice of the peace, several terms as a notary public, and for a number of years as secretary of a cemetery association. Is the parent of ten children:

i. Lillian May[5], b. Jan. 7, 1867; m. John Jillson, April, 1883; r. Attica, N. Y. One son: Herbert B.[6], b. April 13, 1884.

ii. Clara E.[5], b. June 8, 1868; d. Dec. 27, 1881.

iii. Chauncy E.[5], b. March 28, 1870; d. April 10, 1873.

iv. Mary[5], b. June 25, 1871; d. March 31, 1872.

v. Ulyses[5], b. Aug. 20, 1872; d. March 22, 1885.

vi. Minnie Iona[5], b. Feb. 24, 1874; m. John Masters, Dec. 25, 1895. Three children: Florence Mary[6], b. July 8, 1897; Fern Iona[6], b. Oct. 28, 1899; Mildred Irene[6], b. Sept. 8, 1902.

vii. Emma E.[5], b. Jan. 18, 1876; m. Henry Diller, Jan. 1, 1902.

viii. Helen A.[5], b. May 4, 1879; d. Nov. 8, 1879.

ix. Margaret E.[5], b. Sept. 11, 1880; m. Leonard Flack, Jan. 1, 1902.

x. John A.[5], b. Jan. 5, 1883.

11. Clarissa A.[4], b. Sept. 12, 1843; m. Andrew J. Behe, Feb. 6, 1868; r. Niagara County, N. Y. She d. July 5, 1895. Three children:

i. Ora A.[5], b. Dec. 8, 1868.

ii. Myrtie J.[5], b. April 26, 1871; m. Charles E. Ranney, July 22, 1896; r. Buffalo, N. Y.

iii. Daniel G.[5], b. Aug. 20, 1879.

12. Sarah E.[4], b. April 27, 1846; d. June 22, 1847.

13. Edward L. Wichterman[4], b. June 12, 1848; m. Annie Baer, Feb. 6, 1868; r. Gully, Polk County, Minn. Ten children:

i. Leon M. W.[5], b. April 23, 1869; m. Katharine Rodman, Dec. 2, 1891. Five children: Arthur Monroe[6], b. Oct. 30, 1892; Raymond Roy[6], b. April 28, 1894; Jonas Gayheart[6], b. Dec. 27, 1896; Minnie Estella[6], b. Aug. 16, 1899; Elsie Ann[6], b. Dec. 23, 1900.

ii. Hattie R.[5], b. Nov. 26, 1870; m. William C. L. Demann, Nov. 2, 1888. Three children: Charles Edward[6], b. Aug. 14, 1889—d. Aug. 14, 1891; Edith May[6], b. June 30, 1891; Rose Ann[6], b. Feb. 26, 1895.

iii. Jonas B. W.[5], b. May 20, 1872; m. Mathilda Larson, May 20, 1896. Three children: Edward Selmar[6], b. March 19, 1898; Mabel Josephine[6], b. Sept. 11, 1899; Lydia Anjuline[6], b. Sept. 23, 1901.

iv. Florence M.[5], b. Aug. 9, 1874; m. Jule Lasha, May 9, 1898; r. Red Lake Falls, Minn. Four children: Walter Anthony[6], b. March 1, 1899; Roy Eli[6], b. Feb. 27, 1900—d. May 31, 1901; Leo Edward[6], b. May 21, 1901; Arthur Raymond[6], b. Sept. 26, 1902.

v. Charles E. W.[5], b. March 31, 1878; d. April 25, 1881.

vi. Sarah A.[5], b. Feb. 25, 1880; m. Charles J. Strande, Oct. 10, 1900. One child: Edgar Johan[6], b. Jan. 16, 1902.

vii. Rosa E.[5], b. March 12, 1882; m. Frank P. Bender, July 12, 1899. One child: Archie Clarence[6], b. May 30, 1901.

viii. Clarissa[5], b. June 12, 1884.

ix. Alice May[5], b. Oct. 4, 1887.

x. Julia Ann[5], b. Jan. 22, 1890.

14. Charles Luther Wichterman[4], b. Nov. 14, 1852; m. Eliza Frantz, Dec. 26, 1877; r. Royalton, N. Y. One son: Roy[5], b. April 22, 1882; m. Jessie Brewer, Dec. 4, 1901.

VII. LYDIA GARNET[3], b. July 18, 1812; m. James Clark[x]; r. Venice Township, Seneca County, O. She d. Sept. 16, 1868. Had seven children:

1. Jonathan Clark[4], b. Jan. 8, 1834; m. Mary A. Rumbler about 1865. He d. in Wood County, O., April 7, 1888. Six children[x]:

2. Margaret C.[4], b. Aug. 23, 1835; m. John Hosmer[x]; r. Seneca County, O. She d. April 22, 1863. Two children: Lydia[5], b. Jan. 11, 1858; John[5], b. Sept. 1860.

3. Jacob Clark[4], b. March 17, 1836; m. Mary Ann Sipsey, April 28, 1861; r. Tiffin, O. Seven children:

 i. Amanda Jane C.[5], b. Oct. 4, 1863; m. Aaron Bordner, March 22, 1883; r. Ashley, Ind. Two children: Lloyd W.[6], b. May 14, 1884; Orra J.[6], b. May 14, 1886.

ii. Martha Ellen C.[5], b. Feb. 14, 1866; m. first, David Walters, Feb. 14, 1899; second, Martin Leffler, Dec. 21, 1898; r. Tiffin, O. Three children: Francis B. Walters[6], b. June 13, 1886; Harry A. W.[6], b. March 12, 1890; Dalton B. W.[6], b. Oct. 14, 1892.

iii. Charles C.[5], b. Sept. 7, 1868; m. Rubie Montrose, Feb. 23, 1902; r. Tiffin, O.

iv. William Henry C.[5], b. Nov. 24, 1871; m. Nora Cobbler, April 5, 1899; r. Garret, Ind. One son: Ralph Eldred[6], b. March 20, 1900.

v. Sarah Katharine C.[5], b. Sept. 7, 1875; m. Rufus Swinehart, Feb. 24, 1902; r. Toledo, O. One daughter: Ellen[6], b. Nov. 2, 1902.

vi. Bell C.[5], b. Dec. 27, 1877; m. Jesse A. Lee, June 22, 1897; r. Sherman City, Mich. Two children: Nettie Pearl[6], b. April 1, 1898; Bessie K.[6], b. April 1, 1900.

vii. Emery S. Clark[5], b. Oct. 1, 1880.

4. Mary Ann C.[4], b. April 8, 1841; m. Sidney Bevard, July 16, 1861; r. Moates, O. Six children:

i. George Bevard[5], b. May 18, 1862; m. Edna Roseile Hunt, Nov. 15, 1900; r. Coldwater, Mich.

ii. Euphemia B.[5], b. April 17, 1864; m. Robert Schwable, Dec. 15, 1891; r. Moates, O. One daughter: Katie[6], born, Aug. 26, 1893.

iii. Lillie B.[5], b. May 5, 1866; m. George Benner, May 8, 1886; r. Ney, O. Two children: Gladys[6], b. April 21, 1888; Jay[6], b. Dec. 19, 1894.

iv. Lovica B.[5], b. June 16, 1868; d. Oct. 25, 1870.

v. Ollie B.[5], b. March 19, 1871; m. Clarence Gilbert, Sept. 13, 1888; r. Hicksville, O. Three children: George[6], b. June 20, 1890; Grace[6], b. June 25, 1893; Chester[6], b. Sept. 26, 1897.

vi. Beda B.[5], b. Sept. 27, 1875.

5. David[4], b. Jan. 3, 1844; m. Christena Sipsey, April 25, 1867; r. Maple Grove, Mich.

6. Martha E.[4], b. Jan. 24, 1847; m. first, Milton A. Basore, Oct. 21, 1868; r. Maple Grove, Mich.; he d. Dec. 29, 1876;

m. second, W. C. Meek, Oct. 27, 1881. Four children: Ada A. B.[5], b. May 31, 1869; Malcolm P. B.[5], b. April 15, 1872; Myrtie B. B.[5], b. Jan. 8, 1874; Ora Glenn Meek[5], b. July 1, 1886.

7. Sophia Jane[4], b. May 25, 1849; m. Solomon Miller, June 3, 1869. She d. at Charlotte, Mich., Dec. 12, 1900. Four children:

 i. John Albert[5], b. Sept. 4, 1875; m. Ida Bower, June 30, 1898; r. Carothers, O.

 ii. Mary Hannah[5], b. Aug. 16, 1877; m. David Rife, March 22, 1899; r. Carothers, O.

 iii. William Edward[5], b. Aug. 21, 1880.

 iv. Jesse Benjamin[5], b. Sept. 20, 1885.

VIII. ANNA MARIA E. GARNET[3], b. early in 1814, about two or three months after the death of her father; m. Stephen Friedley, in 1835. She d. in 1849, in Venice Township, Seneca County, O. Had six children:

1. Catharine Friedley[4], ×.

2. George Friedley[4], b.×; m. Fannie Linder×. Had nine children: Millie[5], Lettie, Katharine, John, Frank, Floid, Elsie, George*, and Lawrence.

3. Lovina Friedley[4], b. 1839; m. Thomas Chamberlin, May 22, 1860; r. Dunkirk, O. Nine children:

 i. George[5], b. Aug. 25, 1862; m. Jennie Davis, of Dunkirk, Aug. 21, 1889. He d. March 20, 1898.

 ii. Emma[5], b. Feb. 11, 1865; m. M. Flowers, Oct. 24, 1888; r. Dunkirk. One child: Adelpha[6], b. Dec. 6, 1889.

 iii. Ada[5], b. April 6, 1867; d. March 26, 1881.

 iv. Hattie[5], b. March 20, 1869; m. William H. Greer, Aug. 14, 1891; r. Birmingham, Alabama. Two children: Roka[6], b. June 13, 1894; Ford Thomas[6], b. March 12, 1901.

*George[5],×; m. Jennie Harris×. Five children: Roan[6], Alta (deceased), James, Paul, Earl.

v. Ella[5], b. March 25, 1871; m. Tustin Solomon Corbin×. Four children: Chalmer[6], (deceased), Cletis, Daisey, George.

vi. Roka[5], b. March 2, 1873; m. Joseph Outland, Aug. 1, 1894; r. North Judson, Ind. Two children: Garnet[6], Thomas[6].

vii. Edith[5], b. July 15, 1875; d. Oct. 4, 1876.

viii. Daura[5], b. May 18, 1878; d. March 15, 1881.

ix. Nettie[5], b. May 25, 1880.

4. Sarah Ann Friedley[4],×; m. John Bloom; d. 1880. Had six children×:

5. Rebecca Friedley[4], b. 1843; d. in childhood.

6. Amanda Friedley[4],×; m. Finley Wringal×; d. in 1898. Five children:×

III.

ANNA ELIZABETH GERNHARDT BRANCH.

Anna Elizabeth, the third comer into life of the second generation, who never married, was born April 3, 1776, and died July 8, 1854. She lived to be 78 years, 3 months and 5 days old, and therefore lived a longer life than any of the other nine of Heinrich's and Rosine's children. The next oldest at death, and the only one that survived Anna Elizabeth, was Anna Maria Williams, who departed from the land of the living eight years afterwards, at the age of 75 years and 6 months. Jacob was the first of the family to pay the debt we all owe to Mother Earth, and, as already stated, probably died when he was still somewhat under forty years old, or when he was hardly more than half Anna Elizabeth's age. The combined ages at death of Anna E's sisters and brothers was about 546 years, making their average ages about 60 years, hence she survived their mean ages about 18 years. She was 19 years old when she left (1795) the place of her birth, and was already 29 years old when (1805) her father bought the Sinking Spring property. After Heinrich's demise (1820) she made her home with her youngest brother, Baltzer, until he died



MRS. MARIA WALTON[3], MUNCY, PA.
HOPEWELL WALTON[4]. JOHN WALTON[5].
BEATRICE WALTON[6].

(1851), and after his decease she spent her few remaining days with his youngest son, Daniel, who had just married and commenced housekeeping, and had soon after taken a portion of his father's farm. She is remembered as having been long a patient, faithful and useful member of Baltzer's household, as a kind old aunt, whom the children loved hardly less than they loved their mother, but of her early life nothing is now remembered, because not one is now alive who knew her then. In the illustration of the old family burial place, in which the present house of worship is shown, the headstone on which the writer's right hand rests, marks her place of repose, alongside of the grave of her brother, Baltzer, from whom she had never been separated until death did them part; and it seems almost as certain, after critical study of the ground, that she is also resting next to her parents, Heinrich and Rosine, who, with Philip's first wife, are believed to be lying in the same row, between her grave and the church. What recollections that would interest us all now went down with them into their abodes of silence!

"They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road."

IV.

PHILIP GARNHART BRANCH.

Philip, the fourth of Heinrich's children, was born March 1, 1779, in a dark period of the colonial struggle for Independence—though events of a few months later cheered up the disheartened patriots, as for instance, when a little more than four months later General Wayne stormed Stony Point and captured the garrison. When Heinrich purchased the Sinking Spring tract (1805), Philip was twenty-six years old. He was twice married, but who his first wife was, where she was born, whether she came with him

from beyond the Blue Mountain, or whether he married her soon after he came to the valley of the Susquehanna, there appears to be no existing record to show, and no one now living knows. She died, as near as can be ascertained, about 1810. Her grave, like Heinrich's and Rosine's, is unmarked and forgotten, but is believed to be in the old Delaware Run churchyard and in the same row with theirs. Her daughter, Catharine, the orphan legatee named in Heinrich's will, was born January 13, 1806, and was already four years old when, at her mother's death, she was taken and adopted by her aunt, Magdalena Shafer. His second wife was Mary Magdalena Bieber, of Lycoming County, with whom he united in marriage about 1811, and had seven children. She was a daughter of Adam Bieber, an old soldier of the Revolution, who was one of the early settlers of Muncy Valley. Philip was a farmer, but also for some time along with farming kept a tavern, known in later years as Shipman's Tavern, in Moreland Township, Lycoming County, and only about one hour's drive from where his sister, Margaret Litchard, then lived. He died June 9, 1843, in his 65th year, having, after the family settlement in Northumberland County, never lived more than two or three hours' drive from the Sinking Spring. Mary Magdaline died in Muncy July 30, 1851. Both are buried in Hill's graveyard, where her parents repose, near the eastern border of Muncy Borough, in a beautiful spot on a bank, but in an old, overgrown and sadly neglected receptacle of the dead, which is now no longer used, and seems destined to vanish in "the swallowing gulf of dark oblivion." The descendants of Philip are:

I. CATHARINE[3], the daughter by his first wife, was b. Jan. 13, 1806, in Delaware (then Turbut) Township, Northumberland County, Pa. She was raised by her aunt, Magdalena, as already stated, and taken by her in 1812 to Sparta, in what is now Livingston County, N. Y. She was also in time twice married, first to Daniel W. Cruger, of Dansville, N. Y., April 3, 1825, and second to James Coller, of the same place, in 1836. She died at Scottsburg, N. Y., May 17, 1860. Had four children:



CLARISSA McNINCH, 1830-1899, AND HER HUSBAND,
WESTFIELD, PA.

1. Eliza Cruger[4], b. Feb. 11, 1826; d. Oct. 20, 1831.

2. Elizabeth Cruger[4], b. June 20, 1827; d. Aug. 22, 1828.

3. Clarissa Cruger[4], b. Oct. 20, 1830; m. John McNinch, March 28, 1850; r. Westfield, Pa. She d. Jan. 14, 1899. Had nine children:

 i. Matthew Eugene[5], b. March 5, 1851; m. A. Amanda Brownell, Jan. 1, 1874; r. Westfield, Pa.; o. dairyman. One daughter: Ada[6], b. Sept. 26, 1875; m. Delos Cooper, March 13, 1895; r. Little Marsh, Pa. One son: Leland Eugene[7], b. Sept. 13, 1896; d. Sept. 28, 1901.

 ii. Ella Maria[5], b. June 21, 1852; m. William Krisher, Aug. 20, 1873; William d. April 20, 1897; r. Scottsburg, N. Y. Four children:

 a. Murray[6], b. May 29, 1874; m. Iva Snyder, March 23, 1898.

 b. Walter[6], b. Dec. 4, 1876; m. Sadie Hill, Nov. 24, 1899.

 c. Florus[6], b. Sept. 7, 1878.

 d. Addie[6], b. Aug. 23, 1884; m. Berton A. Crotser.

 iii. Lewis Adelbert[5], b. Dec. 12, 1853; m. Della M. Webster, Nov. 10, 1877; r. Dansville, N. Y. One daughter: Nellie[6], b. April 21, 1881.

 iv. Malina Louise[5], b. Oct. 30, 1855; d. July 31, 1878; m. Henry Keihle×.

 v. Sarah Elizabeth[5], b. Dec. 23, 1857; m. William Scott; she d. Jan. 17, 1893; n. c.

 vi. Alonzo Cruger[5], b. Feb. 17, 1860; m. Ida Thomas, Feb. 4, 1885; r. Westfield, Pa. Two children: Harry[6], b. Nov. 19, 1885; Gates E.[6], b. July 8, 1893.

 vii. George Washington[5], b. May 15, 1862; d. Oct. 10, 1862.

 viii. James Harrison[5], b. July 22, 1863; m. Ada Martin, Feb. 6,1886; r. Knoxville, Pa. Four children: Leland[6], b. June 23, 1886; Clifford[6], b. Dec. 11, 1888; Gerald[6], b. Aug. 27, 1890; Glenna[6], b. April 29, 1895.

 ix. Susan Estelle[5], b. Jan. 1, 1866; r. Rochester, N. Y., with her aunt Malina.

4. Malina Coller[4], b. May 12, 1838; m. James E. Brownell (merchant), Nov. 22, 1860; r. Rochester, N. Y. Three children:

 i. Flora E.[5], b. Jan. 24, 1862; m. Walter Dryer (architect), Dec. 31, 1885; r. Rochester, N. Y. Two children:

 ii. John Laverne[5], b. Dec. 18, 1863; r. Rochester, N. Y.; o. merchant.

 iii. Onnolee Brownell[5], b. Aug. 23, 1868; m. Samuel Patterson, July 14, 1892; r. Rochester, N. Y. One child: Florence Marguerite[6], b. Jan. 15, 1895.

II. ROSENA FETTERMAN[3], b. about 1812; m. John Mecum, Jan. 8, 1832. Settled in Indiana in 1849. She d. a few years later. He d. in 1877, in Van Buren County, Mich. They had three children:

1. William M. Mecum[4], b. Feb. 6, 1834; died in boyhood.

2. Adam Porter Mecum[4], b. April 19, 1840; m.×; r. Middleburg, Ind.

He served three years and nine months in the 23d Indiana Heavy Artillery, and participated in many of the great battles of the Civil War, as Nashville, Lookout Mountain, Stone River, Goldsboro, etc. It was his good fortune to pass through them all "without a scratch," as he wrote me in October, 1898,—since which date I have not heard from him,—but at the battle of Atlanta he unfortunately lost his hearing. Having had no opportunity to interview him, I cannot give any of his recollections, and personal experiences during his long term of service, which would certainly have made interesting reading for his many kinsmen, especially to his descendants, and to his relatives who fought in the same memorable battles. He was the parent of eleven children, seven of whom he mentioned as living at the time he wrote, viz: Charles A.[5], Ada M.[5], Chauncey A.[5], John W.[5], Nora V.[5], Dora[5], and Jocia[5].

3. Elizabeth Mecum[4], b. Oct. 20, 1848; d. young.

III. DAVID GARNHART[3], b. July 2, 1813. According to the headstone on his grave, in the old Walton graveyard, between Muncy and the Susquehanna River, he was born in 1817, but his certificate of baptism has been preserved and shows that he was born in 1813. He married Miss Charlotte Walton, a granddaughter of James Walton, one of the first permanent settlers of Penn's Manor, of Muncy, who in December, 1791, bought his tract of 459 acres of the provincial proprietaries, John Penn, the elder, and John Penn, the younger. Charlotte was a sister of Fleming Walton, who married Maria, the youngest of her husband's sisters. David died Oct. 8, 1842, and she died Dec. 17, 1868. They had—

1. MARY E. GARNHART[4], b. July, 1840; d. Oct. 16, 1842.
2. DAVID BIEBER GARNHART[4], b. Aug. 17, 1842; m. Mary M. Dimm, Feb. 9, 1864; r. Muncy, Pa. Eight children:
 - *i. Emily Elizabeth Garnhart*[5], b. Sept. 27, 1865; m. Andrew S. Gaunt, July 3, 1888; r. Muncy, Pa.
 - *ii. Harry S. G.*[5], b. Aug. 2, 1868; m. Mrs. Emma Jane Boyle, of Tower City, Sept. 7, 1901; r. Muncy, Pa.
 - *iii. Harriet L. G.*[5], b. March 9, 1871; m. Frank Merrill, Feb. 18, 1892; r. Muncy, Pa.
 - *iv. William J. G.*[5], b. Nov. 20, 1873; d. March 18, 1874.
 - *v. George W. G.*[5], b. Feb. 21, 1875; m. Miss Maud M. Frey, March 23, 1899. One daughter: Pearl J. Garnhart.
 - *vi. Albert G.*[5], b. Sept. 28, 1877.
 - *vii. David D. G.*[5], b. Nov. 20, 1880; m. Mame Belle Hauke, Sept. 24, 1903.
 - *viii. Edith A. G.*[5], b. Jan. 6, 1885.

IV. SARAH KELLEY GARNHART[3], b. Nov. 23, 1816; m. William Cruse, April 8, 1850.

They moved from Muncy Valley to Calhoun County, Michigan, in 1853, carrying with them all their worldly possessions in a one-horse wagon. This may have been before Horace Greely gave his well-known advice, "Go West, young man! go West,"

but all the same William and Sarah thought it was the only way for them to become the owners of a good farm. They drove their stakes on a piece of good land,—which, though it did not cost much, nearly depleted their pocketbook,—and they had a hard and long struggle before their pluck and industry brought them their well deserved reward of prosperity. I remember William remarking to me—in June, 1879, when I was in the west, and on my return home stopped off at his farm for several days—that he had hauled wood about twelve miles, to Marshall, with a yoke of oxen, and was glad to get even 50 cents for the load. But in time he had a good and well-improved farm, and at the time of my visit was enjoying a beautiful and comfortable home. She died April 14, 1890. Had three children:

1. Mary Emma Cruse[4], b. July 3, 1852; d. Nov. 17, 1874.
2. Clara Walton Cruse[4], b. Oct. 14, 1856; m. Burton William Gleason, March 26, 1902.
3. James Hervey Cruse[4], b. Sept. 6, 1858; m. first, Miss Mary Goodrich, Nov. 26, 1879; she d. Oct. 18,1895; m. second, Mrs. Ellenora Perkins, Jan. 16, 1900; r. Hudson, Mich.; o. dealer in lumber, coal, etc. One son: Homer William Cruse[5], b. May 13, 1883.

One of the pleasing reminiscences of the visit above mentioned may here be related. I had read of persons who had tamed wild birds without making captives of them, but had never witnessed a sight so novel. Having read in Darwin's journal of the Voyage of the Beagle, of the extreme tameness of the birds on the Galapagos Archipelago, where they had not yet learned to know and fear man as a dangerous animal, and where the great naturalist said a gun was almost useless, as he pushed a hawk off the branch of a tree with the muzzle of one, there was no doubt in my mind that birds would be as tame everywhere if never molested, and that their confidence and friendship could be enjoyed if never deceived and harmed. Having already heard that Miss Clara Cruse had wonderful success in taming the wild birds of different species that sojourned during the summer months about the farm and in the adjacent woods, without making prisoners of them, and only by

her adroitness and gentleness, I soon asked for some demonstration of her forte and method of making friends of the winged migrants. She explained that she had of late rather neglected her feathered friends, and was apprehensive that her effort to entertain me with their help might not be very satisfactory. She provided herself with some bread crumbs, then led the way out into the yard and began calling, as if she were trying to assemble some of her esteemed neighbors. I was soon gratified to see a little bird come and light on a picket fence quite near her, as if inclined to come to her. She continued calling, and in a few moments more several others followed. By and by she reached out her hand, and soon, to my surprise and delight, one of the twittering little creatures lit on it and fearlessly began to pick up the crumbs she held in it. Directly another came and perched on her shoulder, and others came near, as if strongly inclined to come to her, but evidently feeling somewhat uneasy for some reason that I did not understand, possibly because a stranger was on the scene, or they may have been disturbed by seeing one of the cats about, or they did not altogether, under the circumstances, trust their of late somewhat neglected friend, or the birds that responded may not have been the friends who knew her best. But whatever the cause of their timidity, I saw enough to satisfy me that all I had heard and read was true. By kindness and gentleness Miss Clara was able to win, and had, year after year, won the confidence of the free and wild birds so that they would light on her hand, her head and shoulders, and when she gently raised her hand to her face they would pick the crumbs of bread out of her mouth. The secret of all this lay entirely in her power of kindness and patience, of never betraying the confidence once gained, of never frightening them, and of never disappointing them when she invited them to come and get a meal. The birds simply learned to love and trust her, just as she loved and trusted the birds. I have often recalled and spoken of the unusual and beautiful sight of the tamed free birds I witnessed on this visit, and am well satisfied that *if* we would one and all be as kind, gentle and patient with the feathered tribes, they would in time become domesticated and have no fear of the Lords of Creation. But

that equivocal "if"! I hope every boy who has some of the blood of Heinrich and Rosine in his veins is being taught to spare the birds. (But don't spare the mischievous and destructive English Sparrows).

V. ANDREW GARNHART[3], died in infancy.

VI. ADAM GARNHART[3], died in infancy.

VII. HANNAH BIEBER GARNHART[3], b. June 10, 1823; m. James W. Lyman, Feb. 11, 1841. Migrated from Muncy, Pa., to Wisconsin, in 1852. He died at Oconomowoc, Oct. 2, 1893, and she died in Milwaukee, Aug. 19, 1895. They had five children:

1. ALBERT CLARK LYMAN[4], b. March 1, 1842; m. first, Jennie Ritche, Dec. 28, 1864; she d. Dec. 4, 1868; m. second, Elizabeth Francis Peardon, Oct. 29, 1872; r. Oconomowoc. Five children:

 i. Jessie Belle Lyman[5], b. March 5, 1866.

 ii. Stephen Williamson (Lyman)[5], b. Oct. 19, 1868; m. Aug. 31, 1887. His mother died when he was not yet two months old, and, in accordance with her departing wish, he was adopted by his uncle and aunt, Josias Leslie, and his name was by law changed to Stephen Williamson Leslie; r. Oconomowoc, Wis. Four children: Williard Henry[6], b. Sept. 27, 1888; Vergie Maria[6], b. May 12, 1890; Harold Josias[6], b. Jan. 15, 1894; Hazel Jane[6], b. Oct. 25, 1895.

 iii. Luella[5], b. July 4, 1873.

 iv. Jennie Maria[5], b. Oct. 17, 1874.

 v. Frances Jane[5], b. March 5, 1884.

2. ANNA MARIA LYMAN[4], b. April 1, 1844; m. Josias Leslie, Jan. 2, 1865; r. Oconomowoc, Wis. No children, but legally adopted two, Stephen Williamson[5], son of her brother, Albert, by his first wife, and Mary[5], the second daughter of her deceased sister, Mary Catharine Cole. Her husband served three years in the Civil War as a member of Co. F, First Regiment of Wisconsin Cavalry. Was born in Londonderry, Ireland. He died Feb. 21, 1896.

3. Mary Catharine Lyman[4], b. Aug. 25, 1847; m. Alman J. Cole, Jan. 1, 1867; r. Footville, Wis. She d. Jan. 21, 1881. Had three children:

 i. Nettie May Cole[5], b. July 22, 1870; m. Charles Lawton Griswold, Oct. 22, 1890; r. Bancroft, Iowa, where her husband has a jewelry store.

 ii. Oren Lyman Cole[5], b. Jan. 4, 1876.

Oren is one of the four of our kin who were in the Spanish-American War, having served in the Philippine Islands as a member of Co. B of the 13th Minnesota Regiment. His first experience of actual war occurred soon after reaching Manila, when his regiment was ordered into the trenches and took a leading part in the first important land battle. At the time of his enlistment he was studying civil and electric engineering, and having acquired sufficient knowledge in that line to make him useful, was soon detailed for special service on a supply train under General Lawton. Having also readily gained some knowledge of the Spanish language, he was next assigned to a particular duty on the then much needed police force in Manila. By a mutual friend I was informed that he received special mention for his valuable service and bravery. A more minute account of his army life would have been very interesting, and many, I am sure, will hereafter regret that this sketch is so meagre. Several letters I addressed to him appear never to have reached him, and—now I can not any longer delay the publication of this book.

 iii. Mary Anna (Cole)[5], b. Jan. 11, 1881. When only 10 days old, at the death of her mother, she was adopted by her uncle and aunt, Josias Leslie, and her name changed by decree of court to Mary Anna Leslie. She graduated first from the High School at Oconomowoc, Wis., and afterwards, Jan. 24, 1902, from the State Normal School, at Whitewater, and immediately thereafter commenced teaching music and drawing.

4. James Hope Lyman[4], b. Oct. 2, 1855; m. first, Mary J. Hungerford, Sept. 7, 1878; second, Belle Westbury×; third, Josephine ——, Aug. 14, 1893; r. Joliet, Ill. One son: Wallace Guy Lyman[5], b. Jan. 1, 1883.

5. Eddy Ellsworth Lyman[4], b. Jan. 26, 1864; m. May Belle Esther Bullard, Mar. 9, 1886; r. Joliet, Ill. Four children: Elsworth Elgie[5], b. June 19, 1887; Undine Mae[5], b. Nov. 29, 1889; Charles Allen[5], b. Sept. 13, 1890; Isabella Jane[5], b. Nov. 8, 1891.

VIII. MARIA WILLIAMS GARNHART[3], b. Jan. 1, 1826; m. Fleming Walton, brother of the wife of her brother David, Feb. 22, 1848; r. Muncy, Pa. He died Dec. 8, 1855. She is one of the now five sole survivors of the third generation of Heinrich's and Rosine's descendants. Had three children:

1. Clara Amelia Walton[4], b. Dec. 29, 1848; m. William Goodenow, Jan. 22, 1868. He died in Philadelphia Feb. 2, 1898. Had four children:

 i. Jannet Petriken Goodenow[5], b. Jan. 15, 1869; m. William Herbert Stiles, Nov. 3, 1897; r. Riverton, N. J.

 ii. Cornelia Evans Goodenow[5], b. Nov. 20, 1871; m. Daniel D. W. Bastian, of Allentown, Pa.; r. Plainfield, N. J.

 iii. Horace Greely Goodenow[5], b. Oct. 1, 1873; d. at Muncy, Pa., Feb. 5, 1889.

 iv. Gernerd Walton Goodenow[4], b. Jan. 22, 1879; m. Mary Werts Shaw, June 8, 1898; r. Philadelphia. He d. of smallpox, Dec. —, 1901. One child: Grude Jarrett Goodenow[6], b. May 26, 1900.

2. Thomas Hopewell Walton[4], b. Oct. 5, 1851; m. Clara Deborah Rooker, March 13, 1877; r. Muncy, Pa. One son:

 i. John Rooker Walton[5], b. March 3, 1878; m. Bessie Viola Mulligan, April 19, 1900; r. Troy, Pa. Children: Beatrice Leona[6], b. Nov. 15, 1900; Quindara Thelma[6], b. Sept. 21, 1902.

3. Alfred Levan Walton[4], b. April 13, 1853; m. Alice M. Moss, Sept. 16, 1872; r. Muncy, Pa. Four children:

 i. Charles Owen Walton[5], b. March 28, 1876; m. Stella Maud Houseknecht, May 11, 1895; r. Muncy, Pa. Two children: Ruth VanB. Walton[6], b. Nov. 20, 1895; Harry Leslie Walton[6], b. July 23, 1897.



CATHARINE COLLER[3], SCOTTSBURG, N. Y.
1806–1860.

ii. Edyth Louisa Gernerd Walton[5], b. Feb. 7, 1878; m. Frank Howard Snyder, Oct. 2, 1902; r. Mahanoy City, Pa.

iii. Mabel Moss Walton[5], b. May 4, 1880.

iv. Susan Cornealison Walton[5], b. July 6, 1886.

V.

JOHN GERNERT BRANCH.

John, as already stated, remained in Northampton County, and settled in Upper Macungie Township,—a name derived from *Mauch-Kuntshy,* an Indian name, meaning "the eating place of bears,"—but now a part of Lehigh County, in one of the best sections of the fertile Lehigh Valley, where, after he had worked at his trade of chairmaking several years, he married Catharine Siegfried, the adopted daughter of Heinrich Brobst, a prosperous farmer, in August, 1805. As her foster father had no other heir Catharine inherited his fine farm, which is pleasantly situated near the village of Breinigsville. She was born February 10, 1788, and died July 7, 1844. At the time of her marriage she was but little past seventeen, while John was in his twenty-fifth year. They had more children—thirteen, as one died nameless, and does not appear in the record below— and have become the ancestors of more grandchildren and great grandchildren than any of the other sons and daughters of Heinrich and Rosine. They were a frugal, home-loving and diligent couple, and managed their affairs so well that years before she died they owned three fine contiguous farms. He was now 64 years old, and the youngest of their twelve children was already a young man, when she was called away to the silent land where the weary are at rest. The bereavement so overwhelmed him that he soon became afflicted with chronic melancholy, after which he took but little interest in the affairs of life. My only personal recollection of him is while he was in this unhappy condition. After lingering in this state for seven years he died, August 14, 1851, and was tenderly laid beside the faithful consort for whom he had so deeply mourned, by eight of his robust sons,

who acted as pall bearers, in the old burying ground of the Reformed and Lutheran Church, at Trexlerstown.

A singular fact may here be mentioned. At the centennial celebration of Chemistry, held in 1874, at the town of Northumberland, in Northumberland County, Pa., the last place of residence and final resting place of the celebrated Dr. Joseph Priestley, who in 1774 had discovered oxygen, and made known to the world many other things—of whom the great Cuvier, after speaking of his greatest discoveries, before the French Academy of Sciences, said, "time forces us to neglect a multitude of others which would of themselves furnish ample materials for the eulogy of another man"—many interesting articles were placed on exhibition that had once belonged to the renowned philosopher, as books, manuscripts, drawings, microscopes, and electrical, philosophical and chemical apparatus with which he had made some of his most famous experiments. On the wall of one of the rooms containing the exhibits, hung a life-size and very life-like painted portrait of the distinguished doctor. Standing among a group of visitors before the silent, yet impressive picture, I heard the man in charge of the collection explain that about ten years previous to the celebration he as sexton had removed the remains of the philosopher from the old graveyard to the new cemetery that had not long before been laid out. "Although he had been buried sixty years (he died in 1804), when I opened the casket," said the sexton, "I found him just as perfect and natural in appearance, except the eyes, and appear precisely as you see him there on the wall. His son, who had been buried a few years longer, was quite as well preserved. Their features seemed as perfect as if they had but recently been interred." Now, after grandfather, John Gernert, had been buried only about twenty years, his remains were not found in anything like such a condition. A hole had been noticed down through the middle of his grave that appeared or was suspected to be the burrow of some animal. Two of his sons went with shovels and boards intending to repair the rough coffin, and put the grave in order. The hole they soon discovered was merely caused by a natural sinking of the earth, resulting from the almost complete decay of both



MRS. HANNAH DONMOYER[3], LEBANON COUNTY, PA.
1806–1864.

casket and the body. Nothing was found but several small bits of decayed boards and a few almost disintegrated bones. All had in this comparatively short time been changed to dust and ashes, and almost to invisibility.

John and Catharine had:

I. HANNAH[3], b. Nov. 1, 1806. In 1824, at the age of 18, she m. Benjamin Donmoyer, of Maxatawny, Berks County, Pa. About 1840 they bought and settled on a farm in Union Township, Lebanon County, Pa., where both died of typhoid fever, in March, 1864—she on the 3d and he a few days later. They had nine children:

1. CATHARINE DONMOYER[4], b. Feb. 16, 1825; m. Simon Bortz, of Red Hill, Montgomery County, Pa., in 1850. He d. in 1885. She still resides at Red Hill. They had five children:

 i. Maria Bortz[5], b. Nov. 8, 1850; m. Charles Barndt, of Quakertown, Pa. Twelve children: Louisa[6], b. Oct. 23, 1870; George[6], b. July 25, 1871; Rosa[6], b. Oct. 1, 1873; Jennie[6], b. Dec. 2, 1874—d. Jan. 27, 1891; Katie[6], b. Feb. 26, 1876; Maggie[6], b. March 30, 1879; Ella[6], b. Jan. 4, 1881; Samuel[6], b. Jan. 23, 1883; Enos[6], b. Dec. 31, 1883; Charles[6], b. April 4, 1886; Norman[6], b. June 22, 1887; Edith[6], b. May 9, 1890.

 ii. Hannah Bortz[5], b. April 16, 1853; m. William H. Rotenberger, Sept. 13, 1873; r. Trumbauersville, Pa. Twelve children: Edwin[6], b. April 19, 1874—married×; Laura[6], b. Dec. 15, 1875; Harvey[6], b. April 10, 1880; Sallie[6], b. Aug. 20, 1878; John and Alvin[6], twins, b. Feb. 27, 1882; Emma[6], b. Feb. 14, 1884; Jacob[6], b. July 23, 1885; Lillie[6], b. June 11, 1887; Elmer[6], b. April 11, 1889; Esther[6], b. Aug. 30, 1890; Raphael[6], b. June 21, 1892.

 iii. Victoria Bortz[5], b.×; m. Abram Byer, of Red Hill, Pa. She d. in 1898. One son: John[6], b. April 15, 1888.

 iv. Emma Bortz[5] b. Jan. 27×; m. John Hartzell. Four children×:

 v. George Henry Bortz[5], b. June 18, 1866; m. Alice Hartzell, Jan. 1, 1887; r. Trumbauersville, Pa. Four chil-

dren: Victoria A.[6], b. Feb. 16, 1888; Horace A.[6], b. Aug. 17, 1891; Ara T.[6], and Elsie T.[6], twins, b. Jan. 27, 1897.

2. William Donmoyer[4], b. Feb. 8, 1827; m. Maria Fenstermacher, Oct. 25, 1845; r. Pine Grove, Pa. He d. Dec. 16, 1863. Had nine children:

i. Emma Rebecca D.[5], b. Jan. 1846; m. first, Henry Sporman, Sept. 16, 1865; second, Elias Bixler, Dec. 30, 1897; r. Pine Grove, Pa. Three children:

a. Emma Promilla Sporman[6], b. Aug. 29, 1866; m. Wilson Lewars, of Pine Grove, Pa., Sept. 26, 1885. Children: Warren[7], b. Jan. 17, 1888; Arthur[7], b. May 6, 1890; Norman[7], b. March 3, 1892; Harold[7], b. Feb. 8, 1894; Sterling[7], b. Oct. 27, 1895; Stanly[7], b. Feb. 17, 1898; Olive[7], b. Sept. 30, 1900.

b. Mary Elizabeth Sporman[6], b. April 7, 1869; m. John Hughes, of Coatesville, Pa., Oct. 29, 1891. Children: Madaline[7], b. Oct. 25, 1893; Stella[7], b. June 11, 1896; Steward[7], b. Aug. 19, 1898; Miriam Elizabeth[7], b. 1901.

c. Harry Benjamin Sporman[6], b. Sept. 9, 1877.

ii. Mariette D.[5], b. May 17, 1847; m. George Zerbe, of Meckville, Pa., June 12, 1864. Children:

a. Milton W.[6], b. Feb. 3, 1866; d.×

b. Sarah Ida[6], b. June 15, 1867; m.× Blickly, Nov. 27, 1900.

c. Mary Alice[6], b. Oct. 20, 1868; d.×

d. George Henry[6], b. March 21, 1870; m.× June 21, 1892.

e. Thomas Solomon[6], b. Sept. 6, 1871; d.×

f. Tyrus Franklin[6], b. Aug. 8, 1873; d.×

g. Jennie Rebecca[6], b. March 17, 1875; m.× Peiffer, Dec. 10, 1892. Children: Heber[7], b. May 6, 1893; Peter[7], b. July 13, 1895; Mary[7], b. Dec. 1, 1898.

h. Charles Benjamin[6], b. July 5, 1877.

i. Emma Alvera[6], b. Dec. 26, 1888.

iii. Amanda[5], b. Feb. 10, 1853; m. John Stine, Oct. 15, 1870; r. Cressona, Pa. Five children:

a. Charles Edwin[6], b. May 27, 1872; m. Sarah Haines, April 21, 1898.

b. *Mary Arabella*[6], b. Feb. 24, 1874; m. George L. Williams, May 13, 1893.

c. *Thomas Oscar*[6], b. Jan. 11, 1876.

d. *Morris*[6], b. Feb. 1, 1882.

e. *Frederick Augusta*[6], b. March 26, 1886.

iv. *Thomas Simon Donmoyer*[5], b. July 22, 1854; m. Kate Geyer, Dec. 25, 1879; r. Lebanon, Pa. One child: Lillie R. Donmoyer[6], b. Feb. 3, 1881.

v. *Alice Isadora*[5], b. April 16, 1856; m. Amos Spancake, June 20, 1879; r. Pine Grove, Pa. Seven children: Lillie May[6], b. May 12, 1879; Charles Milton[6], b. Feb. 12, 1882; William Elsen[6], b. Dec. 8, 1883; Harry Grover[6], b. May 1, 1885; Ray Elvin[6], b. Jan. 5, 1888; Lambert[6], b. April 5, 1889; Robert Emory[6], b. Nov. 12. 1894.

vi. *Peter Benjamin Donmoyer*[5], b. Dec. 3, 1857; m. Emma Spancake, Dec. 7, 1878; r. Pine Grove, Pa. Children:

a. *Frank*[6], b. May 2, 1879; m. Estella Russell, April 16, 1900; r. Tremont, Pa. One child: Dorothy[7]×.

b. *John*[6], b. June 21, 1880; m. Eva Christ, June 28, 1901; r. Pine Grove, Pa. One child: Emma Isabella[7]×.

c. *Harry*[6], b. Aug. 26, 1881; d. April 17, 1882.

d. *Irwin*[6], b. Feb. 5, 1883.

e. *Frederick*[6], b. June 19, 1884; d. Nov. 22, 1886.

f. *Carrie*[6], b. Aug. 23, 1885.

g. *William*[6], b. Feb. 17, 1892.

h. *Benjamin*[6], b. Jan. 11, 1901.

vii. *Lewis David Donmoyer*[5], b. June 22, 1859; m. Mary Ann Lehman, May 20, 1880; r. Pine Grove, Pa. Five children: Henry Ramond[6], b. Oct. 1, 1881; Minnie E.[6], b. Sept. 8, 1882; Lillie Amanda[6], b. Dec. 23, 1884—d. Jan. 2, 1893; Clara May[6], b. Jan. 18, 1887; Robert David[6], b. Nov. 8, 1889—d. Jan. 14, 1893.

viii. *Hannah Elizabeth Donmoyer*[5], b. March 6, 1861; m. Andrew Jackson Huntzinger, Jan. 1, 1884; r. Minersville, Pa. One son: Robert Franklin[6], b. June 14, 1885.

ix. *William Franklin Donmoyer*[5], b. Dec. 29, 1862; m. Ellen E. Minnig, Oct. 6, 1883; r. Lebanon, Pa. Four chil-

dren: James Franklin[6], b. May 16, 1884; William Benjamin[6], b. May 6, 1888; Nellie May[6], b. May 6, 1891; George Even[6], b. April 25, 1893.

3. Anna Maria[4], b. Aug. 22, 1828; m. John Felty, Nov. 8, 1849. She d. at South Bend, Ind., July 8, 1879. Had:

i. William Henry Felty[5], b. Dec. 23, 1850; d. April 22, 1856.

ii. Susan Felty[6], b. May 5, 1852; m. first, John Defreese, January, 1871; second, Leonard Brackett, Feb. 22, 1900; r. Oakland, Cal. One child: Molly Alicia Defreese[6], b. Jan. 27, 1872.

iii. Hannah Elemenah Felty[5], b. March 30, 1855; m. George Baur, Nov. 13, 1870; r. Nappanee, Ind. Four children:

a. Ida Maria Baur[6], b. March 8, 1871; m. William Canode, Nov. 29, 1894; r. Goshen, Ind. Two children[7], both died in infancy.

b. Emma Baur[6], b. 1873; d. when two years and six months old.

c. Dora Bauer[6], b. Nov. 21, 1875; m. Charles Burbach, July 12, 1893. One daughter: Katherine Marie[7], b. Dec. 14, 1895.

d. Mabel Estella[6], b. August, 1880.

iv. Emma Elizabeth Felty[5], b. May 22, 1857; m. Charles Edgar Kerr, March 29, 1877; r. Saginaw, Mich.; n. c.

v. Katharine Lucinda Felty[5], b. Feb. 22, 1859; m. Frank Coppes, Sept. 26, 1878; r. Nappanee, Ind. Five children:

a. Arthur Coppes[6], b. Sept. 16, 1879; d. Sept. 17, 1879.

b. Bessie Gertrude Coppes[6], b. Jan. 14, 1881.

c. Lettie Geneva Coppes[6], b. Jan. 18, 1883; d. Jan. 27, 1884.

d. Harold Franklin Coppes[6], b. Nov. 26, 1885.

e. Claude H. Coppes[6], b. Sept. 27, 1889.

vi. John Henry Felty[5], b. Feb. 10, 1861; m. Hattie Van Feltie, Oct. 15, 1889; n. c.

vii. George Henry W. Felty[5], b. Jan. 15, 1865; m. Neva Bevier, Jan. 8, 1898; r. Ganett, Ind; n. c.

viii. Amelia Agnes Jane Felty[5], b. Dec. 3, 1868; m. Isaac Jacobs, Nov. 21, 1889; r. Goshen, Ind. One daughter: Gretchen Lucille[6], b. Oct. 20, 1894.

ix. Charles M. Felty[5], b. June 9, 1870; d. at South Bend, Ind., Aug. 3, 1890.

4. Lewis Donmoyer[4], b. 1830; m. Mary Hess, of East Hanover, Pa., April, 1859.

In September, 1862, he enlisted in the cause of the Union and joined Co. E, of the Seventeenth Pa. Cavalry. Early in the spring of 1863 his father, mother, wife and infant son Frank were all down with typhoid fever. He asked several times for a furlough that he might go home to see the afflicted ones so near and dear to him, but was refused, as the army was just then getting ready to move, and orders from headquarters were necessarily very strict that no leave of absence should be given. Another letter from home informed him of the hopeless condition of his wife, that she was constantly calling for him, a summons to which he felt that he must respond, and that his aged parents were in the same critical state. He showed the letter to his colonel, who, moved by sympathy for the distressed soldier, immediately wrote and stated the case to the Department at Washington. The matter was referred to President Lincoln, and that great-hearted man forthwith commanded, "Give that man a furlough." But when the anxious soldier reached home, in February, 1863, his wife and child were both dead, and the next day he had the sorrow to see them laid away in one grave. A few days later both his parents died, and he also saw them consigned to their mother earth. He then returned to his post of duty in the army, a sad son, an afflicted husband and father, and destined never again to see his home and surviving children.

Lewis was in a number of the sanguinary engagements in which the Seventeenth Pa. Cavalry participated, made a number of hairbreadth escapes, having several horses killed under him while in action. On the 31st day of May, 1864, he took part in the

bloody struggle at Cold Harbor, and this was his last battle. Here his regiment moved dismounted, and in its first advance was driven back with heavy loss, but on charging again routed the enemy and captured his works. Grant had resolved to seize Cold Harbor, a very important point to give him control of the Chickahominy and the roads to Richmond, and after a sharp struggle carried the position, though in gaining it he lost two thousand men, and in the still greater conflict that followed the next day (June 1st) he failed to get over the Chickahominy. Lewis was among the unfortunate in the struggle for the position, as he was severely wounded by a shot through the arm and elbow. The bones were badly shattered, gangrene set in, and on the 29th day of June he was mustered out by that Supreme Commander whom no earthly sovereignty or power can hinder.

In the summer of 1885 it was my privilege to visit the National Military Cemetery, at Arlington, opposite Washington City, D. C., and there I found the grass-grown grave of our sadly bereaved and patriotic kinsman, among the graves of 16,263 brave comrades who had died on battle fields and in hospitals, and are now laid in long rows, sleeping that last long sleep from which no one will ever be awakened by war's stern alarms, or the sharp call "to arms." The first interments of Union soldiers in that historic ground (once owned by the wife of General George Washington, and when the war of the rebellion broke out was the inheritance of the wife of General Robert E. Lee, and from which the Lees reluctantly removed to Richmond when the General, after a painful heart-struggle, had finally decided that he must cast his lot with his native state as a member of the Southern Confederacy), were made in May, 1864, and therefore only a short time before Lewis Donmoyer fell from the ranks to await the final roll call, at the sound of the last trump, which his Lutheran faith had assured him would reunite him with the departed loved ones. Peaceful and beautiful is the vigilantly guarded place where he rests. On the borders of the extensive grave plots are here and there frames, on each of which is conspicuously inscribed some sentiment in verse that ap-

peals to the heart of the thoughtful and sympathetic visitor, as the following, for example:

> "No rumor of the foe's advance
> Now sweeps upon the wind,
> No troubled thoughts at midnight haunts
> Of loved ones left behind."

Lewis, of whom further mention will be made when recording the longer military service of his younger brother, Rudolph, was the parent of four children:

i. Lewis Irwin Donmoyer[5], b. December, 1859; d. in infancy.

ii. William B. D.[5], b. Dec. 25, 1860; m. Kate Botz, Sept. 26, 1880; r. Allentown, Pa. Nine children: Jennie[6], b. Aug. 14, 1881; Golden[6], b. Oct. 17, 1884; Carrie I.[6], b. July 21, 1887—m. Harry A. Diefenderfer, Nov. 28, 1903; Massie[6], b. Aug. 12, 1889; Abner[6], b. May, 1891; Rudy[6], b. Feb. 1, 1894; Kate B.[6], b. March 28, 1896—d. Oct. 16, 1900; Francis[6], b. June 26, 1898; John[6], b. Dec. 26, 1900.

iii. Ella M. D.[5], b. Dec. 8, 1861; m. first, George A. Hoffman, Feb. 21, 1879; second, Sherman Lautzenheiser, Aug. 10, 1893; r. Cleveland, Ohio. One son: Earl T. Hoffman[6], b. Sept. 6, 1881.

iv. Franklin W. D.[5x]; d. in infancy, and was buried with his mother, in 1863.

5. Benjamin Franklin Donmoyer[4], b. Nov. 28, 1833; m. Adelade Shartle, of Pine Grove, Pa., Nov. 28, 1852; she d. Dec. 10, 1895; r. Flora, Illinois; o. carpenter. They had nine children:

i. William Donmoyer[5], b. March 6, 1853; d. March 13, 1857.

ii. Franklin James D.[5], b. April 17, 1855; m. Emma Anne Stanford, Nov. 12, 1882; o. section foreman on B. & O. S. W. R. R.; r. Flora, Illinois. Two children: Mamie Viola[6], b. Sept. 13, 1886; Ruba Opal[6], b. May 14, 1895.

iii. Elizabeth Jane D.[5], b. April 3, 1857; m. John Gobin.

iv. Matilda D.[5], b. July 20, 1858; m. George W. Bowers, Nov. 28, 1880; r. Annville, Pa. Three children: Reu-

ben Franklin[6], b. March 6, 1883; Adaline Susan[6], b. Dec. 9, 1886; Walter George[6], b. Feb. 3, 1890.

v. Catharine D.[5], b. Aug. 24, 1861; m. first, Ezra Platt[x]; second, James C. Sullivan, Dec. 15, 1887. Six children: Charles William S.[6], b. May 5, 1889; Maude S.[6], b. Oct. 8, 1890; Ruth Adelade S.[6], b. Aug. 15, 1892; Asa B. and Bertha Edith[6], twins, b. April 6, 1897.

vi. Ellen D.[5], b. Sept. 3, 1863; m. Hezekiah Denning, Dec. 21, 1882. Seven children: Dora May[6], b. Aug. 24, 1883; Stella Ellen[6], b. March 9, 1888; George Franklin[6], b. Aug. 11, 1891; S. William[6], b. Oct. 7, 1893; Paul Francis[6], b. Aug. 25, 1896; Walter Joseph[6], b. Oct. 31, 1898; Ralph Lester[6], b. Jan. 28, 1900.

vii. Anna Maria D.[5], b. Nov. 3, 1865; m. John Monroe[x]; she d. July 3, 1891. One son: Irwin William Monroe[6], b. March 15, 1884.

viii. Grant Donmoyer[5], b. Sept. 25, 1868; m. Ada Clark, Jan. 23, 1899.

ix. Susan Emma D.[5], b. Nov. 10, 1872; m. Sherman Hall. She d. Oct. 27, 1901. One son: Reuben Franklin Hall[6], b. March 11, 1896.

6. Isaac Donmoyer[4], b. in 1841; d. in 1842 or '43.

7. Susanna Donmoyer[4], b. Oct. 11, 1844; m. Alfred F. Haas, of Montour County, Pa., Dec. 23, 1867; r. Tiffin, O. [Alfred served under the Old Flag from 1861 to 1865, and was in some of the hardest battles of the war. The Boys in Gray were active enough to capture him at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and compelled him to serve a term in Libby Prison.] One son: Harvey A. Haas[5], b. April 17, 1883. Harvey possesses musical talent. Since fifteen years old has been the leader of a number of musical organizations. Was educated at Heidelberg College, Tiffin, O.

8. Rudolph Wellington Donmoyer[4], b. Jan. 25, 1847; m. Ella Baker, of South Bend, Ind., April 2, 1871. One son: Lewis William D.[5], b. July 31, 1873; d. Jan. 24, 1874.

Rudy, as his nearest friends all called him, enlisted in Co. E of the Seventeenth Pa. Cavalry soon after the enrollment of his unfortunate brother Lewis. He was a stout and venturesome boy,



RUDOLPH W. DONMOYER, SOUTH BEND, IND.

though at that time only fifteen years and six months old. The first notable experience he had happened just when his regiment received orders to leave Harrisburg for the seat of war, and that was to become infected with the loathsome disease of smallpox. It was not the way in which he expected to serve his country, but he could not help it, and it is only mentioned to illustrate one of the disagreeable exigencies of war. December 9th was a cold, unpleasant day. It snowed fast all that afternoon and night, and the next morning the drift against the tents was so high that, as one of the company remarked to me, "we could hardly crawl out," though, of course, a snowbank is not a very formidable obstacle to a soldier. After packing up the camp accompaniments the men mounted their horses and at nine o'clock rode to the railroad, where they were compelled to wait until four before the trains came to transport them to the City of Washington.

Rudy had for several days been feeling miserable. It was night when the men reached Washington, when they again mounted their horses, and rode out several miles to an open field to encamp on the soft side of four inches of snow. As the tents had not yet arrived, the sick boy lay that night on an open bale of hay under a blanket. In the morning a hospital tent was put up and he was then taken to better quarters on a stretcher, not improved by the exposure and exertion since leaving Harrisburg. A stove placed in the tent made him more comfortable. The next night the frozen earth on the near side of the stretcher thawed, and suddenly the litter executed a flank movement, and the prostrate incumbent involuntarily debouched into the mud. As no support to this forlorn detachment was present, it scrambled out of the mud as best it could, and as soon as able formed a new alignment. As the boy had eaten nothing for several days, his anxious brother thought that a piece of chicken would tempt him, so the next morning a raid was made on the market for a chicken. It was still hoped that nothing serious ailed him, and that he would in a few days come out all right. Before the detail with the chicken came, however, the Doctor came, and closely scrutinizing the young soldier, exclaimed, "My dear boy, you have the smallpox."

Almost instantly a colored man came with an ambulance and hurried away with him to a better furnished hospital, a large stone house in Georgetown, D. C., where hundreds of others, in the house and in tents on the environing ground, were down with the same repulsive disease. Lewis and his mess that day may have had a chicken for their dinner, but not their laid up comrade.

Rudy was carried up the stairs of the big stone house on a stretcher and left for some time in the hall, where he could meditate on the novelty of the situation, if he felt inclined to reflect upon it, until the corpse of a man who had just died of smallpox could be carried out from the bed he was to occupy. The tick of the bed to which he was in turn assigned was filled with corn husks, "with the nubbins left on." The Doctor mildly admonished him not to turn over any more than he could help, but to keep as quiet as possible, like a good soldier. The advice was doubtless well meant. Where the nubbins came into contact with his body a sore formed, until he had thirty-five of the bothersome things. These sores became abscesses, filled with corruption, and the Doctor, as kindly as he could under the circumstances, lanced them. Then in some of them gangrene set in, and for a time every morning the Doctor entertained his sore-suffering patient by burning out the holes with caustic. The Doctor did not mind it much, but Rudy remembers that he himself minded it somewhat. Some of the holes ran down to the bone. Finally, at the end of four months, being thought unfit for cavalry service, he was kindly offered an honorable discharge, which he would not accept, as he was still mending, and hoped to be in good shape soon to be with his brother Lewis, at the front, where he understood the boys were having lively times. The Doctor thought he could not for some time ride a horse on account of his sores. However, he gladly accepted a furlough for thirty days to visit the old folks and sisters at home, and at the end of the leave of absence he believed he could ride with the boys. When the time expired, instead of reporting at the hospital, from which he was glad to escape, he presented himself at the dismounted camp at Alexandria, Va., where he was given a horse and sent on to his regiment.

When he arrived at the front, just before the great battle of Chancellorsville, his captain notified the hospital that the young cavalryman was again in the ranks. And the boy remained to participate in forty-five battles and skirmishes.

In the first battle, fought on the 3d day of May, 1863, Rudy and Lewis were well initiated into the malignity of war, though they were little more than deeply interested spectators. The Seventeenth was one of the only three cavalry regiments with Hooker in the battle, the rest of the mounted troops having all been sent with Averill and Stoneman in a raid to cut Lee's communications. On the evening of the 2d day of May the Eleventh Corps was driven back in alarming disorder by the rebels under Jackson, and the whole Union army was threatened with a fearful disaster. At a critical moment General Pleasanton approached the breast-works with the Eighth and Seventeenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, just as Jackson's 20,000 victorious troops were coming on a rush after the broken and retreating Eleventh Corps. Comprehending at a glance what was transpiring, he ordered Major Keenan to charge with the Eighth, then hardly a half regiment strong, with all the fury and vigor possible on the head of Jackson's approaching army, so as to give him (Pleasanton) time to get his battery of horse artillery into position. It was a fearful venture, but a few moments of time thus gained was of inestimable importance. The Eighth performed the direful task in the most gallant manner, making a charge that will be known in history as one of the most daring assaults that a small body ever attempted against such immense odds. The rebels supposed, of course, that they were being attacked by a heavy force, and paused in their mad rush to receive the anticipated shock. The object was thus attained. Twenty-two guns were instantly unlimbered, loaded, double-shotted, and placed into position, and as the enemy, checked but for a few minutes, came pouring in a great mass over the parapet that the Eleventh Corps had just forsaken, the order was given to fire. The well-aimed, double-shotted guns mowed the rebels down at a fearful rate, and again checked the furious onset, though a fierce musketry and artillery duel follow-

ed that lasted almost an hour. The Seventeenth Cavalry, composed of new and raw men, sat on their horses in the rear of the battery, in single line, with drawn sabres, and with orders to charge if the enemy attempted to take the guns. It is believed that they were taken for the front line of a much larger force, as the ground back of them sloped downward and was not in the enemy's view. The position was a perilous one for the Seventeenth, but it performed for the army a service of immense importance. It is difficult to imagine the feelings of Rudy and Lewis when close witnesses of such an awful scene, and standing with sabres drawn and ready, expecting every moment to be themselves engaged hand to hand in an unsparing struggle. In a general order after the battle General Pleasanton said: "The coolness displayed by the Seventeenth in supporting the batteries has excited the highest admiration."

After the baptism of fire at Chancellorsville Rudy and Lewis had many lessons in the rigorous school of war, to enter into the details of which would require a great deal of space. They were together in the terrible first-day battle on the field of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, when the Union troops were vastly outnumbered, and when the percentage of casualties was far greater than that of the main army in the second and third days' awful fighting, but both boys came out unharmed. One of the most trying moments of that fateful day was when, through the dust and smoke, the Seventeenth was mistaken for a body of the enemy by Howard's artillery, posted on Cemetery Hill, and became the target for a fire that was dreaded more than the fire from the hostile side. While the shells were bursting over and around them the order was given to change position, and, said Rudy, "we never obeyed a command with greater alacrity." One of Rudy's recollections of this fight may here be mentioned to show that shells sometimes play strange freaks, as well as floods, tornadoes and lightning. When the Seventeenth crossed Seminary Ridge on the morning of July 1st and met Hill's infantry, a shell entered the body of his captain's horse, bent the scabbard of his sabre, removed a patch from the seat of his pants, and gave him a black spot for a re-

minder of the day. The horse plunged with him over a stone fence and fell dead, but the plucky captain sustained no further injury and continued in command of his company. On the second and third memorable days Co. E was a part of the force detailed to protect the wagon trains at Westminster, and the brothers were, therefore, not in the final battles at Gettysburg.

Rudy was wounded by a shot through his right foot on the 7th day of May, 1864, at Todd Tavern, where his brigade relieved Gregg's Division, and drove the enemy, with heavy loss, and that day he saw his dear brother Lewis for the last time. "As I was being carried to the rear," said Rudy, "I shall always remember the anxious look Lewis gave me. He said something to me, but the noise and clash of battle was so great that I could not catch a word of what he said." Lewis was himself fatally wounded in the fight at Cold Harbor, on the last day of the same month, as already stated, and was brought to the same hospital where Rudy lay, but the unfortunate brothers never dreamed of their being again so near each other, and under such ill-fated circumstances. But such is the fate of war. How true it is that, "What Fate imposes, men must needs abide." Lewis died, and was carried to his "long home," at Arlington, before Rudy or any of his kindred had learned of his sad end. Rudy's foot healed rapidly, and by midsummer he was again at the front.

When armies move and skirmish to secure strategic positions, and fight battles, every private soldier has a share and interest in the general course of events, and the record of the service of every private is therefore a bit of an army's history. His part has also a certain entirely individual interest, especially to his immediate friends and relations. The private is in truth the real fighter, the man who is obliged to do the effective and most disagreeable work, and on whose strength and valor the success of the army so much depends. Generals, colonels, majors, and captains are the pilots and helmsmen, the eyes and ears of the army, and as a rule do not often with their own hands harm any one, though they are frequently the shining marks for the missiles of the enemy. The following episode in the army life of Rudy well illustrates

the duty, value, and perils of the common soldier. In the latter part of September, 1864, Rudy was one of a detail of twenty men from Co. E that was sent from Winchester to Martinsburg with a dispatch to General Sheridan. On the return trip, when hardly more than one mile from the Union line, two men on horseback appeared on the road who were at once concluded to be "bushwackers." Instantly the detail charged pellmell and pursued the suspects as they fled from the main road into a tract of timber. Unsuspectingly the detachment was led into a trap of one hundred or more of Mosby's famous guerrillas, who suddenly opened a destructive fire on them, instantly killing three and wounding four, one-third of their number, and the next instant made prisoners of twelve, only one being so fortunate as to escape. This, considering the brief moment the affair lasted, and the actual result, was "about the hottest place," Rudy says, "that he was ever in."

After hastily disarming their captives, relieving them of the best of their clothing, cutting the buttons from the hard-worn garments that they did not covet, and appropriating all the footwear that passed their hurried inspection, the rebels started them, under a strong guard, in the direction of the Shenandoah River. Meanwhile the lucky soldier who escaped had lost no time in getting back to Winchester and reporting that his comrades were either captured or killed. So near the lines did this affair occur that the bugle-call to boots and saddles for the purpose of pursuit and rescue was distinctly heard by the guard and their prisoners. The alarmed guard hurried their captives into a piece of timber some distance from the scene of the capture, from which the boys could see their regiment galloping past in the pursuit, and so near were they that they would have shouted to let them know where they were but for the disagreeable fact that their convoy held their revolvers right in their faces and threatened to blow out their brains the instant they made their presence known. This happened about three o'clock in the afternoon. The regiment gave up the pursuit, and on returning sought the scene of the disaster to carry off the dead and wounded. Three of the lat-



MILTON T. DONMOYER[4],
KUTZTOWN, PA.

ter had been left by the guard at a farm house, and they were not found—but the trio luckily got back into the lines three weeks later through the friendly aid of the farmer, who proved to be a good Union man.

When near the Shenandoah River a company of horsemen were seen coming across a field. The major in charge of the rebel guard, thinking it was another detachment of Mosby's force, that had been detailed to capture a supply train that was going from Winchester to Martinsburg, halted his men to have a talk with the officer in charge. When, getting into closer range, the major called out, "*Who* are you?" The response was, "Who are *you?*" The major replied, "we belong to Col. Mosby's command." "So do we," said the officer with the most perfect sang froid, allaying the major's suspicion, and then the pair agreed to meet each other half way and have a chat. When at close range the officer quickly raised his revolver and shot the major dead, and instantly his men came on in a furious charge, beginning to discharge their carbines. The road to the river now led into a deep cut, and down between the sloping banks the retreating rebels rushed, nearly every one with the horse of a prisoner tied on the right-hand side of his horse. The captives, seeing their opportunity in the rush, suddenly slid off their horses. Several shots were fired at them, but the stampeded rebs were in too great a hurry to take proper aim, and too eager to get away from their lively pursuers to bother with prisoners. Their impetuous adversaries—a company of independent scouts of West Virginians who had just been on the look-out for Mosby's men—were getting too uncomfortably near them. The W. V.'s told the freed captives to take care of themselves, as they desired to devote their attention entirely to their now fleeing captors. Rudy and his comrades made as short a cut as possible for Winchester, and sometime after midnight were admitted within the picket line, where they were detained until morning, when they were sent under guard to headquarters, and thence to their command. In camp they were soon surrounded by their comrades, eager to shake hands with and congratulate them, and to hear what kind of a time they had.

After the war Rudy also served three years in the Regular Army as a member of Co. I, 19th Infantry, and assisted in taking care of the famous Klu Klux in Missouri and Arkansas, but limited space will not permit a fuller account of his military service. The army life of most men who served their country from three to six years during that eventful era would furnish material enough for a separate volume. During the last twenty-five years Rudy has been general manager of the South Bend Toy Manufacturing Company, a concern now having $100,000 capital, and employing from 300 to 350 men. He is one of the original proprietors. The enterprise launched upon the great commercial tide with the imposing sum of several hundred dollars, but is now regarded as one of the largest institutions of the kind in the country. Among the articles manufactured are croquet sets, ball bats, game boards, children's wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, toy tables, chairs and carriages, in illustrating and advertising which the firm has from time to time issued many beautiful catalogues.

9. Milton-Taylor Donmoyer[4], b. Aug. 8, 1848; m. Hannah E Springer, January, 1869; r. Kutztown, Pa.

Served three years as a member of the Prison Board of Berks County, and was afterwards appointed postmaster of Kutztown under President Harrison, serving five years. Was a harness-maker by occupation, and still kept up the business while postmaster, but also spent about ten years of his life as a dealer in cattle. His reminiscences as a drover are very interesting, but to appreciate and enjoy them fully he must himself be heard relate them. Although the youngest of the family, he wanted to go and help his brothers Frank, Lewis and Rudy crush the rebellion, and made a break for the front, but his guardian started after him and brought him back, insisting that three brothers in the army at one time was enough for one family. Industrious and frugal, he has accumulated something to make the struggle of life easier in old age. His children and grandchildren:

i. Charles Benjamin D.[5], b. Sept. 29, 1870; d. July 14, 1871.



MRS. CATHARINE HINTERLEITER[3], KUTZTOWN, PA.
1808-1881.

ii. Jennie Elizabeth D.[5], b. March 28, 1873; m. Charles E. Messersmith, Dec. 29, 1892; r. Kutztown, Pa. One son: John Milton[6], b. Feb. 8, 1894.

iii. William Augustus D.[5], b. April 8, 1875; m. Lillie Dietrich, Jan. 19, 1895; r. Kutztown, Pa. Children: Helen[6], b. June 7, 1895; Florence[6], b. Sept. 18, 1896; Charles Milton[6], b. May 30, 1898; Mary[6], b. June 27, 1899; Mabel and Laura[6], twins, b. Aug. 8, 1900; Laura d. Jan. 6, 1901.

II. CATHARINE GERNERT[3], b. Feb. 8, 1808; m. Daniel Hinterleiter, of Maxatawny, Berks County, Pa., Feb. 27, 1827. She died Nov. 12, 1881. Daniel d. Aug. 16, 1889. Both were buried in the cemetery at Kutztown. When a boy back in the forties and early fifties it was my happy privilege to visit with this hospitable aunt and uncle, and their large family of boys and girls, in their cheerful home on their beautiful farm of 150 acres, in the fertile limestone district three miles east of Kutztown. The farm was first owned by uncle's grandfather, Mathias Hinterleiter, who bought it of Nicholas Muffly, in 1767. It descended to his father, Jacob, then to Uncle Daniel, and still continues in the family name. Uncle was a thrifty farmer, kept everything about his premises clean and in good order, thought brier and brush-grown fence rows an abomination, and his barn, wagons, pigs, horses and cattle were all evidences of scrupulous care, tireless industry and good living. The provident habits, patience and perseverance for which the Pennsylvania Germans have always been noted were dominant traits of this once happy family, the majority of whom have already passed over the mystic river to the land of rest and silence—and I now look back with a melancholy pleasure to the days I spent with them so delightfully in their peaceful and cheerful home. Catharine and Daniel had:

1. Jacob Hinterleiter[4], b. July 4, 1827; m. Sarah Anna Young, of Richmond, Berks County Pa., May 3, 1853; r. Kutztown, Pa. He d. Feb. 12, 1901, and she d. the 20th day of the same month. They had been happily united in life almost half a century, and were separated only eight days by death. They had three children:

i. *Kate A. H.*[5], b. Aug. 22, 1853; m. George F. Rahn, Sept. 13, 1884. She d. Jan. 13, 1887.

ii. *Amelia Sarah H.*[5], b. Jan. 27, 1859; d. unm. July 31, 1901.

iii. *Sabra Ann H.*[5], b. Aug. 17, 1866; m. Calvin G. Stamm, of Womelsdorf, Pa., Dec. 26, 1896; r. Kutztown, Pa.; n. c.

2. Joshua Hinterleiter[4], b. March 1, 1829; m. Elwina Smith, of Long Swamp, May 29, 1853. She d. Sept. 23, 1891, in Lebanon County. He now has his home with his daughter Susanna and her husband, Dr. Gerberich, in Lebanon. Had eight children:

i. *Martha Jane Katharine H.*[5], b. July 27, 1853; m. Rev. Irwin William Bieber, of Kutztown, July 27, 1873; r. Bethlehem, Pa. Thirteen children: Florence Ada[6], b. Oct. 5, 1874; Warren Joshua, b. Dec. 28, 1875; Lottie Irene, b. July 10, 1877; Gertrude Catharine, b. Jan. 26, 1879—deceased; Agnes Heidenreich, b. July 29, 1880; Arthur Irwin, b. Feb. 11, 1882—deceased; Bertha Susan, b. March 24, 1884; Mabel May, b. Jan. 20, 1886—deceased; Raymond Luther, b. Oct. 24, 1888; J. Blanche Evelyn, b. Nov. 30, 1890; Miriam Esther, b. Sept. 27, 1892; Truman Irwin, b. Sept. 11, 1894; Ruth Mildred, b. Oct. 31, 1896.

ii. *Theodore Daniel H.*[5], b. April 27, 1855; d. Aug. 24, 1858.

iii. *Susanna Louise H.*[5], b. Dec. 10, 1856; m. Dr. Daniel Philip Gerberich, of Lebanon, Pa., April 6, 1881. One son: Guy Ascher[6], b. May 25, 1883.

iv. *William Henry H.*[5], b. Aug. 19, 1859; m. Gertrude Esser Terry, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., Oct. 31, 1894; r. Carlisle, Pa.; o. merchant. One son: Harold Esser[6], b. Oct. 3, 1896.

v. *Emma Eliza H.*[5], b. April 26, 1861; d. July 22, 1873.

vi. *Charles Elsworth H.*[5], b. July 25, 1863; d. Sept. 3, 1865.

vii. *Oscar Daniel H.*[5], b. Aug. 4, 1865; m. Amentha Arnold, February, 1891. He d. Aug. 23, 1891.

viii. Minnie H.[5], b. Sept. 15, 1872; m. William Benjamin Sands, of Baltimore, Md., Sept. 10, 1901. She d. Feb. 22, 1903, and was buried at Lebanon, Pa., on the 25th.

Minnie was a very sweet, bright and pious girl, beautiful in mind and heart as well as in person. I saw her often enough to become much impressed with her intense interest in and her learning of the Scriptures. She was greatly taken with Milienarian views, and believed that Christ would return to the world in great power and glory, just as truly and literally as he left it. She looked for a literal resurrection of the dead, and believed that the righteous alone would inhabit the earth when Christ has returned and destroyed all the powers of wickedness and converted the planet into a Paradise. But Minnie's meek, pure and dutiful life endeared her to all her friends much more than her doctrines. She had enjoyed good health, and was rejoicing in the prospect of motherhood, when she was suddenly cut down by the Great Reaper, who is no respecter of persons.

3. Maria E. Hinterleiter[4], b. Dec. 24, 1833; m. Jacob W. Fisher, of Kutztown, Pa., Sept. 11, 1855. She d. June 2, 1899. Had three children:

 i. Louisa F.[5], b. Jan. 11, 1858; m. Benjamin Deibert, of Kutztown, Pa., Dec. 25, 1877. Children: Eva Viola D.[6], b. March 21, 1880; George Thomas D.[6], b. Oct. 8, 1892.

 ii. George Howard F.[5], b. Oct. 2, 1863; m. Elizabeth S. Fenstermacher, of Lebanon, Pa., June 29, 1889. He d. May 2, 1891. One child: Elmina Louisa[6], b. March 22, 1890.

 iii. John Daniel Fisher[5], b. Oct. 30, 1867; m. Mary J. Brown, Aug. 10, 1889; r. Robesonia, Pa.; o. railroad ticket agent. Children: Charles Jacob F.[6], b. Jan. 25, 1890; Milo Edgar F.[6], b. Oct. 3, 1892; Raymond John F.[6], b. Aug. 15, 1894.

4. Eliza Hinterleiter[4], b. Feb. 6, 1835; m. Daniel S. Seigfried, of Maxatawny, Pa., Sept. 11, 1853. She d. June 27, 1864. Had four children:

 i. Abraham[5], b. Feb. 11, 1857; d. Feb. 2, 1876.

ii. Catharine Elizabeth[5], b. May 22, 1858; m. John Oberholtzer, Oct. 9, 1884; r. Lebanon, Pa. One child: May Catharine[6], b. April 18, 1895.

iii. Elmira[5], b. Dec. 25, 1860; d. when nine months old.

iv. Elmer L.[5], b. Aug. 19, 1862; d. May 18, 1865.

5. Fiana E. Hinterleiter[4], b. March 4, 1837; m. Lewis Fisher, Jan. 4, 1857. She d. Aug. 30, 1891. He d. Oct. 16, 1901. He was the station agent of the Reading R. R. at Kutztown, Pa., for 26 years, and was one of the most respected citizens of the town. They had nine children:

i. Elwood D. F.[5], b. Sept. 10, 1857; m. Ella L. Wenner, Sept. 3, 1877. Succeeded his father as agent of the Reading R. R. Has been a school director for a number of years, and takes an active interest in the affairs of the town. Is also a Notary Public. Two children:

a. Warren R. F.[6], b. April 5, 1878; m. Ida J. Reinhard. Has children: Eva May[7], b. Aug. 10, 1897; Edwin[7], b. July 5, 1901.

b. Lillie E. F.[6], b. June 27, 1879; d. Nov. 27, 1897.

ii. Jacob G. F.[5], b. March 27, 1860; d. Sept. 12, 1860.

iii. Ellen C. F.[5], b. April 23, 1861; m. William Hicks Rex, Jr., June 1, 1889; r. Philadelphia, Pa

iv. Lizzie C. F.[5], b. Aug. 23, 1863.

v. William T. F.[5], b. Nov. 11, 1866; r. St. Louis, Mo.

vi. Charles E. F.[5], b. July 11, 1869; d. March 17, 1896.

vii. Lillie M. F.[5], b. Aug. 31, 1872; d. May 14, 1876.

viii. Annie A. F.[5], b. Feb. 22, 1875.

ix. Harry F.[5], b. July 29, 1877; m. Miss Alice Lawrence, of Topeka, Kansas, Aug. 2, 1900; r. St. Paul, Minn. Is traveling freight agent for the Mo. Pac. R. R. Co., in charge of the N. W. territory.

6. John G. Hinterleiter[4], b. May 18, 1839; m.×, Nov. 22, 1862; n. c.; r. Kutztown, Pa.; o. butcher.

7. Sarah A. Hinterleiter[4], b. Sept. 25, 1841; m. first, Esquire Ephraim B. Shuey, of Lebanon County, Pa., Oct. 18, 1866; Shuey d. Dec. 19, 1889; m. second, William H. Hess, Oct. 21, 1898; r. Jonestown, Pa.; n. c.



ELWOOD D. FISHER[5], WARREN R. FISHER[6],
EVA MAY AND EDWIN FISHER[7].
KUTZTOWN, PA.

8. William G. Hinterleiter[4], b. April 11, 1844; m. Kate S. Bear, of Oley, Pa., Dec. 10, 1874. Residence in Kutztown, Pa., where he keeps a well stocked dry goods store. Also has a D. G. store at Hazleton, Pa., in which fifteen clerks are employed. Is a director of the Kutztown National Bank, and is interested in the silk mill of the place. Has for many years led the choir of the Kutztown Trinity Lutheran Church. Owns the Hinterleiter Homestead, which has been in the possession of the family nearly 140 years, and, as he has several sons, may remain in the family name many years longer. Five children: Irene Viola[5], b. Oct. 29, 1875; Asher Vincent[5], b. Oct. 25, 1876—d. Nov. 30, 1876; Florence May[5], b. May 25, 1878; Raymond William[5], b. July 6, 1883; Arthur Bear[5], b. Sept. 13, 1885; Mabel Katie[5], b. Sept. 2, 1880—d. July 20, 1890.

[This part of the family history was completed when the sad word came of the death of our esteemed relative, William G. Hinterleiter, of Bright's disease, on the 3d day of July, 1903. He from time to time manifested great interest in this work, and it is seriously regretted that he was not permitted to see it in print. That he was eminently worthy of the eulogium that acquaintance and esteem would have prompted writing of him, is verified by the following excerpts from a lengthy obituary notice in the *Kutztown Patriot:*

"He was one of the most popular men in town, and identified with all the town's best interests for so many years that he was looked upon by everybody as one of the safe leaders in all public and private enterprises."

"Seeing that Kutztown was destined to become an important business place, he abandoned the general store business, remodeled his store, making it one of the most attractive and commodious outside of the larger cities, and established an up-to-date dry goods store, which became widely known and was well patronized by all the country around."

"Trinity choir, under his leadership, was one of the best church choir organizations in this section, the music rendered being of a high order."

"For his many virtues, his genial good nature, and his estimable qualities of mind and heart, he was respected by all who knew him."

"Being one of the original founders of Trinity Lutheran congregation, he occupied a leading place in its affairs from the beginning up to the time of his death, laboring diligently for the best interests of the church, and often at the sacrifice of personal comfort."

"To him alone may be ascribed the honors for the erection of the handsome Trinity Church, which may serve as a memorial to him for that one act."

"He had a number of young men as clerks during the past 25 years, all of whom regarded him with tender affection and all made periodical visits to his home, a pleasant duty."

"During the funeral the entire town paid its respects to the deceased by refraining from all business. Stores, etc., were closed and the church was filled to its utmost capacity."]

9. Daniel Hinterleiter[4], b. May 14, 1846; m. Hester A. Beiber, April 9, 1865; she d. Jan. 1, 1889; r. Lebanon, Pa. Six children:

 i. Alpha L. H.[5], b. July 31, 1865; r. Pittsburg, Pa.

 ii. William W. H.[5], b. Oct. 26, 1867; r. Jonestown, Pa.

 iii. Kate L. H.[5], b. April 1, 1869; d. July 23, 1894.

 iv. George W. H.[5], b. Oct. 20, 1871.

 v. E. D. H.[5], b. Dec. 26, 1873; r. Lebanon, Pa.

 vi. Laura E. H.[5] b. Oct. 26, 1875.

10. Charles Alfred Hinterleiter[4], b. Nov. 30, 1848; m. Miss Emma Catharine Barto, of Rockland, Berks County, Pa., Dec. 26, 1881. He d. at Lebanon, Pa., May 13, 1901. United with the Seventh Day Baptists, and was a zealous worker in that fold. He was a house painter, but the trade did not agree with him and was, perhaps, the cause of lowering his vitality and producing the disease, consumption, that slowly but finally carried him to his grave. Like his beloved niece, Minnie H. Sands, he rejoiced in the faith that he would be awakened out of his deep sleep in the grave, and that as he bore the image of the earthy, so he would in both soul and body bear the image of the heavenly.



WILLIAM G. HINTERLEITER, KUTZTOWN, PA.
1844–1903.

III. JONAS GERNERT[3], b. Nov. 21, 1809; m. Lea Zeigler, Aug. 9, 1829; she d. Nov. 4, 1876; he d. March 4, 1893; r. in Upper Macungie, on a farm adjoining the place of his birth. Had ten children:

1. JONATHAN GERNERT[4], b. May 25, 1830; m. Lucy Lentz, Feb. 21, 1858; r. Upper Macungie, on the homestead; o. farmer and butcher. He d. June 18, 1896. Five children:

 i. Frank Gernert[5], b. July 28, 1859; m. Annie R. Leibensperger, May 13, 1882; r. Trexlerstown, Pa. Two children: Herbert F.[6], b. Jan. 13, 1884; Lucy S.[6], b. Dec. 28, 1887.

 ii. Mary Ida G.[5], b. April 15, 1861; m. O. P. Leibensperger, June 4, 1881; r. McKeansburg, Pa. Five children:

 a. Clarence F. L.[6], b. March 20, 1882; m. Mary Richard, March 7, 1901. Child: Fordua Leibensperger[7]×.

 b. Harry O. L.[6], b. Nov. 22, 1883.

 c. Lula L.[6], b. Aug. 15, 1886.

 d. Lester D. L.[6], b. March 5, 1889.

 e. Eva R. L.[6], b. Oct. 22, 1893.

 iii. Emma Caroline G.[5], b. April 19, 1863; m. Alvin Stephen, Jan. 5, 1889; r. East Texas, Pa. Five sons: Harvin R. S.[6], b. July 7, 1889; Harrison F. S.[6], b. May 16, 1892; Willis A. S.[6], b. June 21×—d. April 9, 1896; Phaon S.[6], b. Nov. 4, 1897; Ellis O. S.[6], b. April 8, 1901.

 iv. Hannah Elmira G.[5], b. Nov. 27, 1867; m. Stanley Grim, Jan. 1, 1889; n. c.

 v. Harry C. G.[5], b. Nov. 4, 1875; m. Clara Haaf, Sept. 17, 1898.

2. SARAH ANNA AMANDA GERNERT[4], b. July 17, 1832; m. Jacob Gift, June 25, 1864. She d. Dec. 23×. He is also dead. They had two daughters: Callie and Mary[5].

3. ANNA CAROLINE G.[4], b. Feb. 5, 1834; d. unm. Feb. 14, 1862.

4. CHARLES ALFRED GERNERD[4], b. Aug. 8, 1836; m. Elemena Gackenbach, April 8, 1858; r. Trexlerstown, Pa; o. mining iron ore and farming. Had:

i Charles Wilson B. Gernerd[5], b. Sept. 5, 1858; m. Miss Ellen V. Schmoyer, May 2, 1877; r. Allentown, Pa. Children: Frederick Benjamin[6], b. Nov. 22, 1879; Jennie Mabel[6], b. Sept. 21, 1880; Bessie Rebecca[6], b. Sept. 24, 1882.

Charles Wilson G.[5] has become widely known as the originator and owner of the famous Lehigh County Duck Farm. In July, 1900, I had the pleasure of inspecting this most interesting duck breeding establishment, located on Cedar Creek, near Allentown, and seeing what six years of assiduous and enthusiastic devotion to a pet pursuit had then already accomplished. At the time of this visit he had as many as 16,000 ducks on his premises of about seven acres, nearly through the centre of which a swift and sparkling stream flows on its way to unite with the Lehigh River. The hatch since the beginning of the year had been about 25,000 ducks, and was expected to reach 27,000 before the end of the season. The sight of such an aggregation of clean, pure white, healthy, moving mass of ducks—great care is taken to keep the grounds clean and in proper sanitary condition, in consequence of which, and other wise precautions to protect them, but few birds are ever lost—is in the highest degree pleasing and interesting. The place being quickly accessible by a trolley line from the city of Allentown, attracts a great many visitors; and as the visitors require more or less attention, and come well supplied with questions, it was found necessary, as well as a proper source of revenue, to charge each one a nickel for admission within the attractive enclosure. An elevated boardwalk runs through the length and across the ground,—as may be seen in the illustration in this history—from which the visitors look down into and have a full view of the various pens, without entering them and disturbing the birds.

In the hatching house, seen in the foreground of the accompanying picture, we were shown 56 large incubators, capable of hatching out more than 16,000 eggs at one time, if needed. The Prairie State Incubator Company, in their 1903 catalogue say this is "the largest incubator room in the world." There were al-



C. W. B. GERNERD'S DUCK FARM, ALLENTOWN, PA.



C. W. B. GERNERD, ALLENTOWN, PA.
Proprietor of the Duck Farm.

ways kept on hand from 500 to 1,000 old ducks for laying, though many of the eggs are bought from the farmers living along the creek and in the neighborhood. The proprietor was then feeding more than a ton of mixed bran, chopped oats and corn, besides great piles of green food; and was every day butchering—in a building especially constructed for the purpose, at the far end of the boardwalk—and by rail shipping about 100 ducks (a good-sized flock) to New York, to one man, who had contracted to take all he can raise, and who supplies such hotels as the Imperial and the Waldorf-Astoria. The ducks are voracious eaters, grow fast and fat, and are ready for the market before three months old, at which age some weigh as much as five pounds each.

Besides the ducks our enterprising kinsman also had quite a flock of pigeons, chiefly runts, the large squabs of which he was shipping to New York to the same party. Charles is by taste and nature well suited to build up such an enterprise, and perhaps not one in a hundred who think they would like to engage in the business would succeed as well. I remember that he was a real lover of birds, domesticated and wild, taking a true naturalist's delight in studying their ways, and that he was even quite an expert taxidermist when yet a mere boy. His large yearly exhibits of poultry and pigeons since then at the Lehigh County Fair, noted as being one of the best agricultural fairs in all the land, always attracted a great deal of attention, and never failed to win for him a long list of premiums. He is certainly the right man in the right place, and is getting the experience that will enable him to accomplish still greater results. He has, I learned since, purchased an additional 38 acres, and when I last heard was preparing for a large extension of the duck-producing business. He expects, after he has everything arranged in accordance with his gradually matured plan, to raise double and treble the number of ducks he has heretofore raised, besides increasing the yearly hatch of pigeons to about 10,000 pairs. The man who builds up such a plant is a public benefactor.

ii. Harvey Americus Gernerd[5], b. Nov. 12, 1859; m. Annie M. Dieffenderfer; n. c.

iii. Christopher Peter G.[5], b. Feb. 27, 1862; d. in childhood.

iv. Annie Leonora G.[5], b. Aprll 6, 1865; m. Elmer Peter Werley, June 14, 1888; r. Allentown, Pa. One son: Elmer Alden Werley[6], b. March 17, 1889.

v. Joseph Alfred Gernerd[5], b. Oct. 12, 1866.

vi. Jennie Atilla G.[5], b. Dec. 12, 1869; m. Ernest Harry Baines, Oct. 22, 1896; n. c.

5. Fianna Amanda Gernerd[4], b. Sept. 16, 1838; m. Joseph Holben, of Lyon Valley, Pa., Jan. 30, 1864. He d. Sept. 17, 1901. Three children:

i. Albert Peter Holben[5], b. Oct. 23, 1864; m. Jane Everitt×; he d. at Ironton, Pa., Sept. 29, 1899; o. butcher. Five children: Preston Franklin[6], b. May 23, 1889; Lasda Cedella[6], b. Aug. 10, 1890; Leda Jane[6], b. Oct. 25, 1891; Penna Celestia[6], b. June 6, 1895; Warren Albert[6], b. Sept. 23, 1896.

ii. Franklin Jonas Holben[5], b. Aug. 21, 1868; m. Alice Walbert, March 4, 1886. Is a practitioner of medicine and proprietor of Lyon Valley Hotel, at Lyon Valley, Pa. Three children: Estella M. F.[6], b. Aug. 27, 1886; Pearl L. D.[6], b. May 7, 1890; Arthur F. J.[6], b. April 12, 1893.

iii. Milton Joseph Holben[5], b. Nov. 27, 1871; m. first, Malara Werley, Dec. 25, 1893; second, Amanda Krumm×, 1898; r. Weisenberg, Lehigh County, Pa. Children: Lila Malara[6], b. July 4, 1893—d. May, 1894; Lawrence Charles[6], b. April 18, 1895; Nevin[6], b. June 22, 1899.

6. Ellen Jane Gernert[4], b. Nov. 17, 1840; m. James M. Gift, Oct. 16, 1864.

7. Catharine E. Josephine Gernert[4], b. June 9, 1842; m. Willoughby J. Bleiler, Oct. 26, 1867; r. Allentown, Pa. Mr. B. d. Oct. 24, 1894. Three children:

i. Charles Jonas Bleiler[5], b. June 6, 1868; m. Minnie G. Swartz, Oct. 10, 1895; r. Allentown, Pa.

ii. Oscar W. Bleiler[5], b. June 28, 1869; m. Elizabeth Siep, Oct. 31, 1890; r. Andreas, Pa.; o. Tel. Op. and Ag't of Lehigh Valley R. R. Children: Ralph C. B.[6], b. June 7, 1892; Charles M. B.[6], b. Nov. 9, 1893.

iii. Morris C. Bleiler[5], b. Aug. 22, 1871; o. traveling salesman.

8. Isaac Granville Gernert[4], b. June 13, 1846; m. Hannah Louise Butz, May 25, 1865; r. Allentown, Pa.; o. hotel keeper. Nine children:

i. Annie Louisa G.[5], b. July 21, 1866; m. Preston B. Schadt, Nov. 15, 1888.

ii. Mary Cecelia G.[5], b. Sept. 13, 1867; m. Charles C. Haas, December, 1882. She d. March 28, 1886.

iii. George Milton G.[5], b. July 21, 1872; m. Miss Clara Meeker, March, 1896.

iv. Ida Virginia G.[5], b. Aug. 12, 1878.

v. Sallie Ann Irene G.[5], b. June 9, 1881.

vi. Mabel Elmira G.[5], b. June 9, 1886; d. Feb. 7, 1887.

vii. Jeremiah B. G.[5], b. May 20, 1875; d. Feb. 25, 1876.

viii. Ellen Jane[5], d. in infancy.

ix. Charles Alfred[5], d. in infancy.

9. Cecelia Gernert[4], b. Jan. 29, 1849; d. Aug. 18, 1852.

10. Maria Gernert[4], b. Nov. 30, 1850; m. John Fineaur, Sept. 12, 1876; r. Allentown, Pa. Had ten children—five sons and five daughters, six of whom are deceased×.

IV. MARY ANN GERNERT[3], b. July 25, 1811; m. first, Charles Gackenbach, in 1834; second, John Bortz, March 10, 1850; r. near Trexlerstown, Pa. She d. March 17, 1868. Had five children:

1. Maria A. Gackenbach[4], b. Oct. 29, 1835; m. Tilghman Kuder. She d. April, 1861. He d. March 20, 1869. Had four children: Tilghman[5], Elenora[5], Victor[5], Isadore[5].

2. Eliza A. Gackenbach[4], b. Nov. 22, 1837; m. William Haines, Oct. 15, 1864. He d. June 28, 1903. She resides in Allentown, Pa. Five children:

i. Ulysses C. Haines[5], b. July 4, 1865.

ii. Minnie A. H.[5], b. April 7, 1867; m. W. C. Hoats, April 7, 1899.

iii. Lizzie E. H.[5], b. Oct. 11, 1873; m. Herbert Fehr, Aug. 9, 1900; he d. June 28, 1902.

iv. Maggie E. H.[5], b. March 28, 1875; d. Jan. 27, 1884.

v. Harry W. H.[5], b. April 15, 1880.

3. Elvina Gackenbach[4], b. March 8, 1840; m. Henry A. Scheridan, Dec. 24, 1867. She d. Feb. 26, 1880. They had:

i. Bra H. S.[5], b. July 11, 1871; r. Breinigsville, Pa.; m.× July 12, 1892.

ii. Harry C. S.[5], b. Feb. 11, 1875; d. April 19, 1882.

iii. Bertha A. S.[5], b. Aug. 25, 1877; r. Breinigsville, Pa.; m.× April 1, 1899.

4. Charles W. Gackenbach[4], b. Nov. 18, 1842; m. Miss Jane A. Schneck, of Schnecksville, Pa., July 7, 1862; r. Wichita, Kansas. Three children:

i. Annie M. G.[5], b. Jan. 30, 1865.

ii. Farley A. G.[5], b. July 14, 1867; m. Clara Leith, of Allentown, Pa., Nov. 30, 1887; r. Wichita, Kansas. Child: Blanche G.[6], b. April 18, 1888.

iii. William[5], b. May 15, 1869; d. in infancy.

5. Oscar M. Bortz[4], b. July 14, 1851; d. young.

V. NATHAN GERNERD[3], b. Jan. 1, 1813; m. Salome Steininger, of Upper Macungie, Pa., Feb. 25, 1834. He d. June 13, 1879, and she d. Feb. 3, 1876. They bought and for many years lived on the Gernert Homestead, in Macungie. They had eleven children:

1. Anna Maria G.[4], b. Oct. 28, 1834; m. William Levan, of Reading, June 6, 1854. He d. April 20, 1881. She and her daughter, Alice, live together in Reading. She had seven children:

i. Alice M. Levan[5], b. Oct. 4, 1855; m. Edward Smeltzer, May 29, 1884. He d.×.

ii. David Levan[5], b. April 11, 1859; d. unm. May 1, 1900.

iii. Ellen Levan[5], b. Jan. 8, 1861; m. Cyrus Bollinger, June 15, 1882; r. Reading, Pa. Children: Claude Henry B.[6], b. June 23, 1886; Levan B.[6], b. Nov. 24, 1889.



NATHAN GERNERT[3], BREINIGSVILLE, PA.
1813–1879.



MRS. MARIA LEVAN[1], READING, PA.

iv. Sarah G. L.[5], b. May 7, 1863; d. Sept. 12, 1864.

v. Charles Henry L.[5], b. Oct. 14, 1864; m. Elmira Seigfried, of Reading, Pa., July 24, 1886; r. Altoona, Pa.; o. merchant tailor. Charles has been in business for himself about fourteen years, and by good business habits, never being idle, and by living up to his promises and studying to please his customers, has been rewarded with deserved success. He carries a large stock of woolens, employs thirteen people in making up men's suits, and owns a handsome home. He and wife are members of the Episcopal Church.

vi. Annie May Levan[5], b. May 10, 1868; m. Harry Steve, June 1, 1886; r. Reading, Pa. Children: Helen Elizabeth Steve[6], b. April 22, 1887; Alice Marie S.[6], b. April 8, 1889; Robert William S.[6], b. Feb. 10, 1898.

vii. Rosie Esther Levan[5], b. Oct. 29, 1872; m. Sylvester Oscar Houser, April 24, 1897; r. Reading, Pa.

2. James Gernert[4], b. Nov. 6, 1837; m. Sarah Jacoby, Jan. 29, 1855; was a member of Co. G, 5th Pa. V. M. (1862), and served during Confederate invasion of Maryland; r. Allentown, Pa. Ten children:

i. Sylvester T. G.[5], b. March 28, 1855.

ii. Alice M. G.[5], b. Dec. 4, 1856.

iii. Obadiah J. G.[5], b. Jan. 5, 1859; m. Carolina Sanwalt, of Ohio, 1885; has resided near Tiffin, O., since 1881; o. farmer. Children: Eva Luella[6], b. Feb. 16, 1886; John Elmer[6], b. Jan. 1, 1888; Daisy May[6], b. May 25, 1894; Charles Wesley[6], b. June 27, 1899.

iv. Morris J. G.[5], b. Oct. 24, 1860.

v. Stewart G.[5], b. March 18, 1865.

vi. George L. G.[5], b. May 18, 1867; m.× Dec. 31, 1889.

vii. Eliza J. G.[5], b. Jan. 1, 1870.

viii. Harrison G.[5], b. March 6, 1872; d. April 6, 1873.

ix. Laura V. G.[5], b. Jan. 22, 1874.

x. Elmer R. G.[5], b. June 1, 1875; d. July 10, 1893.

3. Harrison Augustus Gernerd[4], b. May 2, 1839; m. Carolina Shaffer, of Bath, Pa., Nov. 3, 1860; r. Bath; o. dentist. One son:

i. Elmer Ellsworth Gernerd[5], b. Aug. 13, 1861; m. Mary C. Kromer, of Bath, Pa., Oct. 1, 1881. Graduated from Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery in 1883; r. Bethlehem, Pa. Has four children:

a. Carrie Lovina G.[6], b. Jan. 8, 1882.

b. Robert Pattison G.[6], b. Dec. 25, 1883. Graduated from Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery in 1902.

c. Floyd Harry G.[6], b. May 28, 1885.

d. Emily Kromer G.[6], b. June 11, 1889.

4. Sarah Eliza Gernerd[4], b. July 23, 1841; m. Obadiah B. Keller, Dec. 25, 1863; r. Lyons Station, Berks County, Pa. Four children:

i. Harry A. K.[5], b. June 18, 1865; d. Feb. 27, 1871.

ii. Emily G. K.[5], b. Sept. 22, 1867; m. Charles M. Hoch, July 1, 1885; r. Woodside, Del. Children: Harry[6], b. Jan. 9, 1887; Elmer[6], b. April 10, 1889; Walter[6], b. Aug. 16, 1891; Charles Ira[6], b. June 16, 1894; Ernest[6], b. May 2, 1897; Paul[6], b. Feb. 13, 1899.

iii. Frederic Ammon K.[5], b. Jan. 3, 1872; m. Miss Annis Frost, of Brockwayville, Pa., Aug. 15, 1894; r. Tionesta, Pa., and is at present Treasurer of Forest County. Has: Raymond Wilson K.[6], b. March 16, 1897; Howard Frederick[6], b. Nov. 13, 1899.

iv. Sarah May K.[5], b. Oct. 19, 1882.

5. George William Gernerd[4], b. Nov. 4, 1844; m. Rebecca M. Zeigler, May 27, 1882; o. farmer; r. Rockland Township, Berks County, Pa. He d. March 8, 1888. One daughter: Sarah Elizabeth R. Gernerd[5], b. Aug. 21, 1883.

6. William Morris Gernert[4], b. July 11, 1847; m. Amelia B. Rothermel, of Blandon, Pa., May 28, 1868; r. West Leesport, Pa., o. farmer. Seven children:

i. Oscar Jeremiah G.[5], b. Feb. 26, 1870; m. Mary Bushy, Aug. 20, 1892; r. Allentown, Pa. Children: Deborah Rebecca G.[6], b. Oct. 3, 1896; Charles Elmer G.[6], b. Oct. 30, 1899.

ii. Annie Martha G.[5], b. Oct. 15, 1871; m. John Yenser, Oct. 19, 1890; r. Lyons Station, Pa. Children: Irvin Jeremiah Y.[6], b. Feb. 16, 1890; Helen May Y.[6], b. Nov. 16, 1891; Florence Amelia Y.[6], b. May 23, 1896.



MRS. MARY ANNA BORTZ[3], TREXLERTOWN, PA.
1811–1868.

iii. Mary May G.[5], b. May 17, 1873; d. June 17, 1874.

iv. William Nathan G.[5], b. Nov. 28, 1875; m. Emma Clay, Dec. 17, 1898; r. Rickenback, Pa. Son: Earl Jacob G.[6], b. Jan. 7, 1901.

v. Harry Allen G.[5], b. Nov. 4, 1877.

vi. Edmond David G.[5], b. Dec. 19, 1879.

vii. Eva Salome G.[5], b. Nov. 22, 1881; m. Charles Rickenback, Nov. 25, 1899; r. Rickenback, Pa. Children: Mabel Rebecca R.[6], b. April 8, 1900; Alva Salome R.[6], b. April 20, 1901.

7. Ellen Catharine Gernert[4], b. Sept. 2, 1849; m. Jacob Meitzler, July 4, 1869; r. Braddock, Pa. Three children:

i. Annie Meitzler[5], b. Aug. 30, 1870; m. Charles H. Hunsberger, Dec. 22, 1888. She d. Nov. 6, 1901, and was buried at Allentown, Pa. Two children: Esther Ellen H.[6], b. Oct. 29, 1889; Ruth Minnie H.[6], b. March 16, 1893.

ii. George N. J. M.[5], b. Jan. 6, 1874; m. Annie Virginia Moyer, April 18, 1897.

iii. Lydia G. M.[5], b. April 5, 1881; m. S. A. Wallace, June 12, 1901. One son: Albert L. M. Wallace[6], b. Jan. 5, 1903.

9. Hannah Martha Gernert[4], b. July 1, 1854; m. Jeremiah Fritz, July 20, 1872; r. Reading, Pa. Children: Irvin Clinton F.[5], b. Oct. 25, 1872; Harry Nathan F.[5], b. Feb. 5, 1878.

10. John Gernert[4], b. May 14, 1857; m. Kathe Mathis, Jan. 10, 1886; r. Sandusky, O. Four children: Reistolf G.[5], b. May 9, 1890; Milton G.[5], b. Sept. 4, 1892; Ellie M. G.[5], b. Sept. 2, 1895; Maria M. G.[5], b. Oct. 15, 1897.

11. Milton Oscar Gernert[4], b. Nov. 10, 1859; m. Addie S. Smith, of Salfordville, Pa., Dec. 8, 1880; o. harness maker. Four children: Ednia G.[5], b. July 21, 1881—deceased; Verdia G.[5], b. Aug. 6, 1885; Alice G.[5], b. March 15, 1888; Webb A. G.[5], b. Feb. 2, 1896.

VI. DAVID GERNERD[4], b. April 13, 1815; m. Miss Lydia Mohr, of Fogelsville, Pa., in 1835, settled in Muncy, Pa., in 1839; o. chairmaker. Learned his trade in the same shop where his

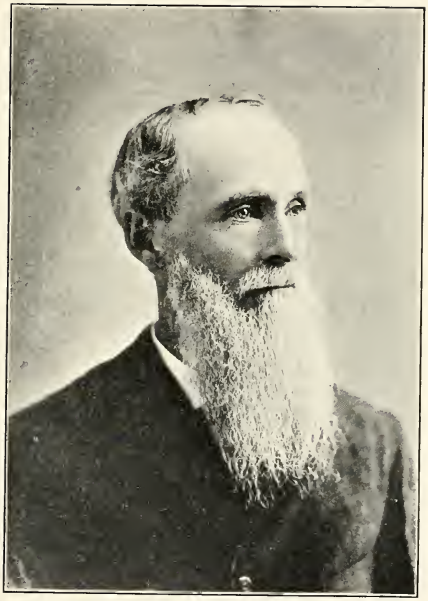
father had been an apprentice before him. He died Dec. 31, 1846, in his 32d year.

If he were to rise from his grave now and find his little boy an old gray-headed man, more than twice as old as he was when he died, he would—one may imagine—be amazed by the change. Great surprises are no doubt in store for all. He was a devout believer in the Book which declares that the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him have not entered into the heart of man. My mother died May 6, 1855. I was an only child, and was born on the old homestead (where my father was born), July 22, 1836. Married Louise C. Sieger, of Allentown, Pa., July 15, 1862. We likewise had but one child: Lydia Sieger Gernerd[5], b. June 5, 1868, and d. Nov. 18, 1893.

Lydia in August, 1893, fell from a swing while at a picnic, from which accident—though not at first regarded as serious—a three months illness resulted. An internal abscess developed, everything was done for her that medical experience advised, a surgical operation was resorted to, but there was no relief until death came and ended her sufferings. I can not trust myself to write what my heart would dictate of one so dutiful and appreciative, whose life was so dear to her parents, but I copy the following from a notice of her—written by a friend who knew her intimately all her life—that appeared immediately after her death in the *Muncy Luminary:*

"Few deaths have occurred in our community that awakened the sympathy and caused such universal sorrow as that of Lydia Sieger Gernerd, who passed away at 7 o'clock on the eve of November 18, 1893, after weeks of painful illness, which she bore with heroic fortitude, all the time contending she never would get well, but manifested no fear of death.

"She was the only child of J. M. M. and Louisa S. Gernerd, and was born in Muncy, June 5, 1868, and brought up by her parents in the most careful and painstaking manner, with every wish gratified, whether 'uttered or unexpressed,' and she repaid them with an affectionate attachment and lovingness, manifested by her obedience and assistance as a dutiful daughter and a fondness for her home. * * * It would be ungen-



J. M. M. GERNERD, MUNCY, PA.



LYDIA S. GERNERD, MUNCY, PA.
1868-1893.

erous and ungrateful to withhold giving voice to the many noble qualities that adorned the whole life of Lydia S. Gernerd—happy, amiable, generous and confiding, she won hosts of friends, and was a leading spirit among her companions, who mourn her loss with a deep, unutterable sorrow. She was a worker in the church, Sunday school, benevolent societies, and among the King's Daughters was one of the most active. For several years she was organist in St. James' P. Episcopal Church, and her touch and renditions were so pleasing that there was universal regret when she resigned.

"Her pilgrimage here was short, but by labors of love she well fulfilled the ministries of life, and we treasure up in our memories many incidents of a pleasing kind connected with this bright, winsome girl, whose speaking lips the Angel of Death hath so cruelly closed, but set a seal of Peace upon her brow, for if ever a dead face told of perfect Rest and Peace, that of Lydia's did, as she lay in her handsome casket upon a bed of roses and white carnations —(her mother's tribute)—while all around her were heaped the most beautiful floral gifts of affection from friends, relatives and societies. The last sad rites took place from her home at 3.30 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, where hundreds of her friends assembled to take a last look upon all that was mortal of Lydia S. Gernerd. * * * When the funeral cortege reached the cemetery, there too had the hands of affection been busy, beautifying the open grave and upturned earth with lovely flowers, so her last resting place was amid the beautiful blossoms she so loved to imitate upon canvas when living, but now

> 'Death lies on her like an untimely frost
> Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.'"

A word about myself. If to pass so many of the family without special notice of their lives and narrate some of the facts of my own, may seem unseemly, let it be remembered that everything of interest respecting others that could be obtained without the opportunity of personal interviews has been given, and that what I failed to get I could surely not give. Years have been spent in gathering and arranging the data for this imperfect history, and no one can realize how irksome such an undertaking is without experience. In many cases I failed to secure even complete family records. At least two hundred letters must have been written that

were never answered, and numbers were returned bearing the postoffice stamp, "unclaimed." What I write of myself are facts ready at hand, and required no effort to get. Allowance should, therefore, be made because this valuable space is not devoted to others.

I attended our common schools until twelve years old, but seldom enjoyed the privilege. Was a sickly, nervous, wayward youngster. When a year or two old was so puny that Grandmother Gernert declared I would never grow up, but—such is the mystery and hap of life—the frail boy has already lived to be much older than both his parents and three of his grandparents, and now at an age when his other grandparent was a physical wreck is engaged in the laborious task of compiling a Family History. If allowed to live more in the open air and sunlight, and not forced to go to school so much against his will, the boy might have grown more robust and liked school better. But a fond and well-meaning father, who himself had but a few months schooling, and no knowledge of physiology and hygiene, made him go, thinking that going to school was the all-essential thing to prepare a boy for a useful life—a very great mistake. I remember well how, more than sixty years ago, I was called up several times each day merely to say my letters, and by and by to spell words of one and two syllables from a primer, and then compelled to keep quiet during all the rest of the school hours—an outrage on child nature. How I did hate school! Herbert Spencer said, "The first requisite is to be a good animal," but I was not even that. Once an irate and unreasoning teacher held me up by my feet and bumped my head roughly on the floor, but a stout, broad-shouldered pupil, incensed by this unwonted exhibition of rudeness, pulled off his coat and rushed forward to turn him upside down if he did not instantly desist and reverse my position. The upright posture to which mother nature gives every boy an absolute right was immediately restored, and—there was peace. My protector became a great man in my eyes. Several years later another impatient and unthinking teacher tried to help me in arithmetic, but because I was rather dull in comprehending what he said he became greatly en-

raged, and gave me a terrific broad-side with his big, heavy hand that gave me the sensation for a time that either my cranium was smashed, or that my neck was broken—and perhaps it would not have mattered much which had happened. There were many things that prejudiced me against school. I got entirely too many lickings. There were some competent and considerate teachers in those days as well as now, but many were not qualified for teaching young ideas how to shoot. The day of rigid examinations, of teachers' certificates, normal and model schools, moral suasion, pictures on the walls and flowers in the school rooms, had not yet arrived.

But life is from first to last the great and real school. Every one can by choice and chance have good and efficient schoolmasters. There is always opportunity to make good use of ones time, brain and hands, and learn. Two years after marriage, and after having served eighteen months as a clerk in the postoffice at Muncy—a postoffice is a good school to learn some things—I started out in business for myself in a small way, opening a music and variety store, with which I soon combined a circulating library, and continued the business until 1872. Also served two terms about this time as school director, three terms as a notary public, and at different times, about ten years in all, as book-keeper in the First National Bank of Muncy.

While keeping store I purchased an amateur printing outfit and started to publish a little serial, with the only idea at first of advertising my business. As the intention was only to issue it once-in-a-while, as business and inclination prompted, I entitled it NOW AND THEN. A taste was suddenly acquired for collecting and preserving items of local history, an intellectual diet that proved very acceptable to its indulgent readers. A number was launched forth every *now and then* until May, 1892, when the third volume was completed—the three volumes together comprising a total of forty-three numbers, and consisting of 520 double column pages. Brown, Runk & Co.'s History of Lycoming County, on page 479, says:

"A little historical magazine, called *Now and Then,* was started by J. M. M. Gernerd in June, 1868, and published irregularly up to February, 1878, when it was discontinued. During the ten years of its existence nineteen numbers were published, and it became very popular on account of the valuable local historical matter it contained. After a rest of ten years Mr. Gernerd resumed his *Now and Then* in an enlarged form as a bi-monthly July-August, 1888, and continued it up to May, 1892. It largely increased in popularity and value during the four years it was published."

In 1875 I undertook to raise money by one dollar subscriptions for the erection of a monument to the memory of the bold pioneer of the West Branch Valley of the Susquehanna, Capt. John Brady, who was killed by the Indians near the site of Muncy Borough, in April, 1779, and I finally succeeded in thus raising about $1,600. In the centennial year of his death, 1879, the plain but gracefully proportioned cenotaph of Maine granite was erected on a large circular lot in, and that was donated by, the Muncy Cemetery—hardly two hundred rods from the site on which the hero had built his houses and the stockade around them, as a place of refuge for the then harassed inhabitants of the neighborhood, known as Fort Brady. The memorial was unveiled on the 15th day of October, in the presence of the greatest gathering of people ever seen in the Muncy Valley. The Hon. John Blair Linn, the orator of the occasion, in a foot-note to his oration, which, with much other matter relating to the monument and the day, forms the contents of a pamphlet published soon after the dedication, says:

"Meginness, in his History of the West Branch Valley, November 1st, 1856, on page 239, says: 'The people of Lycoming County cannot show a better appreciation of true patriotism than by erecting an humble slab, at least, in perpetuation of the memory of the gallant Brady. Let the sacred spot where his ashes repose be marked in this way, with a tablet, on which to inscribe the many virtues of the noble dead.' The praise for carrying out this suggestion all belongs to J. M. M. Gernerd, of Muncy, who, by days and nights of toil, has carved from Mr. Meginness' slab a cenotaph of wondrous beauty."

It may be proper to add here that I likewise soon afterwards

raised a sufficient sum to provide also the "humble slab," of granite, which now marks the spot, at Hartley Hall, three miles northeast of Muncy, where the ashes of the hero repose

This was not my first monument venture. Thirteen years previous I had raised money for the erection of a Soldiers' Monument—one of the first, if not the first raised in Pennsylvania, to the memory of the defenders of the Union—by means of a gift-concert, a method of raising money not then so unfavorably regarded as now. The ladies of Muncy had by festivals and dramatic entertainments already raised about $500, when I announced the scheme of selling 10,000 tickets at $1 each, and proposed to give to the ticket-holders $8,000 in pianos, organs, music boxes, spy-glasses, microscopes, etc., and $2,000 to the monument fund. The undertaking was a success. The cause was unselfish, appealed to the patriotism of the people, and the scheme was endorsed by the best citizens. But times have changed, the people have changed, I have changed, and the laws have been changed, and there are now well-understood reasons why all such chance operations should be discouraged, no matter how honestly conducted, nor what the object may be. The money raised was put out at 7 per centum per annum interest, until the fund amounted to $3,000. In 1869 the beautiful marble monument in the Muncy Cemetery was dedicated. Seventy-one names of the gallant boys—many of them companions of mine in my boyhood—who went to the war from this neighborhood, and fell in battle or died in hospitals, are enrolled on the four sides of the dado supporting the shaft, and the bodies of nineteen of the number are mouldering back to earth around its base.

At the age of 13 I began to make a collection of curiosities—rare, and not rare, just as happened—and in time had a museum that I valued highly, if no one else did, consisting of fossils, minerals, insects, Indian relics, and various other objects. This became a rather serious and expensive hobby. Making collections of little practical benefit, either to the collector or to the public, or to science, more from a kind of craze, or selfish gratification of personal taste, often to the neglect of business and the duties of

life and family, and often, too, to the annoyance of people who have chanced to find a few relics, is not an uncommon thing, as examples of such importunate hobbyhorsical relic-hunters may be found in almost every community. To tell the truth, I was one of them. A witty writer has said that, "Modesty is only egotism turned wrong-side out." My kindred must not think this is too much of the wrong side out. Not having the time required, nor the means and knowledge to make good collections of so many kinds of objects, I finally devoted my recreation hours to gathering such imperishable things as stone axes, arrow points, celts, gorgets, pestels, drills, pipes, pottery fragments that the aborigines have left scattered over the soil on which they hunted, fished, ate, slept, played, danced, loved, hated and fought, precisely as our own untutored ancestors did in ancient Brittannia, Germania and Gallia; and as many even in the civilized world are now practically doing, with hardly a better conception or greater enjoyment of intellectual life. Of one thing well informed people are now generally well convinced, and that is, that the red man is by nature just as good, is, under equal conditions, just as capable of civilization, and is as truly made in the Divine Likeness, as the white man. As to the collection of Indian relics, Meginness, the eagle of historians of this section, thought it worthy of notice, and in his revised History of the West Branch Valley, 1889, said:

"The largest assortment, consisting of about 7,000 specimens, is found in the magnificent collection of J. M. M. Gernerd, of the borough of Muncy. His museum is methodically arranged and carefully classified, so that those who have any taste for examining and studying the rude and peculiar handiwork of a race now extinct in this part of the country, can go there and spend an hour or two in it with profit. The proprietor, who is a gentleman of intelligence and culture, always takes pleasure in explaining the curiosities. Many friends have assisted him in making the collection, by contributing articles found by them at various times, because they knew that he not only appreciated, but greatly prized such contributions, and would label and place them where they could be seen and studied. His collection of spear and arrow heads is very full. These implements were fashioned in many styles by the manufacturers, which show that they possessed some

definite idea as to what they were doing in their rude workshops. The study of these relics alone affords a pleasant and profitable pastime. His collection of gorgets, pestels, sinkers, gouges, stone axes, tomahawks, pipes, and ceremonial weapons, is also very large and many of the specimens are exceedingly rare and valuable."

When the Confederate army attempted, in 1862, and again in 1863, to change the seat of war to northern soil, the people of the North more fully realized the desperate valor of the Southern people, the supreme danger of disunion, and the necessity of prompt action to turn back the invaders. They, who were then old enough to remember the real situation, can alone understand the spirit and excitement that moved like a great and irresistible tidal wave over the Northern States. It was a day of dark forebodings. I was confident, as many were, that if whipping the South was more than a breakfast spell, it would soon at least end in a noon-spell. But two months later many who were so sanguine were fearfully alarmed and felt impelled to hasten away as militia to help drive back the invaders. I belonged to the 14th Pennsylvania Emergency. When we got near the front things began to look terribly warlike. We lay in line of battle for a number of days. Fortunately for the undrilled and awkward (but not ragged) militia, however, the out-flanked, but gallant battle-scarred Army of the Potomac, was soon on hand to cope with the emboldened Army of Northern Virginia on the fields of Antietam and Sharpsburg, September 16 and 17, and our erring brothers of the South were persuaded that the prudent move for them to make was to skip back across the Potomac into Old Virginia. But they went rather deliberately, as if they thought they had come North rather late in the summer to have a good time, and concluded to defer their visit until another season. And earlier the next summer they came. McClellan with his superior force might have won a very decisive victory at Antietam, but in justice to him it must be said that there was want of concert on the part of some of the corps commanders, and that the attacks on the Confederate positions were not made promptly and simultaneously as he had

ordered. And yet many think that had McClellan vigorously renewed the struggle the morning after the battle, he could have destroyed the rebel army. Perhaps! McClellan, it is insisted, had decided to renew the fight, but he found his heavy guns almost without ammunition, and that 10,000 of his troops were stragglers among the hills. But I must not forget the militia. McClellan sent a letter of thanks to the Governor of Pennsylvania for calling them out. Though they did not share in the fighting, he said the moral support they rendered *"was none the less mighty."* I always shall thank McClellan for these kind and mighty words.

While the 14th P. V. M. was encamped in a piece of woodland between Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, in advance of the other regiments of our division, a scout rode up to our Colonel one day and said that a strong body of rebel cavalry had the preceding night approached our camp and appeared to contemplate paying us a visit, and cautioned him to be on the alert, as he might be attacked at almost any moment. Shortly after the regiment was given a lesson on the formation of a hollow square, right across the road on which the cavalry was expected to come, and each company was instructed as to the position it was promptly to take in case of alarm. It was already dark when the companies scattered to their camping grounds and stacked their arms, forming a long line in the woods, and fires were lit and the men began to make coffee and open their haversacks. The pickets were on at their posts ready to give instant warning in case of any ill-disposed visitors. The scene under the overhanging foliage of the trees, the long line of stacked guns, and the busy campers, as seen by the light of many fires, was new, strange and novel to most of the men, as there were but few who had seen service. We soon felt at ease, ready to enjoy a quiet and restful night. Bang! went off a gun in the direction of the enemy. Then another! "Fall in!" "Fall in!" the command ran quickly along the line. In an instant all was commotion, every man rushing to the stack that contained his gun. I remember seeing one man near me so confused that he could not think where he had stacked his, and in his awkward flurry to find it got in the way of the biggest man in the regiment,



IRWIN FRANKLIN FENSTERMACHER5,
COPLAY, PA.

who was himself so madly excited and full of fight that he gave his poor bewildered comrade a kick that sent him flying nearly a rod. The scene for a few moments was one of terror, but of unflinching determination, and would have been a grand subject for a great painting. Quicker than I relate this soul-stirring incident the men were all in their proper places, and the hollow square was again formed. It is wonderful how quick men can act and do the right thing when under the spur of intense excitement. But not another sound did we hear, and by and by the very silence became painful and ominous. Did the Johnnies know that we were ready to receive them, and would they now wait until we were all alseep? I will merely add that we lay there on our arms under the pressure of suspense and uncertainty until morning, and then filed back to our places and—eat our breakfast. We had another such a fright a night or two after, when with other regiments of militia we were arrayed in line of battle to guard the road leading from Hagerstown to the Potomac, but the Boys in Gray then also failed to come, and some of us were "mighty" glad—that—the moral support we rendered was so "mighty!"

In June, 1863, Lee, with a greater army and still greater confidence, again crossed the Potomac to invade the North, and great was the terror he again inspired, especially in Pennsylvania. Again I enlisted, for three months, in the 37th Pa. V. M.—again was honorably discharged, again never once heard the song of a rebel bullet, and again the militia rendered a "mighty" service. The campaign of Gettysburg, as now termed, covered a great extent of territory, from the Potomac as far north as Harrisburg, and from the Susquehanna River down through the Cumberland Valley. Lee had his deliberately formed plans, and it was now the business of the Union generals to find out what they were, and when and where to strike and checkmate him. The duty of the militia was again to stand guard at certain points along the border and support the main army. Forty years have since come and gone, yet how vividly some of the sights then seen come to mind while writing of that trying period. As the 37th drew near where it first was placed on duty a body of rebel pris-

oners, who were being marched to the rear for safety, were halted on the side of the road to allow us to pass. They were a rough, dirty, defiant lot, and never can I forget the contemptuous manner in which they regarded, or pretended to regard, us militiamen. They sneeringly taunted us with such remarks as, "Say, Yanks, where are you-uns going with them guns?" "What are you-uns going to shoot?" "Give us a lock of your hair to take back to the gals you-uns left behind!" "Bobby Lee will soon be around after you-uns." Some of us wondered what the consequence would be when we came into contact with an army of such irrepressibles with guns in hand and plenty of ammunition. The brave boys of the Army of the Potomac knew what the fearful result was on the 1st, 2d and 3d days of July, at Gettysburg. And the not less valorous Confederates will never forget either what happened to them, as the tide of war was there turned against them, never to ebb back again.

VII. SOLOMON GERNERT[3], b. Feb. 20, 1817; m. Annie M. Eisenhart, April 20, 1840. He d. April 22, 1887; she d. June 10, 1896, and both are buried at Jonestown, Lebanon County, Pa. Ten children:

1. Joseph H. Gernert[4], b. Jan. 24, 1841; m. Elizabeth Mohn, of Annville, Pa., Sept. 2, 1865; o. farmer; r. Myerstown, Pa. Ten children:
 - *i. Harrison Moses G.*[5], b. Sept. 4, 1867; m. Emma Pfautz, Sept. 9, 1896.
 - *ii. Mary Ellen G.*[5], b. March 25, 1869; m. Amos Conrad Rabel, of Annville, Pa., Dec. 20, 1890. Children: Miles Walter[6], b. Oct. 9, 1891; Stella Elizabeth[6], b. Feb. 19, 1895; Warren Joseph[6], b. Jan, 9, 1898.
 - *iii. Albert William*[5], b. Feb. 27, 1871; m. Lizzie T. Brown, June 6, 1895. He graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College, of Philadelphia, May 2, 1895, and soon after commenced the practice of his profession at Myerstown, Pa.
 - *iv. Priscilla Judy*[5], b. July 29, 1873; d. Dec. 18, 1874.
 - *v. Calvin Joseph*[5], b. July 22, 1875; d. in infancy.



SOLOMON GERNERT[3], JONESTOWN, PA.
1817-1887.

vi. Cora Jennie[5], b. July 29, 1876.

vii. Harvey John[5], b. Sept. 10, 1878; m. Mary Ulrich, of Myerstown, June 2, 1900.

viii. Joseph Adam[5], b. July 18, 1880.

ix. William Arthur[5], b. May 13, 1882.

x. John Adam[5], b. June 22, 1884.

2. Hiram Gernert[4], b. Nov. 16, 1842; m. Lucinda Kirst, of Fredericksburg, Pa., Jan. 10, 1867; o. saddler and farmer; r. near Cloud Chief, Oklahoma. Three children:

i. Revere Kirst[5], b. March 4, 1872; m. Nov. 25, 1897. One daughter: Esther Ulrich[6], b. Oct. 11, 1899.

ii. Lena Florence[5], b. Nov. 14, 1876.

iii. Walter Byron[5], b. Sept. 2, 1881.

3. Susanna Gernert[4], b. Sept. 1, 1844; m. George W. Hassinger, of Reading, Pa., Sept. 22, 1872. Mr. H. d. Nov. 18, 1900. Two children:

i. Elkwood Solomon[5], b. Nov. 11, 1873; m. Flora Ethel Glaze, Sept. 10, 1901. He is head book-keeper in the Second National Bank, of Reading. Became identified with the institution when 18 years old, directly after graduating from the Reading High School.

ii. Walker Byron[5], b. March 17, 1876; d. Oct. 18, 1880.

4. Helen Gernert[4], b. Sept. 8, 1846; m. Dr. William Grumbein, of Lebanon, Pa., Nov. 4, 1880. The Dr. d. Oct. 28, 1884. She d. Sept. 22, 1901. No issue.

5. Francis Gernert[4], b. Dec. 26, 1847. Went West many years ago and has never been heard from. Is believed to be dead.

6. Solomon Sylvester Gernert[4], b. Oct. 20, 1850; m. Emily Elizabeth Trexler, of Breinigsville, Pa., Feb. 8, 1876; o. tinman and roofer; r. Reading, Pa. Eleven children: Irwin Jonas[5], b. Sept. 15, 1877; Herbert Solomon[5], b. Nov. 15, 1879; Arthur James Garfield[5], b. July 26, 1881; Clarence Stillman[5], b. April 26, 1883; Chester Francis[5], b. May 24, 1884; Jennie Leah[5], b. April 4, 1886; Ralph Clinton[5], b. Dec. 28, 1887; Leroy Trexler[5], b. Feb. 17, 1891—d. in infancy; Raymond Sylvester[5], b. Aug. 14, 1893; Stanley Norman[5], b. March 21, 1895; Emily Elizabeth[5], b. July 25, 1901—d. in infancy.

7. George Albert G.[4], b. March 26, 1853; d. in infancy.

8. Elias G.[4], b. Nov. 24, 1855; d. Aug. 4, 1860.

9. Milton J. Gernert[4], b. Jan. 24, 1858; m. Miss Lizzie Moore, of Huntingdon, Pa., March 24, 1897; r. Huntingdon; o. hardware business. Children: Ruth[5], b. June, 1899, and d. in August; Mary May[5], b. April 14, 1901.

10. Jeremiah Gernert[4], b. March 23, 1860; m. Emma L. Spatz, June 29, 1895; r. Denver, Lancaster County. One child: Eugene Bryan[5], b. Aug. 2, 1898.

VIII. HENRY GERNERT[3], b. Nov. 6, 1818; m. Phoebe Eisenhart, a sister of his brother Solomon's wife, Feb. 18, 1841. He d. Nov. 1, 1860, and she d. Dec. 31, 1860. Eight children:

1. Matthias Gernert[4], b. Aug. 19, 1841; m. Miss Mary Lichenwallner, Feb. 16, 1864; o. Vet. Surgeon; r. Ono, Pa. Served one year during the Civil War as a member of Co. F, Fourth Penn'a Cavalry. Was discharged in 1862. As he was in some big fights, I am sorry I did not have an opportunity to interview him. Eight children: Walter S., John M., Henry, Minnie, Elizabeth, Ida, Laura, Annie.

2. Aaron Gernert[4], b. Oct. 12, 1842; m. Miss Mary E. Keim, of Grantville, Pa., Sept. 2, 1865; r. Lickdale, Pa.; o. keeping hotel, farming, and dealing in cattle. Five children:

 i. Elmer H. G.[5], b. July 25, 1867; d. Oct. 12, 1868.

 ii. Grant E. G.[5], b. Dec. 28, 1869; m. Ida Ulrich, Dec. 25, 1890.

 iii. Ellen B. G.[5], b. March 24, 1871; m. William Sherk. She d. Jan. 18, 1893.

 iv. Sallie A. G.[5], b. Dec. 7, 1873; m. Harry Raber, of Lickdale, Pa., Nov. 11, 1893. One son: Paul Stanley Raber[6].

 v. Grace T. G.[5], b. Dec. 31, 1880; d. Jan. 4, 1893.

3. Anna Maria Gernert[4], b. Oct. 28, 1845; m. John Bomgardner, Oct. 18, 1866; r. Palmyra, Pa. Eight children:

 i. Phoebe Rebecca B.[5], b. July 24, 1867; m.× Ramler, Sept. 1, 1888.

 ii. George Eugene B.[5], b. June 26, 1869; m.× Jan. 17, 1893.

 iii. John B.[5], b. Jan. 20, 1872; m.× May 12, 1895.

iv. Claudius Alonzo B.[5], b. April 1, 1874; m.× May 19, 1890.

v. Miles Abner B.[5], b. April 11, 1877; m.× Feb. 16, 1897.

vi. Mary Elizabeth B.[5], b. Aug. 18, 1879.

vii. Caroline May B.[5], b. Oct. 20, 1883.

viii. Anna Dora B.[5], b. Aug. 15, 1887.

4. John Henry G.[4], b. Nov. 16, 1847; d. young.

5. Caroline Gernert[5], b. May 18, 1849; m. Samuel Kreider, March 17, 1870; r. Ono, Lebanon County, Pa. Eleven children:

i., ii. Elmer K.[5] *and Lillie K.*[5], twins, b. Nov. 13, 1870; both d. in infancy.

iii. Clinton K.[5], b. Feb. 8, 1872; m. Annie Fagen, April 19, 1898; r. Lebanon, Pa. Children: Edna Caroline K.[6], b. Oct. 7, 1899; Olive Sarah K.[6], b. Jan. 2, 1901.

iv. Cora K.[5], b. Dec. 31, 1873; m. Amos T. Ritter, Oct. 1, 1872; r. Jonestown, Pa. One daughter: Edna May R.[6], b. June 23, 1895.

v. Mary K.[5], b. Aug. 16, 1876.

vi. Harry K.[5], b. Jan. 4, 1879.

vii. John K.[5], b. June 2, 1881.

viii. Morris K.[5], b. Sept. 4, 1883—d. Feb. 24, 1901.

ix., x. Sallie K.[5] *and Edward K.*[5], twins, b. Dec. 11, 1886; Edward d. in infancy.

xi. Mabel K.[5], b. Nov. 11, 1890.

6. Sarah Anna Catharine Gernert[4], b. April 5, 1852; m. Daniel K. Laudermilch, of Lebanon, Pa., April 18, 1872. Three children:

i. Henry Gernert L.[5], b. June 25, 1873.

ii. Paul Raymond L.[5], b. Sept. 11, 1877.

iii. Mabel Virginia L.[5], b. Nov. 19, 1879.

7. George Alfred Gernert[4], b. Aug. 26, 1856; m. Miss Mary Ann Bishop, May 8, 1875; o. contractor; r. Lebanon, Pa. Four children:

i. Albert George Garnert[5], b. Aug. 25, 1876; m. Maggie R. Peifer, June 24, 1895. One daughter: Rebecca Ruth Garnert[6], b. March 13, 1900.

ii. Phoebe R. Garnert[5], b. March 27, 1878; m. L. Long, Oct. 20, 1894. Child: Jenny[6], b. March 25, 1895.

iii. Clara E. Garnert[5], b. Oct. 17, 1881; m. C. M. Trox, Jan. 24, 1898. Children: Albert Malon[6], b. June 2, 1898; Hannah Susan[6], b. June 24, 1900.

iv. Cora Emma Garnert[5], b. Jan. 12, 1883. Deceased.

8. Eliza Gernert[4], b. Dec. 25, 1860; d. in childhood.

IX. WILLIAM GERNERT[3], b. Jan. 30, 1821; m. first, Elizabeth Gross, June 16, 1844; she d. Oct. 30, 1860; m. second, Saloma Gross, May 27, 1862; o. harness-maker and farmer. Now retired and living in Allentown, Pa. Twelve children—the same number that his own parents had:

1. Emena Catharine Gernerd[4], b. Jan. 15, 1845; m. Charles Krauss, Nov. 16, 1866. She d. at Allentown, Pa., April 30, 1896. No issue.

2. Simon Franklin G.[4], b. Aug. 19, 1846; d. June 16, 1851.

3. Mary Ann G.[4], b. Dec. 30, 1847; m. Allen F. Stronninger, of Allentown, Pa., Sept. 8, 1879. No issue.

4. James William Gernerd[4], b. March 16, 1849; m. Catharine Miller, of Alburtis, Pa., July 30, 1871. He d. Feb. 25, 1896. Was for many years Sunday School Superintendent, and Principal of the Alburtis public schools. His favorite pastime was the study of natural history, was a skilled taxidermist, and had made a very fine collection of stuffed birds and small animals, birds' eggs and nests, minerals, etc. Died a Lutheran, but I remember his saying that too much account was still being made of some things in his church, not essential in religion. Seven children:

i. Ernest William Gernerd[5], b. Oct. 30, 1872; m. Miss Carrie Sprout, of Muncy, Pa., Sept. 12, 1895; r. Williamsport, Pa.; o. merchant tailor. One child: Alice Kathryn[6], b. Oct. 26, 1901.

ii. Carrie Elsie G.[5], b. April 3, 1875; m. Orange Frantz, of Emaus, Pa., Nov. 2, 1895; d. May 18, 1898. One son: Charles Lovene Frantz[6], b. Jan. 31, 1896.

iii. Gertrude Grace G.[5], b. March 28, 1878.



JAMES W. GERNERD, ALBURTIS, PA.
1849-1896.



WILLIAM GERNERT[3], ALLENTOWN, PA.

iv. Irwin James G.[5], b. July 14, 1880; m. Bertha Siefert, July 26, 1902; r. Bethlehem, Pa.; o. ribbon weaver in a silk mill.

v. Alma Victoria G.[5], b. Oct. 15, 1883.

vi. Harry Martin G.[5], b. Jan. 26, 1889; d. Aug. 1, 1891.

vii. Millie Florence G.[5], b. June 2, 1891.

5. Daniel Lewis G.[4], b. Nov. 23, 1850; d. May 28, 1852.

6. John Henry G.[4], b. July 11, 1852; d. Aug. 23, 1853.

7. Milton Jonas Gernerd[4], b. June 29, 1854; m. Sarah Smith, June 13, 1874; r. Allentown, Pa.; o. salesman. Children:

i. Eva Estella G.[5], b. Oct. 20, 1875; d. July 13, 1899.

ii., iii. Anna Eliza G.[5] *and Sallie Elizabeth G.*[5], twins, b. April 13, 1899.

8. Ann Elizabeth G.[4], b. Oct. 14, 1855; m. William F. Fenstermacher, Jan. 29, 1880; r. Coplay, Pa. Four children:

i. Harry Willis F.[5], b. Sept. 7, 1881; d. July 29, 1890.

ii. Charles William F.[5], b. Aug. 24, 1892.

iii. Robert Daniel F.[5], b. March 12, 1894; d. Aug. 24, 1894.

iv. Irwin Franklin F.[5], b. Aug. 13, 1896. [The portrait of Master Irwin F. F. in this history was made from a picture taken of him when he was still under four years of age. He then had his own conception of *posing*, of assuming an attitude to produce an effect, or to display his taste, and insisted that he would "fix" himself, remarking as he did so, "I want to sit just as my papa sits when he is lazy." But his prosperous papa has too much energy to merit the stricture.]

9. Ellen Fianna G.[4], b. Jan. 6, 1857; m. Jeremiah Klotz, of Allentown, Pa., Sept. 27, 1890. He d. April 29, 1896, and she d. Sept. 12, 1896; n. c.

10. Sarah Jane G.[4], b. Jan. 8, 1859; m. Henry W. Frey, March 6, 1886; r. Allentown, Pa. He d. July 4, 1891. Three children:

i. Annie Edna Frey[5], b. Dec. 20, 1886.

ii. Esther Sallie E. F.[5], b. April 24, 1888.

iii. Helen Winifred F.[5], b. Oct. 22, 1891.

11. Charles Peter Gernerd[4], b. Sept. 28, 1860; m. Sarah Acquilla Sell, of Slatington, Pa., Aug. 29, 1885; r. Coplay, Pa.; o. employed in cement works. Four children: George Peter G.[5], b. April 27, 1886; Herbert William G.[5], b. July 5, 1887; Lizzie Sarah Ann G.[5], b. Dec. 17, 1890; Helen Jane G.[5], b. March 7, 1897—d. May 20, 1897.

12. Magdalena Almaretta G.[4], b. Jan. 5, 1864; daughter by second wife; m. George Wieand, Sept. 19, 1885; r. Seigersville, Pa.; n. c.

X. JOHN GERNERT[3], b. Nov. 7, 1822; m. Hannah Straub, Feb. 27, 1845; o. farmer and cattle dealer. Lived all his life almost within sight of his place of birth, at Breinigsville, Pa. His wife d. March 31, 1890. His daughter, Hannah, remained at home and kept house for him until his death, Dec. 2, 1900. Had eight children:

1. Milton Gernert[4], b. Aug. 19, 1845; d. Oct. 11, 1856. This manly and handsome boy I remember well. His was a shocking death. While helping his father drive a herd of cattle to market he rode an immense and docile ox that was the leader of the drove. Thoughtlessly, and boylike, he tied the rope around his body, the other end of which was fastened to the horns of the trusted ox. The cattle took fright, and a sudden stampede was the result. The poor, trusting boy was thrown to the ground and dragged and trampled to death.

2. Louisa Gernert[4], b. Sept. 2, 1847; m. Henry Scheridan, March 26, 1881; r. Breinigsville, Pa. Four children: Beulah[5], b. Jan. 13, 1882—d. in infancy; Willie Clarence[5], b. March 20, 1883; Edna Louisa[5], b. Jan. 18, 1884; Warren John[5], b. Nov. 17, 1889—d. Feb. 11, 1890.

3. Amelia Gernert[4], b. March 5, 1850; m. Edwin B. Schmoyer, Feb. 20, 1883; r. Breinigsville, Pa. One son: John Thomas S.[5], b. March 24, 1884.

4. Maria Gernert[4], b. Oct. 5, 1852; m. Henry Bloch, Jan. 13, 1881; r. Reading, Pa. Four children: Frederick B.[5], b. May 2, 1883; Herbert B.[5], b. July 26, 1885; Hannah B.[5], b. Oct. 15, 1887—deceased; Estella B.[5], b. Feb. 23, 1889.

5. Hannah Gernert[4], b. April 19, 1856.



JOHN GERNERT[3], BREINIGSVILLE, PA.
1822-1900.



BENJAMIN GERNERT[3], ALLENTOWN, PA.

7. Albert Strauss Gernert[4], b. July 8, 1859; m. Annie Rebecca Muse, Sept. 24, 1885; r. Kutztown, Pa.; o. hotel keeper. Children: Hannah Mabel[5], b. June 22, 1888; John Arthur[5], b. April 16, 1890; Homer Albert[5], b. Oct. 27, 1891; Warren Raymond[5], b. Jan. 4, 1901.

8. Morris Gernert[4], b. Feb. 6, 1864; m. Miss Carrie Corner; r. Bellevue, Ohio; o. merchant tailor.

XI. BENJAMIN GERMAN GERNERT[3], b. July 30, 1825; m. first, Caroline Gackenbach, May 8, 1849; she d. June 22, 1862; m. second, Lucetta Sarah Eisenhart, Feb. 21, 1863; r. Allentown, Pa.; o. stone mason. Five children:

1. Catharine Martha Gernert[4], b. Sept. 27, 1849; d. Jan. 3, 1869.

2. Isabella Eleanor Gernert[4], b. Oct. 30, 1851; m.× Leaser, January, 1873; d. September, 1890. One son: Harry Leaser[5], b. Sept. 11, 1873.

3. Selden Morris S. Gernert[4], b. May 27, 1864; m. Ellen C. Butz, March 22, 1892; r. Allentown, Pa.; o. machinist. When last heard of was in the employ of the Bethlehem Steel Co., running a 72-inch lathe and working on 12-inch guns for the government. This work requires an expert, as the steel is worked to the one-thousandth part of an inch. Has children: Naomi G.[5], b. Aug. 29, 1895; Wilmer Lewis G.[5], b. April 15, 1897.

4. Addie Lora Manerva Gernert[4], b. March 28, 1871.

5. Alvertie Carthagina Gernert[4], b. Sept. 5, 1873. Alvertie's days of this life were ended, Thursday evening, March 27, 1902, by a most painful accident. When about to retire the evening before, she attempted to extinguish the light of a large kerosene hanging lamp, which, more than two-thirds full of oil exploded, instantly covering her with the fluid and enveloping her in flames. Her mother, who was in the next room, rushed to her rescue, and desperately but vainly tried to extinguish the flames with a rug. Her sister Addie, who had gone up stairs, hearing the explosion and the cries of her sister, flew down the steps and at a glance comprehended the situation, instanly grasped a strip of carpet and tried to help her mother. Her aged father quickly fol-

lowed and ran to the hydrant for water. A neighbor hearing the cries of distress, leaped over the fence of the back yard and assisted in quenching the flames that were spreading all over the room, and tried to help alleviate poor Alvertie's distress. But the unfortunate girl was frightfully and hopelessly burned. The family physician, instantly summoned, came in haste and did everything that could be done to relieve her, but the burned surface of her body was too large to admit of recuperation, and death came within twenty-four hours as the only possible relief from her intense sufferings. Alvertie was a bright, lovely and interesting girl, a graduate of the Allentown High School, and was a popular and aspiring teacher of one of the advanced primary schools of the city. She took a lively interest in this proposed Family History, was anxious to assist me as far as she was able, and wrote me several beautful and encouraging letters, never dreaming that it would contain this record of her mournful and premature end.

XII. REUBEN GERNERT[3], b. April 17, 1827; m. Eliza Hinkle, July 3, 1849. He d. July 27, 1875. She d. May 30, 1894. They kept the Central Hotel, at Easton, Pa., for a period of three years, and finding themselves well suited to the business of entertaining the public, agreeably as well as profitably, they in 1872 purchased the "Cross Keys Hotel" in Allentown, a house that was very popular with the farmers of that section, and long had the greater share of their patronage, as well as a goodly share of the support of the traveling public. They were successful in their venture, and though he was but forty-eight years old at the time of his death, he left the family in comfortable circumstances. The hotel was managed by his wife and children with continued success until 1887. The children:

1. Revere Gernert[4], b. Aug. 3, 1850; m. Mary Schmoyer, Dec. 7, 1889; n. c.; r. Allentown, Pa.
2. Emma C. Gernert[4], b. Aug. 24, 1852.
3. Alice Amanda G.[4], b. Sept. 23, 1854; m. Abraham Stuckert, Nov. 2, 1876. She died March 12, 1903, of an attack of heart sickness, occurring on the streets of Allentown, while on her way home from making calls on her brothers,



REUBEN GERNERT[3], ALLENTOWN, PA.
1827–1875.

who reside a number of squares from her residence. She was near the office of her physician, and called to some persons she saw to ring the Doctor's bell. She was immediately taken to the office, but all the efforts to resuscitate her proved of no avail, and she soon ceased to breathe. Had two children:

i. Emily Stuckert[5], b. Aug. 23, 1877; m. Harry W. Kress, Oct. 18, 1898.

ii. Benjamin H. Stuckert[5], b. March 12, 1879. Graduated in Dentistry from the University of Pennsylvania, June 14, 1899.

4. Oliver H. Gernert[4], b. Nov. 20, 1863; m. Miss Laura Brown, of Reading, June 12, 1892. Is treasurer of the Lyric theatre, of Allentown, Pa.

VI.

CATHARINE FOGELMAN BRANCH.

Catharine and her twin sister, Margaret Litchard, were born February 18, 1783, and were therefore but twelve years old when Heinrich, in 1795, sold the Northampton County home, and were aged twenty-two when he, in 1805, bought the Sinking Spring property. She married Peter Fogelman in 1805, and some time afterward settled with him on a fertile and pleasantly located farm on the bank of the Susquehanna River, about two and one-half miles west of the Springs. The Fogelman family had migrated from the same eastern section of the state a little earlier, and it is believed they and Heinrich's family had been acquaintances, possibly neighbors, before migrating to the Susquehanna Valley. Peter, in 1820, acquired the title to the land on which he had settled. The place is now owned by two of his grandsons, Thomas and Simon, sons of John (3), both of whom were born years after their grandparents died, and have no personal recollections of them and their day.

The house in which Catharine and Peter lived all the rest of their days, and where all their children were born, stood a num-

ber of rods from the bank of the river, and after standing there securely for more than a generation, although for several years not any longer occupied as a dwelling, was swept away, and also the barn and all the outbuildings, by the great flood of March, 1865—the greatest and most destructive inundation to that time known to the inhabitants of the West Branch Valley of the Susquehanna. It is known as "Saint Patrick's Day Flood," because it occurred on that saint's day. For several days the weather had been quite warm, melting the large quantity of snow rapidly, and then came a very heavy rain, which suddenly converted the numerous tributary streams into torrents, and the river into a devastating and terrifying deluge. Such a furious flood having never been known, the inhabitants along the river could not realize their danger until it was too late, or much more of their personal effects might have been saved. The highest known of the previous floods was the freshet of 1847, which was a number of feet lower. The large brick house now on the farm was built in 1860 by John Fogelman (3), and was also, therefore, in the track of the great inundation of '65, but of this more by and by.

Catharine Fogelman died September 3, 1840, and Peter followed and was laid beside her in the Delaware Run churchyard, October 31, 1848. In the accompanying illustration of the church and yard the tallest rounded-top headstone near the horse shed marks his grave, and the first or next low stone between him and the church indicates the resting place of Catharine. Here they rest in undisturbed repose, neither rejoicing nor grieving with their posterity and kindred in their life-struggles, while waiting for that summons which the Prophet declares all in their graves shall hear, and then shall come forth. They had five children. The children have in turn become the heads of numerous families, many of whom still live near, or within a day's drive of the old Heinrich and Fogelman homes. Though not the largest branch of the Gernhardt Family, yet one of Catharine's descendants, writing from Iowa, said: "Gernerd, if you succeed in getting the names and records of all the Fogelman's, you will have a big book." The following record of the Fogelman subdivision probably in-

cludes nearly all—some late additions may not be reported—and comprises 5 children, 41 grandchildren, 126 great-grandchildren, 59 great-great-grandchildren, and 8 great-great-great-grandchildren, making a grand total of 239 souls— to which the consorts of the married are, of course, yet to be added:

I. MARY FOGELMAN[3], b. April 8, 1806; m. Henry Mosteller, of Monroe County, Pa., in 1837, and soon thereafter settled on a farm at Quaker Hill, in Eldred Township, Lycoming County, Pa. Henry cleared most of the land, and did a great deal of weaving in connection with farming. The conveniences of farming and adjuncts of domestic life upwards of sixty years ago were still few and simple compared with our day. He became one of the most prosperous farmers in his township. She died April 3, 1852, and he survived her until May 27, 1886. Had eight children:

1. JACOB FOGELMAN[4], b. March 7, 1831; m. Miss Phoebe Matthas, March, 1851; she d. in October, 1903; r. Eldred Township; o. grain thresher for nearly forty years, first with the old lever-power, then treadle-power, and in later years with a steam thresher. Has six children, ten grandchildren, and at this date has more great-grandchildren, representing the seventh generation of Heinrich Gernhardt's descendants, than any member of the family, as follows:

 i. Hiram Washington Fogelman[5], b. Jan. 17, 1852; m. Miss Carrie E. Campbell, Jan. 28, 1873; r. Eldred Township. Had:

 a. Hattie F.[6], b. Oct. 30, 1873; m. Daniel Newcomer, Dec. 23, 1890; r. Eldred Township. Seven children—of the seventh generation: Edward, b. Oct. 2, 1891; Arthur, b. April 7, 1893; Myrtle, b. June 6, 1895—d. Sept. 10, 1896; Glen, b. Oct. 4, 1896; Pearl, b. March 11, 1898; Ochen, b. Dec. 1, 1899; Anson Lee, b. Dec. 1, 1902.

 b. Lettie E. F.[6], b. July 24, 1876.

 c. Harry C. F.[6], b. Sept. 22, 1889.

 d. Lee F.[6], b. July 14, 1893.

 ii. Catharine Fogelman[5], b. May 5, 1853; m. A. H. Snyder, in 1875; r. Williamsport, Pa.

iii. William Henry Fogelman[5], b. Oct. 20, 1856; m. Miss Clara Belle Southard, March 3, 1881; r. Loyalsock Township, Lycoming County, Pa.; o. farmer and butcher. Four children:

a. Cora May F.[6], b. April 4, 1882; m. Asher Willson, Dec. 12, 1901. One daughter: Teresa Helen W.[7], b. May 1, 1903.

b. Neva Pearl F.[6], b. March 21, 1886.

c. Frank Southard F.[6], b. July 20, 1888.

d. Arthur James F.[6], b. April 15, 1890.

iv. Sarah Jane F.[5], b. Nov. 22, 1858; m. James Winder; r. Williamsport, Pa.; n. c.

v. Harriet E. F.[5], b. Feb. 8, 1860; m. John Lentz; she d. at Warrensville, Pa. One daughter: Phœbe Lentz[6], b. January, 1882.

vi. Franklin Fogleman[5], b. March 14, 1867; d. Sept. 7, 1867.

2. Sarah Jane Mosteller[4], b. March 8, 1838; d. single, July 11, 1858.

3. Joshua David Mosteller[4], b. Jan. 4, 1841; m. Miss Elizabeth Wilkerson, Jan. 10, 1862. He d. Sept. 28, 1881. Were parents of five children:

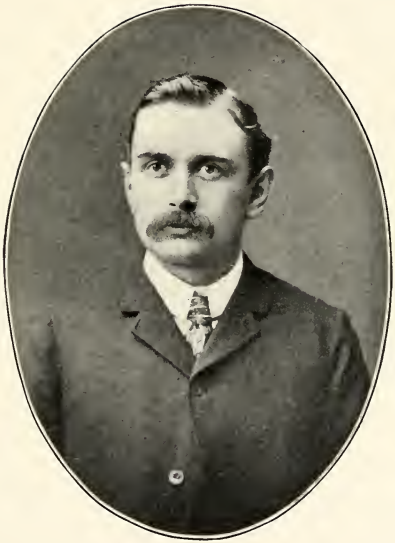
i. Clara W. M.[5], b. June 20, 1862; m. George Loudenslager, March 1, 1887; r. Williamsport, Pa. Six children: Alvin Oscar L.[6], b. Jan. 10, 1888; Joy Emerson L.[6], b. Oct. 14, 1890; Flossie Belle L.[6], b. Aug. 9, 1892; Minnie May L.[6], b. Nov. 26, 1894; H. Leroy L.[6], b. May 13, 1899; Larry Royal L.[6], b. Feb. 16, 1901.

ii. Herman W. Mosteller[5], b. May 7, 1867; m. Miss Martha Agnes Bretzman, Sept. 2, 1886; r. Williamsport, Pa. Two children: Jesse M.[6], b. Aug. 18, 1887; Harry Raymond M.[6], b. Dec. 3, 1890.

iii. Anna Matilda M.[5], b. Oct. 11, 1871; m. James Southerland; r. Germantown, Pa.

iv. Oscar John Mosteller[5], b. Dec. 6, 1872; m. Clara Seitzer, June 27, 1899; r. Williamsport, Pa. One daughter: Esther Elizabeth[6], b. April 13, 1903.

v. Estella Effie M.[5], b. Dec. 23, 1874.



ERNEST W. GERNERD, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

4. William H. Mosteller[4], b. March 27, 1842; m. Miss Almira Palmer, Feb. 14, 1864; r. on Mill Creek, about two miles above Montoursville, Pa., on a farm he bought in 1871, after having lived the first seven years of his married life on the farm with his father, in Eldred Township. Is a Democrat, and has taken some interest in politics, and also in township affairs, and has served a number of terms as school director. Is parent of four children:

 i. Savillah A. M.[5], b. Oct. 11, 1864; m. Ellis Loudenslager, Jan. 20, 1886. He d. Oct. 14, 1896. One son: William Franklin L.[6], b. Jan. 13, 1887.

 ii. J. Frank Mosteller[5], b. July 23, 1870. Is farming for his father.

 iii. George A. Mosteller[5], b. Nov. 24, 1873; m. Jennie E. Newcomer, Oct. 27, 1897; r. Port Allegheny, McKean County, Pa. Has two children: Chester O. M.[6], b. Feb. 9, 1899; Rhea Myra M.[6], b. May 23, 1902.

 iv. Peter B. Mosteller[5], b. Feb. 28, 1880; d. Sept. 26, 1880.

5. Peter Franklin Mosteller[4], b. July 9, 1845; d. Oct. 20, 1868; unm.

6. Mary Catharine Mosteller[4], b. June 29, 1846; m. George Dangle. He served during the Civil War as a member of Co. C, 149th Reg't P. V. Infantry, and died March 6, 1897; r. Eldred Township. Six children:

 i. John H. Mosteller[5], b. March 10, 1865; m. May O'Brien, Dec. 25, 1888; r. Blackie, Buchanan County, Va. Two children: Roy M.[6], b. Jan. 13, 1889; Fay M.[6], b. Aug. 23, 1892.

 ii. Charles Thomas Mosteller[5]; m. Mrs. Mame Hays, July×, 1903; r. Williamsport, Pa.

 iii. Harry F. Dangle[5], b. July 1, 1877; m. Miss Lillie Swartz, Dec. 15, 1899; r. Eldred Township. Helping his mother on the farm. Two children: Reberta D.[6], b. Feb. 6, 1901; Edna May D.[6], b. May 5, 1903.

 iv. Hiram P. Dangle[5], b. Aug. 11, 1879.

 v. William G. Dangle[5], b. Nov. 19, 1883.

 vi. Elsie M. Dangle[5], b. Nov. 25, 1887.

It is rare that any one admires snakes and makes pets of them, as people admire birds and have bird-pets. Most people regard snakes with decided horror and aversion, as being only vicious, ugly, dangerous things. To some they are repulsively fascinating. That is, some agree that they are beautiful, yet also detest them, and always try to kill them if they can. The above named Hiram P. Dangle, son of Catharine Dangle, is an exception, the only one we believe of the numerous descendants of Heinrich and Rosine, and so far as we know the only one in a great section of the country. When a boy he seemed really to *love* snakes, thought they were beautiful creatures, would rather pick them up than kill them, had a passion for holding them in his hands, stroking them, carrying them about in his pockets, and for years had a lot of them for pets. At one time, when seventeen years old, he had a collection of twenty-three "tamed" snakes, representing seven different indigenous species, namely, Viper, Milk, Garter, Water, Black, Rattle and Copperhead. They were at that time of more interest to him than birds, as we learned from him and his mother, and from persons who from time to time saw him play with the uncanny things. It appears to have been more to him than a mere barren freak, however, as in the inquisitive spirit of a naturalist he found great delight in the study of their habits and dispositions, and also had the curiosity to dissect some to learn something of their internal anatomy, and to make various experiments. He and his snakes for a time attracted a great deal of attention, many people visiting his home to see him handle the uncommon pets. He took delight in exhibiting them, and telling people what he knew about them. Williamsport *Grit,* the most extensively circulated newspaper published in Northern Pennsylvania, sent a reporter to interview him, and published a long article about him, which at once made him famous.

Some people in his neighborhood insisted that he drugged his venomous snakes; others declared that he extracted their dangerous fangs before he trifled with them; and some even believed that he was a veritable Snake Charmer, possessed of some rare, inherent power; of which insinuations he did not want to hear, affirm-

ing that none of these things were true. He never but once removed a fang from a snake's mouth, and then merely for experiment. He had read that if the fangs were removed, that new ones would develop in their place. To test the matter for himself he captured a small copperhead that he did not want in his collection and pulled out one of its deadly fangs, which was as sharp as the finest needle, and true enough, in less than three months a new weapon of defense had grown in its place. He says that his power over snakes was not a secret, nor a special function, but lay wholly in the study of their disposition, in his caution, the influence of kindness, and gentle handling, never exciting their fear or anger, and largely in not having any fear himself. Anybody can handle snakes with safety if as careful and fearless as he always was. The first impulse of all the wild snakes of this region of country, he says, is to get away from you, or to lay perfectly still and let you get away from them, and if one attempts to bite it is from fear and in self-defense. A snake, especially when a captive, can soon be made sensible of kindness. And like a horse, or dog, or perhaps any known animal, a snake will soon instinctively understand when a person is afraid of it.

Once while handling a copperhead Hiram was bitten on his right hand, but he instantly and vigorously commenced sucking the wound and spitting the blood from his mouth, and did not suffer from the bite. This was the only time he was ever bitten by a venomous snake, and this he is sure would not have happened had not a bystander irritated or frightened it by imprudently poking a stick at it while he was handling it. Snakes, he contends, are not without some power of observation, some measure of intelligence, some understanding of their surroundings, though he does not rank them high in this respect. They are God's creations, and proofs of His wisdom and power, the same as all other animals, and they have their rightful place among the innumerable creatures of which He said, "Let the earth bring forth." While Hiram can say that they have, save in one instance, been to him as harmless as doves, he has never found one as wise as the one that it is said beguiled a certain woman to eat of prohibited fruit

and made her believe that she, too, would become wonderfully wise.

Hiram's parents were greatly horrified by his anomalous affection for snakes, and for some time tried to dissuade him from bringing the (to them) loathsome things home and making playthings of them. But after seeing the impunity with which he constantly fondled them, and the pleasure his strange fancy afforded him, they finally ceased to object, and let the boy have his way unhampered—but they could never love snakes, and continued to keep out of the way whenever "the creeping things that creepeth upon the earth" were in the way. By having unrestrained freedom to pursue his study of provincial ophiology, he probably made greater progress and was the sooner satisfied with his experiments. He always had an eye open for snakes, and even made excursions to the neighboring mountains to hunt for specimens. He liked big snakes. Whenever he found a snake that he wanted he closely observed its movements, and was soon able to determine by its behavior and motions whether it was in a dangerous mood for handling. When at all uncertain as to its temper he used a forked stick long enough so that the reptile could not reach him if it attempted to jump at him and bite, and pinned its head to the ground, then seized it by the neck with his hand and without further formality gently transferred it to his snake-box for transportation home. In some cases he would simply clutch Mr. Snake near the head with the thumb and forefinger, just as he would pick up a switch or cane, and with hardly any more fear. When in captivity for a few days, and frequently visited, the most vicious of his snakes would allow him to take it up in his hands without manifesting the slightest resentment or desire to escape. He would often carry the creepers about in his hands, on his arms, in his pockets, in his hat, and even would let them nestle under his shirt on his bosom. They appeared to like the touch and warmth of his body, and would at times cling to him almost like filaments of iron to a horse-shoe magnet. And he, too, liked the peculiar sensation of their smooth gliding along over his person, by the gentle motion

of their ribs and muscles, and the alternate action of the overlapping scales on the under side of their bodies.

Hiram's pet snakes appeared to know him and like him. His mother remarked to me that she one day walked up almost against a couple of snake boxes that he had hung up side by side in the sun, on the garden fence, near the kitchen—the open sides of the boxes were covered with strong wire screens, so she mustered courage to go up close—when the Rattlers began to rattle, and the other occupants raised their heads in threatening attitudes, so that she was alarmed and did not consume much time in getting away. Hiram then walked up to them, and instantly every snake was pacified, and appeared glad that he came to them. He is sure that his pets knew him from the other members of the family, and therefore that they can learn to distinguish people. If strangers came near when he was handling them they would cling tighter to him than usual, and sometimes, when in his ordinary dress, would even push their heads under his clothing, as if they then thought they were safe.

When his fame spread and people came in groups to see him handle his serpentine pets, he made himself a suit of tights, leaving his neck and arms bare, as more suitable for giving exhibitions of his much commented on but never claimed power as a Snake Charmer. After he had his snakes "tamed" they never tried to escape from him. He gave them complete freedom, and had them lie on the ground all around him when performing with them out of doors. He never had a combat, or saw any signs of unfriendliness between his snakes when he had them together out of their dens. He kept the Rattlers, Copperheads and Blacksnakes each in separate dens, however, but the Vipers, Milksnakes and Garters always lived amicably together in one den. Before me, as I write these paragraphs, lies a photograph of our kinsman as he appeared in his improvised close-fitting costume, showing him seated on a cane-seated rocking chair, on a blanket spread on the lawn in front of his home, giving an exhibition to a group of visitors. In his right hand he holds up a fat Rattler,

the reptile with its head hanging down and looking complacently into his face; a Milksnake more than a yard long lay gracefully stretched out, suspended over his uplifted left hand, and his largest and greatly prized Blowing Viper appears contentedly coiled around his bare neck. None of the bystanders stood up near enough to appear in the picture—having perhaps asked the photographer to excuse them. Vipers he regarded as the most knowing of all the snakes he handled, and after capturing them he could take hold of them sooner to fondle than any other species. The Rattlers he found the hardest to tame, and the most nervous and easily alarmed. Though the Milksnake is considered as a harmless reptile,—at least as not hurtful to man and other large animals,—it is about as vicious, Hiram says, and as ready to show fight as any snake found in Pennsylvania. But in his hands all were entirely tractable. A lady living several miles from the Dangle home informed me that at one of his exhibitions—always free—she saw him open his mouth wide and put the head of one of the ugliest of his pets in between his teeth, a sight she thought even more thrilling than the spectacle of a man putting his head between the jaws of a lion.

Late one autumn Hiram lay by his aggregation of snakes for the season, then fifteen in number, in a box, and buried box and all in the garden for the winter. On a mild day in March he unearthed the cage and had the satisfaction of finding all his pets in good condition, though naturally somewhat dormant, as he expected. Thinking that the hotbed would be an admirable depository for his esteemed hibernators, he concluded to give them quarters there until the return of warm weather, but the place proved too hot, or stifling, and when he went to see how they were prospering he had the mortification to find that every one was a lifeless corpse, and that he was no longer the owner of a living snake. The loss that grieved him most of all was that of his big and favorite Blowing Viper, for which he said he would not have taken ten dollars. His dens were once more replenished, however, when warm weather enticed the snakes to delight in out door life again. But there were plenty of others just as good.

The snake has often been pronounced to be without an equal in the animal world for merciless destructiveness and cannibalism. Hiram does not entirely assent to this opinion. All carnivorous creatures, he urges, are by nature cruel and destructive to their prey. Even gentle Puss has no more tender feeling for a mouse or a bird than the despised snake. The Vulture does not pity the Lamb, nor has the Hawk the slightest compassion for its victims. Alligators, Crocodiles, Sharks, and many kinds of fish, are just as merciless and more destructive, and some are as cannibalistic—kind eating kind—as serpents. What commiseration has the hungry lion, "Man Eater," for his victim when he drags him from his hut to make a meal of him? Hiram makes no apology for snakes, but he claims they have their parallels, and many of them, and even their superiors as destructive gormandizers. One good square meal often satisfies a snake for one, two, and sometimes even three weeks, while the shark is always hungry and greedy, and is incessantly destructive. There is hardly a vertebrate creature known that can fast as long as a snake, and that so often refuses to eat when in captivity. Hiram sometimes compelled his pets to eat by taking them in hand, one by one, forcing open their mouths and pushing food down their throats. It was no rare thing for a mouse, toad, or sparrow to be in the den with the snakes for days and even weeks before it was seized and swallowed. When fed enough at a meal they would on an average eat only once every fifteen or twenty days. And when they wished to eat, the Rattlers, Vipers and Garters would voluntarily take the food from his hands. The Blacksnakes would also drink milk when he held it to them in a saucer.

But Hiram, after a few seasons of satisfying experience, went entirely out of the snake business. It was but a boy-day fad, and lasted only until his curiosity was satisfied. He is intelligent, modest, and agreeable. At school he was regarded as a bright scholar. In drawing and penmanship he so excelled that his work won him the first honors at the County Teachers' Institute. He had taught school one term, and when I saw him at his home he had just made application for another school. He

is now, at twenty-four, as fond of flowers as at seventeen he was partial to snakes, and has quite a botanical collection. He is also an expert amateur photographer, and has made an immense collection of beautiful and interesting pictures. He is always doing something, and appears to be handy at almost anything. When I visited his home I found him engaged laying a new floor on the veranda. His mother says he is as much of an adept in the kitchen and at cooking as anything. He is also a lover of music, and is a member of the Warrensville Cornet Band—first playing a horn, but of late a clarionet.

7. HIRAM WASHINGTON MOSTELLER[4], b. Feb. 4, 1849; m. Miss Hannah Ann Mansel, of Eldred Township, July 27, 1871; r. Eldred Township. Owns and resides on the farm on which he was born, and nearly all of which had been cleared by his father. He and his son, William H., who lives on a farm near by, buy up and butcher a great many cattle, and take the meat to the Williamsport market. Has four children:

 i. William Henry M.[5], b. Jan. 14, 1872; m. Miss Saloma Philips; r. near Quaker Hill, Eldred Township. Has three children: Rebecca[6], b. Feb. 28, 1897; Harold Mansel[6], b. June 22, 1899; Margaret[6], b. April 7, 1901.

 ii. James Mansel M.[5], b. April 18, 1876; m. Miss —— King; r. Williamsport, Pa.

 iii. Harold George M.[5], b. May 13, 1880.

 iv. Margaret Ellen M.[5], b. Jan. 15, 1887.

8. HANNAH M.[4], b. Dec. 4, 1850; m. Henry F. Loudenslager, Oct. 30, 1877; r. on a farm in Eldred Township. Two children:

 i. Hiram Clayton L.[5], b. Oct. 24, 1878; m.× One son: Charles Henry L.[6], b. Sept. 16, 1900.

 ii. Myrtle Vesta L.[5], b. Aug. 1, 1883.

II. JOHN FOGLEMAN[3], b. July 4, 1809; m. Lydia Treon, daughter of Dr. George Treon, of Muncy, Pa., Feb. 14, 1837.

Soon after his father's demise he bought the homestead. In 1860 he built the large brick house now on the farm, a few rods



CHARLES H. LEVAN[5], ALTOONA, PA.

farther back from the river than the family birthplace, and in 1866 built the present barn. In the beginning of June, 1889, a greater flood, by four feet or more in height than the rise of '65 occurred, reaching a number of feet above the first floor of the new house, carrying away all the outbuildings and all the fences on the river flat, and ruining hundreds of bushels of corn. A tremendous downpour of rain, the most extraordinary ever known in the drainage basin of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, in a short time changed the stream into a furious torrent, entailing immense loss to the inhabitants along its inundated banks—a loss estimated at thirty millions of dollars. No one seemed to think it possible that a greater flood than that of '65 could occur, so again many were deterred from making efforts to save much of their movable property until the overpowering current was upon them. On the 21st of May, 1894, came another extraordinary flood, only twenty-eight inches lower at the Fogleman place than the inundation of '89, but yet two feet or more higher than the surprising rise of '65' and again doing great damage, and after its subsidence leaving its course a scene of desolation. The loss to the Foglemans was again heavy, among other things the complete destruction of a promising tobacco crop. According to meteorological records kept the total rainfall in May, '89, was less than in May, '94, but the downpour was greater during the short times in which it occurred. John died March 7, 1867. Lydia survived him until July 9, 1900, when she was laid beside him in the Delaware Run churchyard. She had remained on the farm with some of her children until her decease. "Mother Fogleman," as she was often called by her many friends, was a truly good woman, of strong common sense and judgment, and was in every way deserving of the high esteem in which she was held. John and she were the parents of eleven children:

1. Henry Fogleman[4], b. April 3, 1838; m. Matilda Dorothea Shuman, June, 1878. Resides on the next farm below the Fogleman homestead. Four children: Joseph Edward[5], b. March 19, 1880; William Treon[5], b. Aug. 30, 1882; John Wilbert[5], b. April 16, 1884; Norman Henry[5], b. Sept. 2, 1886.

2. Caroline Fogleman[4], b. Dec. 10, 1839; m. Aaron Hilliard, Oct. 30, 1856; r. Watsontown, Pa. Eight children:

 i. *Emma H.*[5], b. Nov. 21, 1857; m. Lewis Master, Oct. 5, 1882; r. Neosho Falls, Woodson County, Kansas. Four children: Clara H.[6], b. April 30, 1883; John Edwin[6], b. Nov. 16, 1885; Chester Albright[6], b. April, 1887; Matilda Blanche[6], b. Aug. 4, 1890.

 ii. *John L. H.*[5], b. Sept. 23, 1859.

 iii. *Edwin Heller H.*[5], b. Nov. 2, 1861.

 iv. *Mary Elizabeth H.*[5], b. Feb. 23, 1868.

 v. *Henry F. H.*[5], b. April 6, 1871; m. Jennie L. Everett, Dec. 21, 1893; r. Emporium, Pa. Two children: Olive Caroline[6], b. Oct. 11, 1894; Kathryn Verdilla[6], b. June 1, 1896.

 vi. *George Delbert H.*[5], b. March 9, 1873; m. Matie Low, of Emporium, Aug. 5, 1903.

 vii. *Carrie S. H.*[5], b. June 22, 1877.

 viii. *Lydia Anne H.*[5], b. Jan. 4, 1883.

3. Marietta Fogleman[4], b. Oct. 18, 1841; m. James M. Dunbar, Nov. 13, 1877; r. Elimsport, Pa. One son: James Clay[5], b. Oct. 17, 1881.

4. John Fogleman[4], b. Dec. 20, 1843; m. Malinda Taylor, Aug. 25, 1866. He d. at Watsontown, Pa., Oct. 30, 1887. Two children:

 i. *May Hepburn*[5], b. Nov. 30, 1868; d. Feb. 20, 1874.

 ii. *Annie L.*[5], b. March 22, 1870; m. Charles Tibbetts, of Penobscot County, Maine, Dec. 30, 1896; r. Baltimore, Md. One son: J. Nelson[6], b. July 1, 1902.

5. Ephraim Fogleman[4], b. April 16, 1846; m. Agnes Koons, Jan. 24, 1874; r. Delaware Township; o. farmer. Seven children:

 i. *Henry Vernon*[5], b. Oct. 24, 1875; m. Annie Leinbach, Feb. 14, 1899. Two children: Thelma Ray[6], b. Oct. 2, 1899; Glen W. F.[6], b. May 18, 1901.

 ii. *Fanny*[5], b. April 26, 1877; m. Lloyd Miller, Aug. 21, 1902; r. Jersey Shore, Pa. One son: Nelson G. M.[6], b. May 20, 1903.



SIMON P. FOGLEMAN[4] AND WIFE,
DEWART, PA.

iii. Lydia[5], b. Oct. 15, 1878.

iv. Maud S.[5], b. March 19, 1880; m. Edwin J. Lilley, Feb. 19, 1902.

v. Mary Elizabeth[5], b. April 18, 1882; m. Bert R. Entz, Dec. 24, 1903; r. Jersey Shore, Pa.

vi. John Forrest[5], b. April 5, 1885.

vii. Guy Bowman[5], b. June 6, 1887.

6. George Fogleman[4], b. May 8, 1848; d. in childhood.

7. Emma Fogleman[4], b. Oct. 2, 1849; m. Henry Artman, Sept. 25, 1867. She d. Jan. 7, 1892. Had six children:

i. Essie[5], b. Feb. 4, 1870; d. July 25, 1902.

ii. Sarah[5], b. May 26, 1872; m. W. A. Dietterich, July 11, 1895; r. Philadalphia, Pa.

iii. Lydia[5], b. May 4, 1874; m. David T. Koons, June 15, 1895; r. Philadelphia, Pa. Five children.×

iv. H. Clay[5], b. April 29, 1876; m. Elizabeth Trump, Feb. 14, 1901; r. Philadelphia, Pa.

v. Boyd[5], b. Dec. 20, 1878; r. Montgomery, Pa.

vi. Rachel[5], b. July 13, 1884; r. Philadelphia, Pa.

8. Thomas Fogleman[4], b. Jan. 3, 1852; unm. With Simon owns and lives on the homestead.

9. Simon P. Fogleman[4], b. Feb. 28, 1854; m. Anna Martha Huffman, Dec. 18, 1901. He and Thomas remained on the homestead until their mother's death, after which they bought the place at public sale.

10. Rachel Fogleman[4], b. Nov. 21, 1856; m. Thomas J. Hoffman, Dec. 16, 1889; r. less than a mile from the place of her birth. Two children: Lydia Matilda[5], b. Aug. 22, 1891; William Lloyd[5], b. March 20, 1894.

11. Lydia Fogleman[4], b. Nov. 23, 1860; d. April 10, 1864.

III. ELIZABETH FOGLEMAN[3] b. Oct. 20, 1810; m. Joshua Harleman, Dec. 25, 1838; she d. June 5, 1878, and he d. June 28, 1898, at Oregon, Ill. Had four children:

1. Joseph F.[4], b. Oct. 11, 1839; m. Elizabeth Doebler, Dec. 29, 1864; r. Holcomb, Ogle County, Ill.; o. farmer; n. c.

2. Mary C. Harleman[4], b. Dec. 20, 1840; m. Robert Walker Sheadle, Feb. 21, 1861; r. Rochelle, Ill. Two children:

 i. Walker Clarence[5], b. Jan. 1, 1862; d. Aug. 11, 1897.

 ii. Arthur Burr[5], b. Feb. 26, 1864; m.× Oct. 20, 1897. One child: Gertrude[6], b. Sept. 30, 1898.

3. Lucy E. Harleman[4], b. Nov. 21, 1842; m. Charles Hart, April 7, 1870. She d. Sept. 25, 1896, at Coin, Page County, Iowa. Two children: Josephine M.[5], b. Dec. 29, 1874; Perley Ross[5], b. Nov. 13, 1876.

4. Davis Emerson Harleman[4], b. Feb. 3, 1845; m. Elizabeth Jones, Feb. 2, 1871; r. White Rock, Ogle County, Ill. Five children:

 i. Rosaltha[5], b. Dec. 8, 1874; m.× Hazleton, Aug. 19, 1896.

 ii. Vernon Ellsworth[5], b. March 9, 1877.

 iii. Ernst[5], b. Sept. 29, 1879.

 iv. Bessie Loretta[5], b. Dec. 26, 1886.

 v. Joseph Amerson[5], b. May 11, 1889.

IV. CATHARINE FOGLEMAN[3], b. Nov. 8, 1814; m. first, John Washington Baker, Dec. 26, 1837; second, Daniel Frey×. Baker d. June 15, 1849, and she d. March 14, 1882. Resided in Muncy Creek Township, Lycoming County, Pa. Three children:

1. Margaret Ann[4], b. Jan. 17, 1840; d. April 27, 1847.

2. Jeremiah E. Baker[4], b. March 1, 1841; m. Eliza Hammond Foresman, Jan. 27, 1874; r. Buffalo, N. Y.; n. c.

3. Charles Michael Baker[4], b. Sept. 5, 1844; m. Lizzie Callahan in 1871; he d. at Williamsport, Pa., Jan. 11, 1876; n. c.

Jeremiah E. Baker enlisted in the U. S. servce Aug. 8, 1862; served in Co. H, 131st Reg't. Pa. Vol. Infantry, and was mustered out with his company May 23, 1863. A few days after its organization the 131st crossed over the Long Bridge at Washington—the famous bridge over which so many of the loyal and brave marched never to return—into Virginia, to confront the armies of treason and disunion. Our faithful relative soon began to see some of the dismal effects of war, as his regiment was at once en-

gaged in picket duty, and helped to check the stream of panic-stricken stragglers from the ill-fated fields of Bull Run and Chantilly. As the Confederates were now moving to invade Maryland, the Third Brigade was ordered to recross the Potomac, and, after exchanging its Austrian rifles for Springfield muskets at the National Arsenal, joined the Third Division of the Fifth Corps, and then hastened forward as part of the Army of the Potomac to meet the now elated and greatly emboldened, but mournfully deluded, Army of Northern Virginia. After wearisome marches, meeting many stragglers, and passing many worn out soldiers unable to keep up with their commands, the corps reached the battle-field of Antietam, where it relieved the fatigued troops that the day before had so determinately and effectually checked the Confederate advance, and here J. B. first saw the distressing picture of a fiercely contested battle-field, sometimes as trying to the undisciplined as to be engaged in actual battle. Field hospitals had been quickly improvised on all sides, where the disabled were having their wounds dressed and their shattered limbs amputated The rebel dead were still unburied, as well as hundreds of dead horses, and the stench was beginning to be offensive The painful evidences of savage struggle and unsparing destruction were everywhere visible

But there was no ordeal of veritable carnage here yet for the 131st, as the next morning the baffled enemy had fled. The regiment was then ordered into camp near Sharpsburg, and assigned to picket duty along the Potomac River. Here for several weeks the boys had the usual experience of camp life, cleaning up quarters and moving tents for sanitary reasons, cleaning their guns for the inspection of arms, drilling to acquire martial efficiency, standing guard for order and security, getting orders now and then to be ready to march at a moment's notice, etc. The weather about this time was excessively hot, and many of the regiment were on the sick list. Every day had its excitement or diversion of some kind. Sometimes it was an observation balloon ascension, always an interesting sight. One day they got a large mail, and nearly every one had letters from the dear ones at home, some of which

were read many times over. Another day they were deeply interested in heavy firing eighteen miles away, knowing that a brisk engagement was going on at Charlestown, and expecting to receive orders at any moment to "fall in." Once a number of the boys "chipped in" and sent to Sharpsburg for flour and apples, and had Henry Harris, colored, the company cook, get them up an apple-dumpling dinner—about which one of the participants of vigorous digestion wrote in his diary, "I filled myself with dumplings clean up to my ears." At last, on the 30th day of October, after having packed up half a dozen times, the brigade broke camp for good, and with much hearty cheering started back over the battle ground of Antietam, forward over hills and mountain, crossing the Potomac on a pontoon bridge, and on the evening of the 31st, after marching twenty-five miles, encamped about five miles from Harper's Ferry. Once during the march that followed the wagon train was delayed by heavy rains and mud, depriving the boys of rations for two days and one night, and subjecting them to an involuntary fast that did not very much promote their piety.

After various experiences during November and part of December, as marching in dust, or in rain and mud—sleeping on the cold or wet ground, or on more or less crooked and sharp-edged Virginia worm-fence rails, when such a luxurious bed was obtainable, as even fence rails became scarce where hostile armies tramped back and forth—being routed out of sound sleep by the sharp and inexorable command to "fall in," sometimes without rations, and no time to make a cup of coffee—all trials against which a patriot is not supposed to demur even in a whisper—the Third Brigade, about four o'clock on the morning of December 11th, broke camp and moved to the vicinity of the Rappahannock, not far from Fredericksburg, ready to participate in what proved to be one of the most desperate and futile struggles of the war. The heights around Fredericksburg formed a stronghold that blocked the way to the Confederate capital, and the whole loyal North and West kept up an incessant shout, "On to Richmond." For two days following there was a constant booming of heavy guns, no less than one hundred and seventy-nine cannon having



JEREMIAH E. BAKER[4], BUFFALO, N. Y.

opened on the doomed town with shot and shell, the object being to drive out the sharpshooters, who interfered seriously with the crossing of the river. The concussions were so terrific as to make the solid earth tremble. On the 13th the brigades moved closer to the stirring scene, and for several hours lay in front of Chief Burnside's headquarters, listening to the terrific artillery fire, the sharp rattle of the muskets, and watching the smoke ascending from the burning buildings. Again the imperative order to "fall in." The General in command in a few words said that the corps was the reserve of the Army of the Potomac, and that its duty now was to cross the river and close the battle with a decisive victory.

Early in the afternoon the 131st, with its associate regiments, cheerfully crossed on one of the pontoon bridges, marched through the now deserted town under a heavy fire from the rebel batteries to a rise of ground along the road back of it, where, under shelter, the force waited until the line of battle was formed and all were ready for the grand assault. At the anxiously awaited word Forward, a prompt and resolute rush was made at a double-quick. But, sad to own, it was a useless and costly onset. About two hundred yards forward a line of Union troops lay prostrate on the ground, who had been severely repelled in a prior charge, and reaching this base the order to lie down likewise was by a general impulse obeyed,—the men had been hit about the head and shoulders; two of Baker's comrades near him were shot in the mouth,—and while thus stretched out on the field commenced to fire upon the enemy, who was well protected behind a stone wall, and in consequence suffered but little. The troops, when finally ordered, with one accord jumped to their feet and made another determined effort to advance, keeping up a steady fire, and some of the men got within a hundred feet of the wall, but vain was the struggle, as the whole height around the town was crowned with strongly manned forts and intrenchments, absolutely unassailable by a direct, open assault, and the attempt, in the opinion of all who participated, should not at that time have been made. Besides the appalling fire from the forts and wall in front, a murderous, raking cross-fire came

from batteries perched on the crest of the semi-encircling hill both on the right and on the left. It was to our army but a sickening field of slaughter. Nothing was accomplished by the splendid valor and the fearful sacrifice. Seeing the fearful loss and the utter hopelessness of the effort to drive or capture the enemy, the troops were withdrawn. Our kindred's company went into the fight with fifty-three men, of whom twenty-two were either killed or wounded. Four of these hapless ones lay and died close by him. To one he gave his canteen, and from him received a message to take home to his wife. About this time he was himself wounded near the elbow of his right arm, not seriously, but the hurt became very painful, though it did not prevent him from keeping his place in the line.

One of the company, William Willits, who was struck by a ball near the shoulder, asked Baker to lead him off the field. Baker told him that he did not then dare to leave the company, but said that he should go to the rear and that he would soon find some one there to take care of him. He never saw that stricken comrade again. It was not until sunset that the 131st was relieved, yet the afternoon, with all its excitement and horrors, seemed to him strangely as if lasting but one short hour. All were too much absorbed to think of the time of day. The regiment rested at night on the field, and the next day was quartered on the streets of the town. On the evening of the 15th it took a position to the right to support a battery of artillery, and at three o'clock the next morning the town was quietly and willingly evacuated—as it was of no practical use to us with that stubborn rebel army back of it. The Confederates did terrible execution from behind their wall and intrenchments, but they were not just then anxious to follow up their successful resistance by risking a fight with such a valorous foe outside of their formidable works, and very obligingly let our troops have plenty of time to get away.

Stephen Flick, one of the company, who was hit by a Minie ball in the mouth, was not seriously injured, though four of his teeth were knocked out, and, as Lieutenant De La Green, of Co. H, once informed me, "the ball knocked the boy head over heels."

The ball was of course almost spent, as it lodged in the roof of his mouth, and was quickly removed by himself. He carried it about for months as a precious pocket piece, often displaying it to his not envious comrades, and insisting that he was the only man in the regiment who could perform the wonderful feat of catching a ball, shot from a gun, with his mouth.

Baker was never again under so hot a fire as when in front of the heights of Fredericksburg, but he again saw something of the perils and hardships of war. After a short rest in winter-quarters, Burnside decided to attempt another campaign, but after some days of marching about in mud over shoe top, through rain and in chilling winds, building corduroy roads and moving trains, the movement was wisely given up, and the 131st marched back into new and better quarters, about two miles from the old camp. On the 28th of April it set out under Hooker on the memorable Chancellorsville campaign, of which Baker says he will ever have very vivid recollections. The roadside on the way was lined with stragglers from the columns in advance. Now and then one of the weaker ones would sink down, worn out, and die. Pack mules and horses were in like manner overcome and were unloaded and left to perish. The regiment, about noon on Friday, May 1st, arrived at the Chancellor House, where Gen. Hooker, who had succeeded Burnside, had established his headquarters. Baker now heard heavy firing, and realized that another great battle was about to be fought, and that he would be in it. He was delighted to see a lot of prisoners, who were being hurriedly pushed to the rear, and hoped Lee's whole army would soon be in the same harmless predicament. He soon saw, however, that the Union forces were falling back, but persuaded himself that it was only to get a better position, or to draw the unfriendly Johnnies into a trap. The privates, and even the officers of companies and regiments, usually know little or nothing about the plan of battle, of the disposition and movements of the columns of a large army, that often cover many square miles of territory,

of which they have but a limited view. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Hooker, with an army twice as large as Gen. Lee's, started out confident of victory, and even issued an order of congratulation to his troops on the evening of April 30, in which he boastfully said, "Our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." Lee's army was then regarded as in a dangerous dilemma. Things were moving encouragingly for the Union army, and the men were eager for battle; but suddenly Hooker became alarmed, and sent very positive orders for his advanced columns to give up his "own ground" and fall back to Chancellorsville. He thus lost the advantage he had gained, discouraged his soldiers, and was compelled to fight in self-defense on the unfavorable ground of the Wilderness. It is a matter of history that all of Hooker's generals condemned his action. When referring to the service of the Donmoyer brothers, Lewis and Rudy, of the John Gernert branch of our family, one of the notable incidents of this great battle has already been mentioned. But the grievous result of the conflict is well known, and need not be rehearsed here.

Baker's company was detailed as Headquarters Baggage Guard, but through forgetfulness or some mistake was not ordered to the rear until a body of the rebels were within several hundred yards of the train, charging through the woods and yelling like so many demons. When they got into close range a general volley was poured into them that hurled them back, and punished them severely for their daring. The train then passed on to the rear, but was somewhat impeded by the maneuvering of the infantry and artillery, and the thick woods through which it had to move for some distance. The mules often added to the trouble by being contrary and getting tangled up by trying to get around the trees in their own mulish way. On the 2d the company was ordered to the left where the division lay, and from which heavy firing was heard all day. About six o'clock the noise of battle in-

creased, and was kept up all night, charge after charge being made by both sides with a reckless fury that was terrible. The very ground on which the boys stood again shook, as it did at Fredericksburg, from the fearful booming of the many cannon. On the 3d they were ordered to cross the Rappahannock at United States Ford, while the battle was still raging, and camped a short distance from the river, in a clearing surrounded by pine woods, near the Union hospital, and where they had the gratification of seeing a body of 1,500 rebel prisoners under guard that had been taken during the night and morning.

On the morning of the 4th Baker and his mess were rudely awakened by shells dropping and exploding around their camp. The first impression was that the Johnnies had got around in the rear, but it was soon ascertained that during the night they had sneaked up near enough through the woods to plant a battery of six guns within range, and at the dawn of day opened in a lively way on the camp and hospital. Five or six were killed and a number wounded, most of the casualties occurring in the hospital, but no one in Baker's company was injured. One shell fell among the prisoners, by which one of them lost a leg. A detachment of cavalry quartered close by immediately formed and charged and captured the battery, and stopped the annoyance.

The great victory that Hooker promised was not won. The wide-awake enemy did not "ingloriously fly," and he did not meet with "certain destruction." He followed up Hooker and made *him* fly. But it is just as undeniable that he was in the end himself so worn and crippled that he was again satisfied to let the Army of the Potomac get away very easy to the left bank of the Rappahannock. He was manifestly thankful to be rid of such an antagonistic visitor, and if in order would doubtless have given him a free pass to recross the Potomac. He did not even trouble Hooker's rear guard, which got off as safe as the troops that crossed on the pontoons before it. The Union army had faith in the cause for which it fought, and had confidence in itself, and full assurance of its final triumph, but it had not yet found the right leader. It appreciated the valor, the loyalty, and the patriotism

of Pope, of Burnside, of Hooker, and of McClellan, but it did not believe that either of them had *all* the qualifications that make a great chief for a great army.

Several weeks after this last fruitless struggle the time of the 131st expired, and it received orders to go back to Harrisburg and be mustered out. Baker was at home only a few weeks when, in response to a call for volunteers to repel the rebel invasion of the North, he re-enlisted, and as a sergeant served in Co. E of the 37th Penn'a Vol. Militia. As I belonged to the same company, his part in the brief Gettysburg campaign may be known by turning back to the account given of my own slender war experience.

V. PETER FOGLEMAN[3], b. July 11, 1820; m. first, Mary Ann Buck, in 1843; she d. July 1, 1851, and is buried by the side of his parents in the old Delaware Run graveyard. He m. second, Hannah Buck, a sister of his first wife, March 16, 1852. Peter d. in Dubuque County, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1881. Had fifteen children, and his is, therefore, the banner family of Heinrich's lineage:

1. DANIEL WESLEY FOGLEMAN[4], b. Aug. 18, 1844; m. Mary Elizabeth Young, Sept. 13, 1865. She d. March 30, 1901. He now resides in Williamsport, Pa. Enlisted March 24, 1865, and served some months as a member of Co. K, 88th Reg't, Pa. Vol. Infantry. As the fighting ceased soon after he entered the service, he did not learn from experience how vigorously the enemy fought in his mistaken and doomed cause. Had eight children:

 i. Mary Almeratta[5], b. April 2, 1867; m. Gabriel Miller, Aug. 9, 1894; r. Williamsport, Pa. Three children: Roscoe Albert M.[6], b. March 12, 1895; Elwood Gabriel M.[6], b. Nov. 28, 1900; Charles William M.[6], b. Feb. 27, 1903.

 ii. Daniel Ludwig[5], b. March 16, 1869; d. Aug. 17, 1877.

 iii. Minnie Allita[5], b. July 28, 1871; m. George Donnel, Nov. 6, 1890; r. Montoursville, Pa. Six children: Raymond W.[6], b. July 17, 1889; Edna Mary[6], b. June 13, 1891; Richard Childs[6], b. March 19, 1893; George Edward[6], b. Feb. 4, 1895; Marion Julia[6], b. April 14, 1897; Nellie Margaret[6], b. June 2, 1902.

iv. Lula Anna[5], b. Jan. 7, 1874; d. Nov. 7, 1879.

v. Harry Roscoe[5], b. Aug. 10, 1876; d. Sept. 3, 1876.

vi. William Wesley[5], b. Oct. 10, 1877; m. Sadie Ickes, Feb. 8, 1900. One daughter: Margaret Elizabeth[6], b. Nov. 29, 1900.

vii. Laura Ella[5], b. June 13, 1880; m. George Duitch, Dec. 29, 1897. Three children: Lula[6], b. May 12, 1898; Barnard[6], b. Jan. 28, 1900; Margaret F.[6], b. Nov. 29×.

viii. Edith Pearl[5], b. Aug. 25, 1885.

2. Hiram Augustus Fogleman[4], b. May 29, 1846; m. Bessie Viletta Smith, April 14, 1870; r. Creston, Ill. Enlisted in the 88th Reg't, Pa. Vol. Infantry, at the same time his brother D. W. enlisted, and was honorably discharged at the same time. Three children:

i. Emma Jane[5], b. Oct. 24, 1870; m.× —— Bowles, April 30, 1890; r. Creston, Ill. One son: Clifford Val.[6], b. Feb. 14, 1891.

ii. William Herbert[5], b. March 22, 1876.

iii. Alma Melvina[5], b. May 29, 1878; m.× —— Blackmore, June 21, 1899; r. Creston, Ill. One daughter: Bessie Genevieve[6], b. May 27, 1900.

3. Elmira Fogleman[4], b. July 18, 1843; m. Tillman Stadler, Jan. 12, 1867; r. Millville, Columbia County, Pa. Two children:

i. Ada[5], b. Oct. 11, 1867; m. H. J. Shoemaker, July 23, 1895; r. Millville, Pa. One daughter: Eva[6], b. March 3, 1897.

ii. Frank[5], b. Dec. 15, 1868; m. Elizabeth Watts, Dec. 25, 1890; r. Millville, Pa. Two children: Zella[6], b. May 29, 1891; Mary[6], b. April 12, 1893.

4. John Calvin Fogleman[4], d. in childhood, March 20, 1866.

5. William Franklin Fogleman[4], b. December, 1850; d. July 28, 1851.

6. Melvina C. Fogleman[4], b. Dec. 12, 1852; m. John Lyman Reed; r. Oregon, Ill. Two children: Beulah[5], b. Oct. 22, 1884; Wilbur[5], b. Sept. 19, 1886.

7. David Emerson Fogleman[4], b. Dec. 12, 1853; m. Laura Jane Thayer, Nov. 8, 1874; r. Riverside, California. Five children:

 i. Alice Mae[5], b. May 13, 1875; m. Guy W. Finney, Sept. 6, 1893; r. Montour, Tama County, Iowa. He served one year in the Spanish-American War. Two boys: Merril Johnson[6], b. Sept. 9, 1896; Max Rodney[6], b. Aug. 26, 1900.

 ii. Frank Andrews[5], b. March 3, 1877; m. Allie Mabel Leeds, Feb. 2, 1898; r. Cherokee, Iowa. Four children: Lester Luverne[6], b. Nov. 12, 1898; Blanche Grace[6], b. Nov. 8, 1899; Dorothy Mildred[6], b. April 29, 1901; Harold Vernon[6], b. Feb. 21, 1903.

 iii. Leroy Milton[5], b. March 26, 1879.

 iv. Glen Oliver[5], b. Nov. 16, 1885.

 v. Blanche Edna[5], b. June 8, 1893; d. Sept. 20, 1894.

8. Wilson Jefferson Fogleman[4], b. June 18, 1855; m. first, Susanna Rebecca Gearhart, Nov. 8, 1877; she d. Aug. 30, 1884; second, Charity M. Zarr, Jan. 20, 1886; r. Washta, Cherokee County, Iowa. Five children:

 i. Jennie Willma[5], b. Aug. 6, 1878; m. Raymond B. Ferguson, Dec. 31, 1900.

 ii. Arden Carson[5], b. March 3, 1880.

 iii. Odessa Rebecca[5], b. April 14, 1882.

 iv. Laura[5], b. March 26, 1890.

 v. Thelma Arlene[5], b. March 19, 1899.

9. Alma J. Fogleman[4], b. Nov. 17, 1856; m. William Holland, Sept. 15, 1880; r. KeKalp, Ill. One son: Glenn[5], b. April, 1881.

10. Lydia Minerva Fogleman[4], b. Feb. 16, 1859; m. Lewis E. Board, March 12, 1885; r. Dubuque, Iowa. Four children: Artley K.[5], b. Aug. 29, 1887; Ray E.[5], b. Feb. 7, 1889; Erma[5], b. March 6, 1893; Lisle E.[5], b. July 25, 1893.

11. Charles E. Fogleman[4], b. Aug. 3, 1860; m. Mary Alice Zarr, Feb. 12, 1884; r. Washta, Iowa. Three daughters: Ethel Mae[5], b. May 3, 1885; Lulu Mabel[5], b. June 19, 1886; Jessie Belle[5], b. March 23, 1890.



DAVIS E. FOGELMAN, RIVERSIDE, CAL.

12. Rebecca Ellen Fogleman[4], b. June 5, 1862; unm.; r. Oregon, Ill.

13. Peter Elmer Fogleman[4], b. Sept. 8, 1863; m. first, Ida M. Crouch; second, Burnice Tilton; r. Cherokee, Iowa. Four sons: Purl[5], b. Dec. 31, 1887; Harry[5], and Harlow[5], twins, b. July 27, 1898; Claud Elmer[5], b. July 26, 1900.

14. Emma C. Fogleman[4], b. March 22, 1867; m. Thomas Becker, June 17, 1887; r. Oregon, Ogle County, Ill. Three children: Mabel[5], b. March, 1889; Edna M.[5], b. July, 1890; Elwood H.[5], b. September, 1900.

15. O. Frank Fogleman[4], b. April 9, 1870; m. Sarah Strief, June 30, 1891; r. Marcus, Cherokee County, Iowa. Six children: Emma[5], b. March 30, 1892; Libbie M.[5], b. June 10, 1894; Letta M.[5], b. March 6, 1896; Oliver F.[5], b. September, 1898; Amos E.[5], b. Aug. 19, 1900; Ernest W.[5], b. Dec. 30, 1902.

VII.

MARGARET LITCHARD BRANCH.

Margaret (twin sister of Catharine Fogleman) and John Litchard, of Muncy Creek Township, Lycoming County, Pa., united in the bonds of wedlock soon after the purchase of the Sinking Springs property by her father, Heinrich, or about 1806 or 1807. She died June 12, 1836. According to the inscription on her tombstone in the town of Sparta, N. Y., she was "aged 55 years," but this is clearly an error. She and her twin sister, Catharine, were born February 18, 1783—two years and four months after their brother John, and two years and six months before the birth of Baltzer—so that at her demise she was but 53 years and four months old. Her husband, John, died June 18, 1867, in his 79th year.

John Litchard was the youngest of the three sons of Joseph Litchard, an Englishman by birth, who was one of the early settlers of Lycoming County. He (Joseph) came to America when quite young, and to pay his transportation indentured himself into the service of a German family in Berks County, Pa., where he

learned to speak German, and when the term of his service expired he married a German girl. As he and his wife, with their first child, came to Muncy Valley with the pioneer, Henry Shoemaker, a settler from Berks County, who had emigrated from Germany sometime before the Revolution, it has been surmised that they may have come here before the Indian troubles of 1778 and 1779, as Shoemaker had settled, and bought the grist mill, on Muncy Creek, of John Alward—the first grist mill erected on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River west of the Muncy Hills—just prior to that eventful and calamitous era. When it was learned from some friendly Indians (notable among whom was the faithful Job Chilloway) that the blood-thirsty savages were preparing to raid the valley and murder, scalp, pillage and burn, the mill gearings were buried and thus saved, but the building was burned by the ruthless red men. The valley was soon deserted by the frightened white settlers.

Several years later most of the stampeded inhabitants returned to the valley, however, and many new settlers came with them, or soon after followed. After General Sullivan's memorable campaign, with one-third of General Washington's army, into the country of the Six Nations in western New York, in the summer of 1779, destroying their villages, crops and orchards, and punishing them severely for the outrages they had perpetrated on the defenseless inhabitants along the frontiers, there was no further serious trouble with them on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. It is more likely, therefore, we think, that Joseph, with his wife and their infant son, Joseph, came with Henry Shoemaker when he returned to his landed possessions in the month of May, 1783,—James, the second son of Joseph, who died in 1875 at the age of 90, was born in 1784 or '85,—moving with wagons from their homes to Harrisburg, and proceeding thence by canoes up the Susquehanna to Muncy. Joseph continued in the service of his friend Shoemaker, felling trees and raising crops on the land around his new grist and saw mill, for about ten years. Having now a family of four children to provide for, (one a daughter, Fanny,) he wisely concluded that he ought to have land and a

home of his own. Shoemaker had bought up several thousand acres of the recently patented lands, and now—about 1793—sold Joseph a 400 acre tract of wild land on the Muncy Hills, about four miles south-east from the grist mill, for what now seems the paltry sum of $50, or 12 1-2 cents per acre.

Joseph commenced at the bottom round to ascend the ladder of fortune and independence. He had but little besides the virgin soil, the trees, some springs of good water, pure air, sunlight, and such blessings as nature in that primitive wilderness could furnish. There was no road to the land, so they had to grope their way through the woods and over the rolling ground as best they could. During the first year there was not a human habitation within several miles. Joseph selected a spot for a rude shanty, and there he lived with his family on the "ground floor," until he could at his convenience construct a log cabin. Joseph junior, the eldest of his boys, became the chief hunter of the family, and often replenished the family larder with venison and bear meat. The fat of the bears and raccoons was made use of for shortening and to fry doughnuts. The conditions of life were much the same as already described when Heinrich and Rosine Gernhardt commenced their struggle for the blessings of existence in the forest of Northampton County. The howling of hungry wolves was one of the most familiar of the forest sounds. Once when the old folks had gone from home the children were so alarmed by their yelping that they crawled up on the roof of the cabin for fear that the uncanny beasts would come and eat them up. Wild turkeys were so numerous and bold that they sometimes had to be driven away from the clearings, just as chickens are now often expelled from our gardens.

The principal part of the Litchard tract is now owned and occupied by a grandson of Joseph, Jacob Litchard, a prosperous and greatly respected citizen, owner of three good farms, who was next to the youngest of the twelve children of James. His almost exceptional vigor at the age of 71 augurs that he may live to be a nonagenarian, like his father; and as he has sons and grandsons,

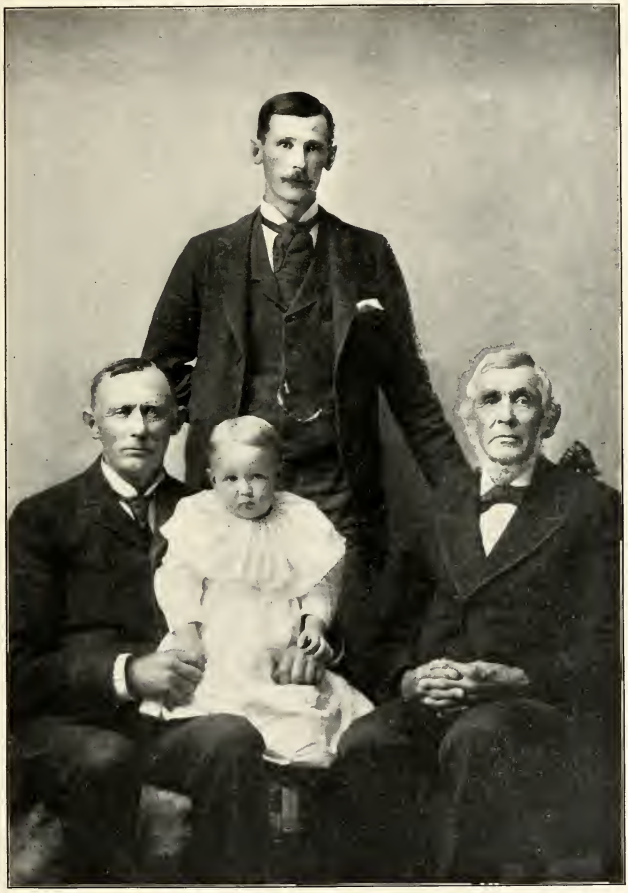
the native place may remain in the family name many years longer. Joseph died about 1838, and, like his son, and Abraham of old, was "buried in a good old age." He and his wife were interred in the graveyard of the Old Immanual Lutheran Church, the land for which was donated by Henry Shoemaker, and is about half a mile from the site of the old grist and saw mill.

It was here, and under these primitive conditions, that John Litchard grew up into manhood; and it was here on a tract of land adjoining the 400 acres, as Jacob recently informed me, that John and Aunt Margaret (Gernhardt), about 1807, commenced their married life, a period of which but little is now remembered. How many facts and incidents of interest were consigned to the graves of our kindred of the second generation can not even be conjectured. From the Muncy Hills John and Margaret moved and dwelt for some years on a farm about one mile east of Muncy, then a hamlet known as Pennsboro. The six eldest of their ten children—William, David, John, George, Elizabeth and Mary—were all born in Muncy Creek Township, Lycoming County, the first named December 8, 1808, and Mary on the 18th day of April, 1818. It was while Mary was a babe that Margaret and her family migrated to the town of Sparta, N. Y., and settled near her sister, Magdalena Shafer, on the second tract of land that her father, Heinrich, had bought, and which, according to his last will and testament, made in February, 1820, he bequeathed to her and designated as being the land "whereon John Litchard lives."

Margaret's descendants, now comprising many widely scattered families, have for a number of years been having annual reunions, in Allegheny County, N. Y., and is, we believe, the first branch of the Gernhardt family to enjoy the satisfaction of such gatherings. Her children were:

I. WILLIAM LITCHARD[3], b. Dec. 8, 1808; m. Harriet H. Smith, of Setauket, Long Island, in 1832. He d. at Greenport, L. I., Aug. 30, 1879. Had three children:

1. JOHN WILLIAM LITCHARD[4], b. Jan. 30, 1834; m. Mary Augusta Dickerson, Dec. 27, 1860. He d. Jan. 2, 1897. Two children:



GEORGE LITCHARD[3]—1813-1902—RUSHFORD, N. Y.
HON. ALMANZO LITCHARD[4]. MARTIN K. LITCHARD[5].
DONALD B. LITCHARD[6].

i. William M.[5], b. Oct. 5, 1861; m. Mary G. Perkins, May 9, 1888; r. Riverhead, L. I. Three children: Henry[6], b. Feb.'4, 1890; Reba[6], b. Aug. 8, 1892; Christine[6], b. Dec. 7, 1895.

ii. Myra Smith[5], b. Feb. 11, 1869.

2. ELIZABETH[4], b. Nov. 9, 1835; m. Albert Watson Smith, Sept. 7, 1856; n. c.

3. HARRIET L.[4], b. Feb. 28, 1844; m. Theodore Downs, Feb. 28, 1866; r. Riverhead, L. I. One daughter: Julia Anna[5], b. May 4, 1869.

II. DAVID[3], b. Nov. 23, 1810; m. Lydia Tucker×; died in Sparta, Livingston County, N. Y., March 13, 1846. One son: Josiah[4].

III. JOHN[3], d. when about two years old.

IV. GEORGE[3], b. April 28, 1813; m. first, Nancy Buzzle, April 14, 1837; second, Elizabeth Miller, Dec. 26, 1858. Elizabeth, who still survives, was born Oct. 5, 1824; r. Canusaraga, N. Y. He d. Feb. 16, 1902, being at the time the oldest man in the town. I shall ever regret that I could not visit him, as I had planned, after I learned of our kinship. He doubtless knew many things of interest relating to our early family history. He was the father of ten children:

1. HARRIET F.[4], b. Feb. 24, 1839; m. John Carr, March 19, 1857; r. Geneseo, N. Y. Three children:

i. Herbert[5], b. May 27, 1858; m. first, Mary Janet Youngs, Jan. 24, 1890; she d. Jan. 30, 1891; m. second, Bertha Wilcox, March 11, 1894; r. Leicester, N. Y. One son: Sylvaness Young[6], b. Jan. 1, 1901.

ii. Mary Alice[5], b. Jan. 5, 1862; m. Lewis G. Laronette, June 21, 1894; r. Geneseo, N. Y. Three children: Ruth Carr[6], b. May 12, 1895; Elton Gibbs[6], b. Dec. 19, 1897; Alice Litchard[6], b. Aug. 28, 1900.

iii. Lula Alfraretta[5], b. Aug. 24, 1872; m. George Crosset McMahan, Dec. 31, 1895; r. Leicester, N. Y. Two daughters: Grace Louise[6], b. Nov. 22, 1896; Helen Elizabeth[6], b. Jan. 3, 1901.

2. Alexander L.[4], b. Nov. 12, 1841; m. Myra A. Woods, Dec. 12, 1871; o. farmer; r. Rushford, N. Y. One son: Fred[5], b. Jan. 7, 1873; m. Sadie Davis, of Canedea, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1898. One daughter: Irene[6], b. Aug. 11, 1900.

Alexander enlisted Aug. 29, 1861, in Co. D of the 86th Regiment N. Y. Vol. Infantry, and after nearly two years' service was honorably discharged on account of having inflammatory rheumatism. He was the greater part of the time detailed on patrol duty in Washington City, and on special service at Gen. Whiple's headquarters. He saw something of the misery and devastation caused by war, but the only great fight in which he participated was the disastrous second Bull Run battle (August, 1862), in which Major General Pope failed to demolish Jackson's army, as he had declared with overmuch self-assurance he would do, by a boastful manifesto at the commencement of the campaign, but in which he came very near having his own army destroyed. Pope charged his defeat to the failure of some of the subordinate commanders to support him at the proper time, according to orders, but he found public sentiment so much against him that he soon after felt impelled to ask to be released from the command. The loss of his army in killed and disabled was 11,000, besides being reduced by many stragglers from his ranks, and the Confederate loss was reported to have been 7,241, which is convincing evidence that it was a desperately fought battle. It was on account of Pope's charges that General Fitz John Porter was, by a court-martial, sentenced to be cashiered. Fifteen years later the case was reconsidered by a board of army officers, and he was then exonerated. Some prominent army men finally became satisfied of his innocence, among whom was General Grant, who while President had even refused to reopen his case. But Alexander, and the rank and file, and the officers of the command generally, were convinced that if Porter had moved when and as ordered, the rout would more likely have been in the direction of Richmond.

Alexander unfortunately lost a journal that he kept while in the army, which would have been useful now in furnishing data for a sketch of his service, and of recalling incidents of interest

that occurred more than forty years ago. He distinctly recollects that at this ill-fated battle of Bull Run there was "something terribly wrong." His command, stripped of everything that could in any way hinder a forced march, was at Warrenton Junction the night the army was on the move to Bull Run. The station four miles above was crowded with cars containing clothing and supplies, including everything that belonged to his regiment. That night the rebels raided the station and burnt everything they did not appropriate to their own use. The next morning Porter's troops brought up the rear. When they got up to where they heard the firing, not more than a mile from their line, instead of getting closer and taking a hand in the fight, they were countermarched, now here and now there, until about 3 P. M., when they were marched back to the old camp, and that night actually slept on the same ground they had slept on the night before. They then marched back again over the same ground, and finally got into the fight and did Pope some good service, just where Porter had been ordered to close the gap the day before. Alexander remembers well that the 86th was in the line on the extreme left of the Union army, and how they then made a furious charge on the enemy's right, and drove him back, and held the ground taken until "Stonewall" Jackson extended his right line with a strong force and flanked the brigade, and that it then became a matter of undoubted discretion to join in the retreat already in progress. Had Porter moved as ordered, at the proper time, Alexander thinks the historian would have had a more satisfactory story to tell of the battle, and is strongly of the opinion that good Honest Old Abe did just the right thing when he signed the finding of the court-martial that contemned him. Porter's time, he believes, was to try to save the army when he had a good chance. What he did later was not enough to make amend for his failure, because, as A. L. says, "We nevertheless got a devil of a licking and lost hundreds of lives to no purpose." The loss in killed and wounded in his part of the fight was very heavy. Alexander's division did the last hard fighting of the battle, covered the retreat, brought off a large number of the wounded, crossed Bull Run after midnight,

burned the bridge, thus enabling the army to retire in tolerably good order to Centreville. His brigade reached Centreville by daylight, but was pretty badly used up. Many of the boys got estray in the darkness and in the jam of artillery and cavalry, getting back to their commands at all hours during the day. Col. Bailey, of the 86th, he remembers, had a very beautiful and spirited bay horse, sixteen hands high, that had been presented to him by his friends at home. When the firing began the animal became unmanageable and the Colonel concluded to lead his men on foot, so he dismounted and gave him to some one to take to the rear. He never saw the horse again, and never could tell into whose care he had consigned him.

Alexander was not yet twenty years of age when he enlisted, but the war ended his school days, and on his return home he gave his time and thought to agriculture. He is one of the Executive Committee of the Allegany County Farmers' Club, and sometimes writes and lectures on agricultural topics. In politics he avows himself a staunch Prohibitionist; his idea being, like Shakespeare's, that the "invisible spirit" of intoxicating drinks ought to be regarded as a Devil—if not the biggest of all Devils. Who can deny that if all the inhabitants in this broad land entirely discarded liquor as a drink, they would be a greater, purer and happier people, and that millions would be spared from poverty, crime and drunkards' graves? He is also a steward of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Rushford, but does not think that he has departed from the religion of his ancestors, Heinrich and Rosine, in any essential thing. During the past eleven years he has served on the Board of Supervisors, being the only Prohibitionist among the twenty-nine members. As the office is regarded as one of great importance in his state, this indicates that if our kinsman belongs to a very small party, he at least has the respect and confidence of a very large number of voters.

3. Almanzo W.[4], b. Nov. 12, 1841; m. Helen K. Karr, Dec. 19, 1866; she d. April 28, 1902; r. Rushford, N. Y. Two children:

i. Martin Karr Litchard[5], b. Aug. 3, 1868; m. Pauline E. Brainard, Sept. 29, 1891; r. Newark, N. J. Two children: Donald Brainard[6], b. July 28, 1893; Corydon Karr[6], b. Dec. 11, 1896.

ii. Jennie[5], b. Aug. 15, 1876; m. Daniel W. Gilbert, Sept. 15, 1897; r. Rushford, N. Y. Two children: Helen Sophia G.[6], b. Aug. 19, 1898; Loren Litchard G.[6], b. April 14, 1900.

Almanzo W. Litchard[4] enlisted at the same time, Aug. 29, 1861, that his twin brother, Alexander, entered the service, and served in the same company (D, 86th Reg't N. Y. V. I.) until December, 1862, when he was taken ill, and while in the hospital was honorably discharged. He soon recovered, however, and thinking that Uncle Sam still needed him, re-enlisted in August, 1863, was consigned to the New York Heavy Artillery, Third Division, Sixth Corps, and served until June 26, 1865. Side by side with Alexander he had part in the adverse second Bull Run battle, already described; afterwards went through the Cedar Creek fight under Phil. Sheridan, and subsequently was in all the principal engagements under General Grant, ending with the surrender at Appomattox, and had the satisfaction of being on hand when the Confederates marched to Clover Hill, north of Appomattox Court House, to stack their arms, April 12, 1865. His health continued unimpaired, and though many of his comrades were killed, and many all around him were wounded, he escaped without sustaining the slightest bodily harm. After Lee's army was captured, Almanzo's command made forced marches to join Sherman's army, then chasing Johnston, but did not reach that valorous body until the night following Johnston's surrender. He expected to see some more ugly work by the clashing of arms, but his disappointment on reaching Sherman was not in any sense a disagreeable frustration of expectation. Every true soldier in his heart reflected the benevolent sentiment of Grant, "Let us have Peace." The surrender to Sherman of all the insurgent forces of the South east of the Mississippi River now forever ended the days of bloody strife between the North and the South, and the

rank and file of both armies, and many even of the Southern leaders, rejoiced. Our respected kinsman can well say with Captain Whiting, the Southern poet, who wrote the following affecting lines:

"I saw the glazing eyes of those
Struck down by rifle ball and shell;
I saw the angry looks of foes,
I heard the piercing rebel yell!

I marked the charging squadron's wheel,
I heard the stirring bugle call,
I heard the red-mouthed cannon's peal—
I saw the men in wind-rows fall.

Sudden the hideous spectres fled—
The hushed sounds of battles cease;
A cloudless sky is overhead,
Indicative of Love and Peace.

Oh! brothers of the wintry North!
Oh! brethren of the sunny South!
May civil discords call you forth
No more, to face the cannon's mouth!

After returning from the war Almanzo took a commercial course and graduated from Eastman's College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In politics he is a staunch Republican, and was elected by his party to the Legislature of New York in 1898, 1899 and 1900. He is the President of the Allegany County Farmers' Co-operative Fire Insurance Company, incorporated in 1883, and now having property insured to the amount of $5,500,000. Is also the President of the Allegany County Farmers' Club. A curious biological fact pertaining to these twin brothers is that when they were boys Alexander was much the stouter and heavier, but on reaching manhood the relative condition has been completely reversed, as Almanzo is now the stronger, and, tipping the scales at 195, weighs fifty pounds more than Alexander. Both are active, vigorous and useful men. Both are also fervent members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and it seems that, if possible, they never miss the opportunity to meet their surviving comrades at the National Encampments.

4. JOHN B.[4], b. Dec. 18, 1845; m. Sarah Ferry, of Almond, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1874; Sarah d. July 6, 1896; o. miller; has a half interest in a grist mill at Wilson, Niagara County, N. Y. Five children:

 i. Cora Belle[5], b. April 1, 1876; m. Bert Mudge, Nov. 21, 1900. One daughter: Florence L.[6], b. March 18, 1902.

 ii. Frank Ezra[5], b. Dec. 19, 1878.

 iii. Claud G.[5], b. Jan. 15, 1880; m. Carrie Wheeler, March 29, 1902.

 iv. Clyde A.[5], b. Jan. 15, 1880.

 v. Edgar B.[5], b. March 10, 1884.

Claude and Clyde[5] are the sixth pair of twins in the Litchard branch of our family. Margaret[2] and her sister, Catharine Fogleman (1783), were twins. George Litchard[3] was twice the father of twins (1841) and 1861); his sister, Catharine Amess (1858), had twins; and Lucy Keihle Clark[4] had twins (1890).

John B.[4], when not yet 18 years old, seemed to think that his father's family ought to be represented in the cause of the Union and the Constitution by all his sons who were old enough to bear arms, so he accordingly enlisted Aug. 17, 1863, and as a recruit joined the veterans of Co. D, First New York Dragoons, Second Div. Cavalry Corps, under General Wesley Merritt, and served until the close of the war. He returned to his home in time to go to school again while he was still a minor. It was his fortune to take part in twelve of the forty-four engagements in which his regiment fought, was twice wounded—first at Newtown, Ga., Aug. 11, 1864, by a wound in the wrist that laid him up for two months; and second, at Cedar Creek, Oct. 17, 1864, one week after he rejoined his company, by a bullet hitting him on the hip, which put him off duty for three weeks—and several times narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy. During a raid in the neighborhood of Lynchburg he was in a skirmish on a side hill and had his horse killed. When the animal fell it rolled over him and bruised him badly. The (at that time) very inhospitable Johnnies were within forty rods of him, keeping up a lively

fusillade, but he managed to escape without further injury. Several of his comrades were wounded, one fatally. The most sanguinary encounter in his experience was at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, where his regiment, fighting dismounted, in crossing a field raked by rebel infantry and artillery, lost 66 men in 40 minutes, yet he had here also passed through the shower of lead and iron unharmed. This was one of the bloodiest battles of the campaign of 1864, but it was not a decisive one for either side, except that it was of decisive effect on the fast vanishing resources of the Confederacy. Grant was compelled to change his plan. It was a better cause, and greater resources, that decided the four years of internal strife in favor of the Old Flag. The fighting qualities were too near alike to make any distinction as to valor.

We in this age talk boastfully of Civilized Warfare, yet must confess with regret that at the best war is still unrefined Cruelty. It is still the infliction of suffering and destitution on the innocent, want and hardship on the aged and infirm, misery and sorrow on defenseless women and children, mutilation or death on the men bearing arms, and it can never be conducted that triumph will not be decided by cruelty and destruction. When the hostile spirit is once awakened by bloodshed it justifies the destruction of life and property, until the enemy surrenders, or his country is laid waste and he is destroyed. John B. remembers well how Sheridan, his chief commander, felt obliged to ravage the territory through which he marched, how he destroyed the grain and forage, barns stored with wheat and hay, and farming implements, burnt grist mills, seized the horses, drove off the cattle and sheep, and made the country as worthless to the Confederate army as he possibly could. Our kinsman relates an incident that illustrates one of the evils of war, and a practice that too often disgraced even the Old Flag. A member of his regiment when foraging had a peccant for appropriating silverware and silk dresses to send home to his people. One day when J. B. was out with a company foraging for the army he entered a house and found this secretive comrade, who was foraging on his own account, in a very unenviable predicament. He had just been searching a large chest for the

things he coveted, when the plucky woman of the house suddenly dropped the lid on him and jumped on it and held him there, and would have held him until he died if J. B. had not pulled her off and saved him.

Our kinsman saw enough to satisfy him that it will be a bright day for humanity when war shall cease, and hopes that its final extinction in the civilized world will not be postponed for another century. Why indeed cannot states and nations settle their differences by arbitration and law, the same as individuals, corporations, and town communities? If the world is to become Christianized, then surely the time will come when nations shall beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more. The great slaveholders' rebellion should not have been possible in this enlightened age, and would not have occurred if the calmer and more Christian people of the South had been heeded, but it was the selfish ambition of their desperate and unscrupulous political leaders that plunged them into self-destructive insurrection. They drew the sword, and they perished by the sword. They fought to perpetuate slavery, and they caused slavery to be abolished. They fought for *disunion, political power,* and hoped to *extend slavery.* Their Northern brethren fought for the UNION and the CONSTITUTION, and to RESTRICT SLAVERY to where it was—and even after the nation was plunged into civil war, the government forts and arsenals had been seized, proposed not to interfere with slavery *where it existed* if the insurgents would lay down their arms. It is well for humanity that the seditious states rejected the offer of peace on that condition. They who fought for the "Lost Cause," therefore, may be said to have unconsciously fought for a Good Cause—for Freedom—even for Emancipation.

Let us hope that no descendant of Heinrich—and no others of the sons of men—will ever hereafter be obliged to go to war, but that the thirty-three of our kindred who have fought under the Old Flag will be the last compelled to engage in cruel carnage for the rights of man. War is a relic of animalism and barbarism.

It is one of the "evils of the flesh." The fruits of the Right Spirit are Love, Mercy, Meekness, Law, Order and Peace—the hope and promise of the future!

But the Golden Age of Peace and Disarmament is still an era of the future. The cherished policy of the ruling nations is still to be prepared for war, believing that in the present state of society the arbitrament of the sword is thus abbreviated, or often entirely averted. The greed and selfishness of man still prevents the world from being at Peace. It was the unremitting cruelty, tyranny and avarice of the Spaniards that compelled the United States to recognize the independence of the people of Cuba—April 18, 1898—and, as President McKinley said in his respectful reply to the friendly communication of the European powers, obliged us *"to fulfill a duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable."* It was in a spirit of unselfish and generous patriotism to serve in the cause of oppressed humanity, therefore, that our kinsman, Frank Ezra Litchard[5], son of John B., enlisted on the 16th day of November, 1898, for three years, in the Hospital Corps of the Army of the United States. He did not enlist to participate in the merciless clash of arms, but to perform the tender and equally patriotic and important service of taking care of the sick and wounded—in the doing of which there is at times exposure to the calamities of war, as liability to be killed in action, or to death from disease. He was first sent to Camp McKenzie, Augusta, Ga., where he was on duty until March 1, 1899, when he was stricken down and came near death's door with typhoid fever. When sufficiently recovered, April 28, he received a furlough to go home. He there improved rapidly, and when his leave of absence expired, June 15, reported to Fort Porter, at Buffalo, N. Y. On the 16th of August he was sent in charge of a number of Hospital Corps recruits to Fort Columbus, N. Y. Harbor, where they were given a befitting course of instruction. On the 27th of September he boarded the hospital ship *Missouri* with a detachment of the Corps, bound for the Philippine Islands, via the Suez Canal, and arrived at Manila November 28, after a tiresome voyage of 59 days.

The routine of hospital work was occasionally diversified in a way that afforded the boys both salutary relaxation and merriment. One of Frank's amusing recollections was a midnight raid on a negro's watermelon patch, in which he participated with about a dozen of the Corps boys, while still at Camp McKenzie. The moon was shining brightly as the pillagers quietly moved through the pine woods and came to the clearing in which the lucious fruit lay partly hidden among the vines. A menacing barbed wire fence enclosed the ground, the well-stretched strands of which were only about twelve inches apart, so that it required some circumspection to press through without being lacerated. All managed to get through without special derangement except Roly-poly, a short, chubby, good natured youth whose circumference was almost equal to his longitude, and whose weight, 180 pounds, was altogether disproportionate to his height. He managed to wriggle through, however, but not without embarrassing contact with the sharp barbs, and not until he had entertained his companions by the free use of some very unrefined language. Each of the boys soon secured a good-sized melon, and started for the fence on the return march. They had not noticed the small hut standing in the shadow of the trees on the opposite border of the patch. They had just reached the fence when they heard the now alarmed negro proprietor shout, "Sic 'em, Tiger! Sick 'em! Ketch 'em! Bite 'em, Tiger," and as he clapped his hands the big dog rushed forward to execute the command. The boys all got through the fence in good time, and in fairly good shape, except Roly-poly, and as he could not at once adjust himself to the perilous situation, he had to suffer from the lively onset of Tiger. The rotund youth had got fast among the clutching barbs, and the next thing that happened the dog had him by the broadest part of his trousers and commenced pulling him along the wires, now to the right and then to the left, he all the while kicking vigorously and yelling vociferously, but still stanchly holding on to the melon under his arm, while his *undaunted* comrades stood a few rods away in the shadow of the forest trying hard not to laugh and discover themselves. Roly-poly, after several extraor-

dinary efforts, finally squirmed through, however, but not until he had suffered considerable damage, and had lost a very valuable part of his habiliment. When the boys arrived in camp they feasted on melons. The next day they nearly all had *melon-colic,* brought on by irregularity, excessive laughing, excitement and exertion, and—too much melon. Thus was rendered to them their desert.

The men in the hospital service all have their interesting reminiscences, pathetic and amusing, as well as the men who carried the guns and accoutrements and fought. Frank recalls that among the 153 Hospital Corps men who left New York on the *Missouri* there was a bright and handsome young Georgian who, on account of his exceptional vivacity and light-heartedness, while the detachment was receiving the required course of instruction in hospital work at Fort Columbus, had become a general favorite. As the vessel was moving out on the deep the young man who had been so gay stood silently and sadly gazing at the fast receding shore line, when one of the Corps approached him, and calling him by name, kindly asked what made him so down-hearted. Hesitating a moment, he frankly and gravely answered, "I will tell you boys. I have left a good home, affectionate parents, loving brothers and sisters, all because I was a little bit wayward, and perhaps I have taken leave of that happy home forever." And this blithe young man was the first one of the detachment to die in the Philippine Islands. Did the youth have a presentiment of his impending doom?

The *Missouri* entered the harbor of Gibraltar very early on a bright November morning, and was slowly steaming to a place of anchorage near the city, when she was suddenly found to be almost surrounded by a number of row boats containing Spanish fishermen. The loving subjects of the young sovereign, Alfonso XIII, and the Regent Queen, Maria Christina, stared intently at the big white vessel, over the stern of which the Stars and Stripes fluttered gently in the light breeze, and all of a sudden they began to shout, "Bad Americans! Bad Americans," in their mother

tongue, and defiantly shook their fists at Old Glory. This was more than the plucky American boys could stand. The cooks had pared three bushels or more of potatoes for breakfast, and left them in tubs outside of the galley door. Seeing them so handy, one of the boys called out, "Hurrah, boys! let's give 'em cold potatoes." With one accord about 80 of the Corps made a rush for the tubs and filled their pockets and hands with the pared tubers, and then ran back to the railing and commenced a general fusillade at the haughty Spaniards. For a few moments, as Frank tells it, "the air was white with the 'Irish lemons,' and it is safe to say that three out of every five potatoes hit either the Spaniards or the boats. The chief cook complained to Major A., their commander, and soon the ringleaders, or as many of them as could be found—and Frank confesses that he was one of them—were marched before the Major for trial and to receive sentence. One of the boys who was especially blessed with the gift of gab was chosen to act as spokesman and plead the cause of the insulted Americans. The Major asked what they meant by thus wantonly wasting their breakfast. The prolocutor responded in his most persuasive and urbane manner, and concluded his clever vindication by saying, "we thought that we were inspired by the spirit of patriotism to defend our Flag, even though we had to fire potatoes to do it." The Major did not visibly concur with the eloquent advocate, and said with seeming sternness that if anything of the kind occurred again he would order every man down in the hold, and keep them there indefinitely on bread and water. The boys fancied that they observed a faintly visible twinkle in his eye while he made this appalling threat (and perhaps the Major just then thought of the inhuman treachery by which the U. S. battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, and 266 of our brave boys killed), and as they were not punished they concluded that they did not mistake. But all they had that morning for breakfast was dry bread and strong black coffee.

All who have read and properly appreciated that felicitous, heart-touching poem, "Bingen on the Rhine," can realize that every true soldier who dies for his country, far from home and

friends, has a more or less mournful story. Frank was more than once seriously reminded of the expiring Bingen "Soldier of the Legion" as he saw men die, with their thoughts riveted on their native land, and the loved ones who were hoping and waiting there. While on duty in the First Reserve Hospital at Manila, then the largest hospital in the Philippines, a large, handsome soldier, about twenty-two years of age, was one Saturday afternoon brought to Frank's ward with every symptom of typhoid fever in its very worst form. As the days passed the patient grew weaker, and the symptoms no better, and one week later the surgeon gave up all hope of saving him. All day on the second Saturday he raved in delirium, talking of home, kindred, friends, his boy days, and then suddenly his mind would revert back to his military duties. Late in the day he became so exhausted from talking and shouting that he could no longer speak above a whisper. He lay in a stupor, wildly muttering, until about 7:30 P. M., when he became calm and once more rational. Frank was standing on the opposite side of the ward, twenty feet or more from his cot, and noticed that he was being intently gazed at by him, and concluded that he probably wished to say something. Stepping to his side and bending over him, Frank asked if there was anything that he could do for him. He nodded affirmatively and whispered, "What State are you from?" "From the State of New York." "Have you ever lived in Ohio?" "No." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "Well, that is strange!" he feebly whispered, and as if disappointed, but soon continued: "I have a sister in Ohio whom you wonderfully resemble. I want you to write to her and tell her where and how I died, and that I was not afraid to die, and give her my Good By," etc. Forty minutes later his lifeless body was carried over to the morgue."

> "Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head
> When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread;
> But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
> For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die."

After serving one year in the hospital at Manila Frank returned to the United States, and in due time arrived at the Hos-

pital Corps School of Instruction, on Angel Island, San Francisco Bay. January 3, 1901, he reported for duty at the Camp of Recruits, at the Presidio, near San Francisco. The recruits—or "rookies," as the medicos called them—were being enlisted throughout the country as fast as possible to fill up the regiments and replace the men mustered out as their terms of enlistment expired, as well as the losses by disease and battle, and these new men arrived at the rate of 60 to 80 every day. They were examined by the Surgeon and Stewart, assisted by Frank. Frank's special duty was to vaccinate, and he estimates that he put Uncle Sam's "trade mark" on about 6,000 recruits. His success is not merely to be measured by the following circumstance: In charge of the department for a time was a new First Lieutenant Surgeon who was not up to the ways of the rookies to escape doing duty. At the sick call each morning he marked "quarters" nearly all who claimed to be ailing, and they were thus excused from all duty, and could lay at ease in their bunks the rest of the day. One morning about 50 men stood in front of the tent, expecting to be marked "quarters" as soon as the bugle sounded the sick call and the Doctor appeared, but the place of the new physician was now filled by an old army surgeon who knew all about rookies. When the sick book was opened the wily recruits were ready to practice their deceit on Uncle Sam. The first man called had his arm in a sling, and a woe-be-gone expression on his face. "What is the trouble?" said the Doctor kindly. "Oh, Doctor, I've been vaccinated and my arm pains me awfully. I want to be marked 'quarters.' I can only raise my arm so high"—lifting his arm not half-shoulder high as he spoke. "That's too bad," the Doctor replied in a tone of sympathy. "Let me see your arm." The rookey carefully slipped his sleeve up and disclosed a small red spot where the virus was taking effect, but was certainly not very painful. "Now, that is a bad-looking arm," and the Doctor seemed very serious. "How high could you raise it before vaccinated?" "Oh, so high, Doctor," and the poor fool raised his arm straight up from his shoulder. This was too much for the Doctor, and instantly his manner changed to unmistakable sternness as he spoke so all

could hear: "I'll teach you chaps a lesson. Back, all of you, to duty. Get out of here, and be lively about it too. Git." And git they did. Every man that morning was marked "Duty" as soon as he came in, and from that time on there was little trouble with the rookies.

November 16th Frank was honorably discharged, having been in the service just three years, and in the meantime had at Uncle Sam's expense made a journey around the world. In closing the last letter I had from him he said: "I am glad to know I was not the only one in our long line of relations who participated in the Spanish-American War. If the other boys feel as I do about it they would not take a round $1,000 for what they saw, and went through, and would not go through it again for another $1,000."

5. Lemuel H. Litchard[4], b. Sept. 4, 1851; unm.; r. Waltham, Mass. Has been in the employ of the White Sewing Machine Company since 1896.

6. Lettie L.[4], b. Feb. 24, 1860; m. Leroy Allen, Nov. 3, 1877; r. Arkport, N. Y. Four children: Pearl A.[5], b. Dec. 30, 1878—m. H. H. Hallock, July 25, 1896; Lynn A.[5], b. Dec. 31, 1883; Fern Litchard A.[5], b. Oct. 4, 1898; Iva Rosine A.[5], b. Feb. 25, 1902.

7. Ida A.[4], } b. March 14, 1861. Both d. the same year.
8. Ada A.[4], }

9. Dora L.[4], b. Jan. 22, 1863; m. Frank Dunning, Dec. 20, 1882; r. Canaseraga, N. Y. Two children: George[5], b. Oct. 2, 1885; Ross[5], b. Feb. 25, 1892.

10. Roger George Litchard[4], b. Oct. 19, 1864—on the day of Sheridan's famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, when his brothers, Almanzo and Alexander, and cousin, Royal R. Clemens, in the afternoon helped whip the Confederates for their rude conduct in the battle in the morning. P. O. Arkport, N. Y., o. farming and teaching. Occupies the Homestead, on which he was born and raised. Is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and during the last ten years has been either the Bible Class Teacher or Superintendent of the Sunday School. Married Miss Adah Curtis, of Springwater, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1892. Has two children: Ruth Gladys[5], b. March 30, 1894; George Lewis[5], b. Dec. 20, 1895.



ROGER LITCHARDt AND FAMILY, ARKPORT, N. Y.

V. ELIZABETH[3], b. March 11, 1817; m. James Keihle[x]; r. Dansville, N. Y. She d. Nov. 17, 1884, and he d. Oct. 28, 1889. Had eleven children:

1. DAVID LITCHARD KEIHLE[4], b. Feb. 7, 1837. The following is from a sketch found in a History of Minnesota:

"Professor David Litchard Keihle spent his youth in the graded schools of Dansville, N. Y.; began to teach at sixteen years of age; attended the State Normal School at Albany, and graduated in 1856; taught three years in the Canandaigua Academy; entered the junior class of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, in 1859, and graduated in 1861, one of the 'honor' members of the class. While in college, in addition to the classical course, he connected himself with the laboratory and took a special course in chemistry. He taught a graded school in Monroe, Michigan, during the year 1862; then took a full course of studies in the Union Theological Seminary; was graduated in 1865, and ordained to the Presbyterian ministry. While preparing for this work he taught in the Polytechnic and Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn, in all nearly three years.

"In 1865 he came to Minnesota, organized a Presbyterian Church at Preston, Fillmore County, became its pastor and remained there ten years. During the last six of those years he was County Superintendent of Schools, driven into that work on account of poor health. By riding on horseback from school to school, and from town to town, he gradually improved, and was able to fill the requirements of the office. During five of these years that he was Superintendent he preached once a day on Sunday, simply supplying the pulpit without doing pastoral work. The last three years that he was at Preston he was one of the directors of the State Normal Schools; in 1875 was appointed by the board to take charge of the Normal School at Saint Cloud. In 1881 he resigned this position to accept the appointment of State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Minnesota. In this position he remained through six successive reappointments until 1893, when he resigned, accepting an election as Professor

of Pedagogy in the University of Minnesota. In this position he remained until his resignation in 1902.

"The subject of education seems to be the one absorbing theme with him. His best thoughts, his time, his energies are devoted to the questions, "What is modern education, and how can it be made available and practical in the philosophy and theories of the day?"

From this sketch it is evident that Professor Keihle is not only a zealous and devoted educator, but that he is a man of notable ability, and that he has by his merits won the distinction he has been favored with. When last heard from he was engaged in the composition of a work the title of which is "A Philosophy of the History of Education," which may be expected to embody his best and maturest conceptions. On the 25th of July, 1864, he was married to Miss Mary Gilman, of Dansville, N. Y. They have four children:

i. Adelia Mary K.[5], b. Aug. 17, 1866; m. Dr. J. C. E. King, May 14, 1891; r. Salt Lake City, Utah.

ii. Louise Gilman K.[5], b. Aug. 31, 1868; m. Rev. Carl Wardsworth Scovel, pastor of Babcock Memorial Church, Baltimore, Md., May 17, 1900.

iii. Dr. Frederick Andrews Keihle[5], b. Aug. 10, 1872; r. West Jordan, Utah.

iv. Florence Keihle[5], b. May 21, 1879.

2. Mary Elizabeth Keihle[4], b. Sept. 15, 1839; m. Harvey A. Fairchild, Aug. 26, 1869; r. Dansville, N. Y. Four children:

i. Percy M. F.[5], b. March 20, 1871; m. Miss Blanche Kuhn, Jan. 26, 1898; r. Sparta, N. Y.

ii. Edward F.[5], b. June 17, 1872; m. Miss Helen McCurdy Edwards, of Dansville, June 30, 1903; r. Milwaukee, Wis.

iii. Georgiana F.[5], b. Aug. 26, 1878.

iv. Charlotte Louisa F.[5], b. July 1, 1881.

3. William P. Keihle[4], b. Dec. 11, 1840; d. June 21, 1845.

4. Delia Ann Keihle[4], b. Nov. 23, 1842; d. unm. Aug. 12, 1865.

5. Francis Marion Keihle[4], b. March 26, 1845; d. Jan. 15, 1862.

6. Amos Augustus Keihle[4], b. March 22, 1847. The following highly commendatory notice of our kinsman was obtained from a sketch of him in "Men of Progress," a book published in Milwaukee in 1897:

"Rev. Amos Augustus Kiehle, D. D., pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Milwaukee, was born in Dansville, N. Y. His father, James Kiehle, was a tanner by trade and occupation, owning a tannery which he carried on for years, gaining thereby a moderate competency. He was one of those highly respected citizens who form the conservative element in every prosperous community. A. A. Kiehle's mother was Elizabeth Litchard, a woman of sterling Christian character, who impressed herself indelibly upon her children to their lasting good. Both paternal and maternal grandfathers were residents of Pennsylvania, but removed to New York when their children were young, settling on farms in Livingston County, where they remained during the rest of their lives.

"A. A. Kiehle received his early education in the district school, which was followed by a course in the Dansville Seminary, an institution of higher education with more than a local reputation for the thoroughness of its instruction. He then taught for two years in Canandaigua Academy, and in the meantime prepared himself for a collegiate course, which he took at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., entering that institution in September, 1867, and graduating therefrom in 1871. While in college he was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity and a most faithful and successful student, making a record for thorough scholarship and for a broad and liberal culture. As student and teacher he paid attention to the study of elocution, in which he won several prizes and acquired a faculty and power as a public speaker which has proved of great practical advantage to him. He believes that the study of language and elocution are not accorded the place in a liberal course of study which their importance demands. In the fall of 1871 he

entered Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and graduated therefrom in the class of 1874. Soon after he received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Franklin Avenue Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis, Minn., and on the 21st of October, 1874, he was ordained to the gospel ministry and installed pastor of that church. The duties of this position he discharged with much fidelity until February, 1878, when he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Stillwater, Minn., where he labored with great ability and success until the summer of 1881, when he became pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church of Milwaukee, which he is still most acceptably filling. During his pastorate the church has more than doubled its membership, a heavy debt has been paid, and the church building has been enlarged.

"Mr. Kiehle is a Republican in politics, and, while he is in no sense a 'political preacher,' he takes a deep interest in all public questions, whether political, social or industrial, and never neglects his duties as a citizen. He is eminently a preacher of the gospel, but is fully alive to the fact that the gospel has a very close relation to daily, practical life, and he does not hesitate to point out and emphasize that relation in a manner that leaves a lasting impression. As a preacher Mr. Kiehle has a popular manner, is an impressive reader of the Scriptures, has a voice that easily fills the largest audience rooms and is most pleasant to the ear. His style is clear, direct, forcible and often most eloquent, while the plain truths of Scripture seem to acquire a new power as they fall from his lips. He does not unduly advance the doctrinal phase of religion, nor does he indulge in mere theological speculation. He is a broad, liberal-minded, growing man, and one who stands in the front rank of his profession."

Mr. Kiehle was married to Miss Julia Reed, of Livonia, N. Y., May 13, 1874. She d. Aug. 1, 1878, leaving two daughters, Bessie Marian[5], b. Jan. 19, 1876, and Grace Julia[5], b. Sept. 16, 1877. July 28th, 1881, he married Miss Frances Decker, of South Livonia, N. Y., who d. March 10, 1885, leaving a son, Ernest R.[5], b. Dec. 10, 1883. On the 24th of June, 1890, Mr. Kiehle married Miss Bessie Harrison, of Milwaukee.

7. Rosetta Keihle[4], b. April 7, 1849; d. Oct. 10, 1863.

8. Harriet E. Keihle[4], b. May 7, 1851; m. Edward Payson Clark, Feb. 11, 1873; r. Dansville, N. Y. Four children: E. Louise[5], b. March 3, 1874; Harry C.[5], b. Feb. 7, 1876; Alice B.[5], b. April 20, 1878; Frederick E.[5], b. Jan. 25, 1881.

9. Albert Melvin Keihle[4], b. June 15, 1853; m. Mary Edith Scott, Aug. 24, 1882; r. Minneapolis, Minn. Two children: Edith Belle[5], b. Nov. 21, 1884; James Scott[5], b. June 27, 1886.

10. Lucy Keihle[4], b. Dec. 29, 1855; m. George Clark, May 29, 1879; r. Minneapolis, Minn. Six children: Walter Kiehle[5], b. April 22, 1880; Frances Mildred[5], b. Nov. 2, 1883; Mary Elizabeth[5], b. Dec. 30, 1887; Cora[5], b. Sept. 6, 1890; Carrie[5], b. Sept. 6, 1890; Marguerite[5], b. Jan. 10, 1893.

11. Carrie Louise Keihle[4], b. Aug. 6, 1858; r. Minneapolis, Minn.

VI. MARY[3], b. April 18, 1818; m. Isaac Steffy;× She d. June 9, 1891; r. Springwater, N. Y. Had four children:

1. Elizabeth Steffy[4], b. about 1844; d. in infancy.

2. John Steffy[4], b. Aug. 14, 1846; m.×

3. Monroe Steffy[4], b. Jan. 17, 1849; m. Vida Curtis.× He d. Sept. 10, 1888. Two children:×

4. Deliah Steffy[4], b. May 23, 1851; m. Belden B. Crane; r. Livonia, N. Y. Seven children: Mary L.[5], b. Dec. 11, 1868; Scott W.[5], b. Jan. 29, 1873; Vernie A.[5], b. Aug. 21, 1876; Sarah M.[5], b. Sept. 27, 1879; Belden B.[5], b. July 28, 1883; Nellie[5], b. Aug. 11, 1885; John[5], b. Nov. 8, 1887.

VII. CATHARINE LITCHARD[3], b. Dec. 20, 1820; m. first, Baltis Mosteller, about 1840; second, John Amess, of England, Nov. 3, 1858; r. Sultphen, Kansas. She d. Aug. 25, 1893. J. A. d. Jan. 1, 1895. She had seven children:

1. John Mosteller[4], b. Oct. 10, 1841; m. Elizabeth Brien, Sept. 1, 1874; she d. Dec. 23, 1898, and came from Belfast, Ireland; r. Saginaw, Mich. Had eight children:

i. Frank C.[5], b. May 27, 1875; m. Maud C. Pinard, Jan. 16, 1901.

ii. James E.[5], b. April 23, 1877.

iii. Thomas B.[5], b. Jan. 17, 1881.

iv. Mary Ross[5], b. July 10, 1883.

v. William H.[5], b. March 15, 1885.

vi. John P.[5], b. Jan. 25, 1889.

vii. Anna I.[5], b. Jan. 15, 1891.

viii. Ruth[5], b. April 4, 1894.

2. HARRIET M.[4], b. March 7, 1847; m. first, Luther Haas, July 29, 1868; he d. April 28, 1871; m. second, Philo Harger, March 18, 1877; r. Denver, Col. One child: Frederick D. Haas[5], b. Oct. 1, 1870; m. Grace Leare, Sept. 19, 1900; r. Denver, Col.

3. WILLIAM MOSTELLER[4], b. Jan. 7, 1851; m. Mary Ida Coleman. He d. May 20, 1888, at Harrison, Mich. She d. at Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 13, 1893. Had five children:

i. Nellie[5], b. Oct. 15, 1876; m. L. C. Miller, of Colorado Springs, Col.×

ii. Walter B.[5], b. Aug. 5, 1880; d. Feb. 18, 1881.

iii. Ray W.[5], b. Feb. 23, 1882; r. Pasadena, Cal.

iv. Eva E.[5], b. Feb. 13, 1885. After death of her father was adopted by some wealthy family and taken to England.

v. Mary Ida[5], b. April 20, 1888; r. Los Angeles, Cal.

4. JAMES O. AMESS[4], b. Oct. 8, 1854; d. April 8, 1872.

5. SAMUEL E. AMESS[4], b. Jan. 29, 1856; d. May 2, 1868.

6. GEORGE J. AMESS[4], b. July 13, 1858; m. Edith E. Hardy, May 21, 1884; r. Sultphen, Kansas. Eight children: Floyd M.[5], b. March 7, 1885; James S.[5], b. May 22, 1886; Florence E.[5], b. March 26, 1889; Jennie D.[5], b. April 26, 1891; Theodore R.[5], b. Nov. 16, 1893; Edna E.[5], b. March 25, 1895; Ivan A.[5], b. Jan. 28, 1898—d. Jan. 29, 1898; Georgiana[5], b. June 6, 1899.

7. MARY AMESS[4], b. July 13, 1858. She and George J. are twins; m. Boyd L. Grey, of Alton, Ill., March 1, 1887; r. near Sultphen, Kansas, on the "Homestead," and near the



MRS. MARGARET CLEMONS,
SULTPHEN, KANSAS.

home of her aunt, Margaret R. Clemons. Four children: Ora B.[5], b. July 6, 1888; Charlie J.[5], b. April 20, 1890; Ada M.[5], b. Oct. 30, 1891; Nellie J.[5], b. Nov. 20, 1898.

VIII. MARGARET REBECCA[3], b. Oct. 22, 1822; m. James J. Clemons, of Conesus, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1842. He was born Nov. 11, 1820, and died May 6, 1903.

She is the only one now living of the ten children of Margaret and John Litchard, and is one of the five sole present survivors of the third generation of the family of Heinrich Gernhardt. With her husband and children she moved from Burns, N. Y., in 1870, to Dickinson County, Kansas, and settled, and she still lives, on a very fertile farm of 480 acres, in a beautiful prairie country, near Sultphen, on Chapman Creek, ten miles east of the Republican River. The famous old "Pikes Peak Trail," around which many memories still cluster, crossed their land, traces of the trail being still visible. An almost constant stream of emigrants commenced to flow over this route in the spring of 1859, and continued for several years, to the newly discovered gold placers in the Pikes Peak region of Colorado. Margaret's children, as she once wrote me, all live within a day's drive of her home. In closing one of her esteemed letters she said: "Providence has dealt kindly with us, for which we try to be thankful." She and James had:

1. Royal Rowland Clemons[4], b. Aug. 5, 1843; m. Mary Jane Gilbert, of Allegheny County, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1870; r. Manhatten, Kansas. Two daughters:

 i. Lorena Estelle[5], b. March 18, 1874. Miss Lorena is the Secretary of the Kansas State Agricultural College, the largest institution of its class in this country, or in the world, located one mile from the city in which her parents reside. According to the 1902 catalogue of the college, the total number of students enrolled in the various departments is 1,396. As Miss Lorena has held the important position of Secretary upwards of four years, and receives a liberal salary, it is evident that she is amply endowed with the necessary ability,

and that she performs her duties conscientiously as well as satisfactorily. What would her great-great-grandparents, Heinrich and Rosine, say if they were to come back and Lorena could conduct them through this immense institution and show them the Main College Building, Mechanics' Hall, Gymnasium, Horticultural Hall, Horticultural Laboratory, Library and Agricultural Hall, with the College Library of 25,700 bound volumes, Domestic Science Hall, Agricultural Hall, Physical Science Hall, the great Farm Barn, Dairy Barn, Horticultural Barn, and the 544 acres of land devoted to agricultural experiments, the expenses of which tests are defrayed by an appropriation of $15,000 every year by Congress? They would be amazed at the contrast of their day with this day, and might be imagined to exclaim, "How the world has moved!"

ii. *Lida Ethel*[5], b. Jan. 22, 1886. In the 1902 catalogue of the K. State Ag. Col. I find her name appears in the list of Freshmen.

Royal Rowland Clemons enlisted in the cause of the Union on the 6th day of September, 1864. On the 15th of October he was assigned to Company E of the Ninth N. Y. Heavy Artillery, and four days later, on the 19th, in the battle of Cedar Creek, he was already initiated into the fearful consequences when hostile armies meet and "let slip the dogs of war." In the notes relating to the part of Chauncey Wichterman[4] (Clarissa[3], Jacob[2]), in the same engagement—the kin then had no knowledge of each other—the most important details of this great struggle are mentioned. Royal was but ten paces from the pike when Sheridan on his big black horse, then white with foam, came rushing through the confused line of battle, some distance in advance of his staff, and heard him shout, "You shall camp on the old camp ground tonight." He is also credited with having shouted something very uncomplimentary to the Johnnies. His appearance and fierce ardor instantly inspired the men with the same self-reliant spirit, and when, with fresh confidence, they rushed upon the exulting foe they retrieved the defeat of the morning by gaining a decisive and glorious victory.



ROYAL R. CLEMONS AND FAMILY,
MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

After the carnage ended, Royal alone ministered to thirteen of the seriously wounded, in an old log cabin but a few rods from Sheridan's headquarters, from dusk until noon the next day. He gathered wood from among the dead and the debris of arms and knapsacks and clothes, on the field of slaughter, and made a fire to make the sufferers as comfortable as he could, and brought them water from a spring forty rods distant, to slake their thirst and to soothe their wounds. Several had their legs broken, and often had to be helped to change their uncomfortable positions on the hard, bare floors, with nothing under them but a blanket. One wretched comrade was shot through the bowels, and could not raise his head but he had to vomit. Another was shot through the bladder, another through the wrist—the latter suffered most intensely, all the time walking the floor and moaning—and every one had an ugly wound. All were strangers to Royal, and he has never to this day heard of the fate of a single one of the ill-starred thirteen. Thus did brave men shed their blood on the sacrificial war-altar of their country, for freedom and righteous government, and thus did the daring men, whom Fate spared, tenderly care for their hapless comrades. Royal had several bullets put through his clothes, but he suffered no material injury.

The battalion to which R. R. belonged was detailed to guard the 1,400 prisoners taken in the battle—the nearly same number of Union soldiers the Confederates had captured in the morning were unfortunately not retaken, as they had at once been hurried off the field to some place of safety—and the next day his duty was to accompany the captive Johnnies on their first march, destined for Point Lookout. They started from Cedar Creek on the 21st and marched to the north side of Winchester, seventeen miles, and then encamped. At ten o'clock in the evening the order came to fall in immediately, and though it was then raining and so pitchy dark that nothing a few feet away could be seen, they were hurriedly marched eleven miles to Bunker Hill. The cause for this hasty night march, it was understood by the rank and file, was to prevent Moseby's guerrillas from attempting to free the prisoners. This was another dismal war experience that will never be forgotten by

Royal and his comrades. It was an intolerably irksome movement through mud so deep and slippery that the men often fell pell-mell into it, and all were covered with the mire from head to foot. It then suddenly grew cold, so that the dirt froze and made their clothing disagreeably stiff. After halting five hours at Bunker Hill, another hurried march of ten miles took them to Martinsburg, where their prisoners were loaded on cars and taken to Baltimore, and thence transported by boat to Point Lookout.

Two days later the same detachment conveyed a supply train of mule teams back in the direction of Winchester, and by way of variety had a scrap with Moseby at Bunker Hill, but the foxy guerrilla seemed to decide that the detail was able to do its duty and only tarried for a short interview. December 5th found the Ninth New York with the Sixth Corps again on the fighting line, south of Petersburg, being sent there to relieve the Fifth Corps, just then starting out on the well-remembered raid to tear up the Weldon Railroad, and complicate matters for the Confederates. There Royal's regiment did its share of guard and picket duty until the taking of Petersburg and the evacuation of Richmond, April 2, 1865. Here our kinsman recalls an interesting incident, that shows that officers and men sometimes see things in a very different light. The first picket was detailed for three days, five men and a corporal being stationed at each post along the line. The posts were formed of pine brush in the shape of a horseshoe, breast high, the inside of the shoe open to the Union lines, three-fourths of a mile or less to the rear. The Confederate picket line was about 80 rods in front of the posts. One man of each post had to stand about 100 steps in front on guard for two hours, and was then relieved until his turn came again. The corporal in charge of the squad had to post the vidette, and march back to the post with the relief. One night when Royal was on picket duty—and luckily it was the third and last night for his detail—the comrade on guard imagined he saw some Johnnies sneaking towards the picket line, discharged his gun and hastened back to the post. All instantly fell back from the fire so they could see better; but if there were any of the rebs about, none could be seen, and it was

decided to be a false alarm. The officer of the day, failing to see the advantage of falling back, or too ready to exercise his authority, put the corporal under arrest for misconduct. The next night the enemy surprised five of the Union posts, killed one of the guards, and captured twenty-six, because they were compelled to stand by their fires and could not see. The censured corporal was at once reinstated, and thenceforth the pickets were expected to fall back from their fires when assailed. Live and Learn in war as well as in peace.

About March 25th A. P. Hill succeeded in breaking the Union line between the Sixth Corps and City Point, by which he obliged R. R. and his comrades to go without rations for several meals, but there was some satisfaction for this in the capture of about 2,500 of the adventuresome Confederates, and in keeping Grant's lines intact. The picket line of the corps was now advanced, overlapping the enemy's picket line, and pushing up close to his works. About the 28th the command broke camp, on the receipt of orders to be ready to move at one hour's notice. On the 31st General Sheridan fought the battle of Five Forks with a part of Lee's army, and made a big haul of 5,000 prisoners. The men of the Sixth Corps this day lay on their arms ready to be led into action at any moment. They knew that Grant's plans were working deftly, and believed that the collapse of the Confederacy must soon come. On the following evening, when the shadows of night had fallen so as to conceal the movement, they were aligned in four lines of battle, ready for the proposed general assault, and lay thus on their arms through the night, a vigorous bombardment being meanwhile kept up on the defensive works around Petersburg, now the last great stronghold of the Southern federation, and before the break of day on the morning of the 2d of April they joined in the great general assault, taking the works in their immediate front. Many prisoners were taken, six of whom gave themselves up to Royal, tired of the war, and not a few completely realizing that theirs was a Lost Cause. In little more than a week later the Army of Northern Virginia was dispersed, and the deter-

mined but useless struggle to found a government with the "sum of all villainies" as a corner-stone, after spreading ruin and desolation all over the South, was brought to an inglorious end.

But Royal was once more engaged in a clash of arms, as he had a hand on the 6th in the fight at Sailor's Creek, at the time when nearly the whole army was in pursuit of the retreating Confederates, who had not yet agreed to surrender. It was on the 7th that Grant sent the first messenger to General Lee, demanding a surrender, reminding him that it was clearly evident he was now waging a hopeless war. Sheridan, supported by the Second Corps, on the 6th attacked Ewell at Sailor's Creek, taking 16 guns, 400 wagons, and 6,000 prisoners. This was the last hard fight before the final surrender.

Lee still, however, seemed to hope to cut his way through the now constantly tightening Union lines—notwithstanding that since the 29th of March 19,132 of his men had been taken prisoners, besides the large number that had been killed and wounded, and the many that had during the flight slipped from the ranks—but he soon realized that further resistance was useless, just as Grant had admonished him, and on the 9th was willing to accept the very lenient terms of surrender offered, his army now being reduced to less than 30,000 officers and men. Yet on the very morning of the 9th, when he asked Grant for an interview in accordance with the terms offered, he actually made a move to break through. It was of no use, however, and to save his men from a needless sacrifice it was quickly abandoned. Sheridan was just getting his men ready for a charge, when the white flag was held up, and—Royal did not get into another fight.

2. William Byron Clemons[4], b. Sept. 14, 1844; d. Dec. 27, 1848.

3. Julius Edgar Clemons[4], b. July 19, 1846; m. Miss Helen Irene Carter, January, 1872; n. c.; r. Junction City, Kansas.

Julius enlisted a few days after his brother Royal, and as recruits they both at the same time joined the same company and

regiment—Co. E., Ninth N. Y. H. A.—in which their cousin, Almanzo W. Litchard, served. The sketch of Royal's service gives the important facts of Julius' military career, as they were together in all the marches and engagements therein mentioned. All alike had the good fortune to pass through the war unharmed, and have lived to see many of the happy results of the triumph of the cause for which they fought, and would have given their lives. They helped to make the Union a World Power, a mighty and ever expanding force for the civilization, freedom and uplifting of humanity, that would have been impossible with a disunited people, ever wrangling over the curse of human bondage.

4. George Melvin Clemons[4], b. Aug. 20, 1848; d. Oct. 30, 1850.

5. Luthena M. Clemons[4], b. March 11, 1850; d. May 20, 1850.

6. James Elmer Clemons[4], b. Nov. 1, 1851; m. Mary Katherine Norman, April 25, 1877; r. Chapman, Kansas; o. farmer. One child: Grace Wadleigh[5], b. 1884.

7. Leila Alberta Clemons[4], b. July 16, 1853; m. Samuel S. Gaston, Jan. 1, 1873; r. Wakefield, Kansas. Three children:

 i. Minnie Myrtle Gaston[5], b. Feb. 7, 1874; m. William C. Gaston, March 25, 1896. Two children: Ethel Gladys[6], b. Jan. 19, 1897; Evelyn Ruth[6], b. Dec. 22, 1897.

 ii. George William Gaston[5], b. June 9, 1878; m. Mary Ellen Haden, Nov. 24, 1898. Two children: Warren Moore[6], b. Oct. 1, 1899; Lelia Lorena[6], b. Nov. 20, 1901.

 iii. Edgar Clemons Moore Gaston[5], b. Sept. 11, 1883.

8. Adilla Lenora Clemons[4], b. Oct. 22, 1855; m. first, Alexander Gaston, Nov. 20, 1872; he d. from injuries received by being thrown from a carriage May 4, 1893; m. second, Joseph P. Otis, March 4, 1900; r. Clay Centre, Kansas. Three children:

 i. William E. Gaston[5], b. Dec. 24, 1873; d. Nov. 20, 1874.

 ii. Bertha Agnes Gaston[5], b. Feb. 29, 1876; m. Percy

Batchelor, Oct. 21, 1896; r. Gorman, Kansas. Two children: Nerila G.[6], b. Oct. 31, 1897; Arthur Percy[6], b. Jan. 23, 1900.

iii. Arthur E. Gaston[5], b. Jan. 13, 1878; m. Mary Wright, Jan. 1, 1900.

9. Loretta Elsie Clemons[4], b. April 10, 1857; m. Wellington W. Norman, of Orange, Ohio, Oct. 25, 1877; r. Junction City, Kansas: Three sons:

i. Ernest Earl Norman[5], b. Jan. 30, 1886.

ii. Emmer Warren Norman[5], b. Aug. 18, 1887.

iii. Harry C. Norman[5], b. Dec. 1, 1889.

10. Martha Luthera Clemons[4], b. Oct. 16, 1858; m. Eli N. Crayden, March 18, 1882; r. Chapman, Kansas. One child: Florence M. C.[5], b. May 1, 1884.

11. Clarence Rafaella Clemons[4], b. April 16, 1861; m. Josephine Bisnett, Oct. 2, 1901.

12. Ernest E. Clemons[4], b. Sept. 3, 1863; m. Miss Jennie Alpha Loader, Feb. 26, 1896; r. Sultphen, Kansas. Three children: Joe Ernstien[5], b. May 3, 1897; Ivan Eugene[5], b. Nov. 17, 1898; Lance Edgar[5], b. June 17, 1900.

IX. HENRY[3], b.× 1823; m. Catharine Ingolson×; n. c. He d. in Sparta, N. Y., August 27, 1854.

X. BENJAMIN[3], b. Dec. 26, 1826; d. Dec. 26, 1848; unm.

VIII.

BALTZER GARNHART BRANCH.

BALTZER[2], the youngest of Heinrich's four sons, was born in August, 1785, and was therefore 10 years old when the first family of our kin left the birthplace in Northampton County, and was just 20 years old at the time of the purchase (1805) of the Sinking Springs. In 1808 he married Anna C. Esbach, who was also born in Northampton County, and came with her people to Northumberland County in the year 1805. He was living at the Sinking Springs with his wife and four children, and managing the farm,

at the time of his father's death (1820), but several years later, after the sale of the homestead, bought a place about two or three miles north-west of the Springs, where he lived until his death, April 12th, 1851. He served as the sole executor of the parental estate, as neither of the other two named in Heinrich's will could conveniently serve. His final account as executor has by some means got out of its proper place among the archives of the county and was not found, and therefore we cannot give the particulars concerning the estate in which all branches of the family have a mutual interest. A brief preliminary report relating to the vendue was found, however, but it contained only one item that seemed to me of any real historical significance, viz., an outlay of *five shillings for whiskey* for the yeomanry who came to the sale. Whether this excited the ardor and vivacity of the bidders and made the bidding more *spirited* is not now known, but in some cases it probably did. It is a fact of history that in that day the fiery beverage was a free and common provision on all public occasions, even often at funerals. An old man, whose memory reached back to those days, some years ago made the remark to me that "*then* the old men did most of the drinking, but *now* most of the drinking is done by the young men."

Baltzer was a man of small stature, but sinewy, strong and active, and known as a hard worker. I saw him several times, but was then too young to remember much about him. I remember well, however, of at various times hearing him spoken of as taking great pride in having good, well-fed and well-groomed horses, and as being an exceptionally good teamster, who could get a team to draw a load that few could induce them to pull. Mr. D——, a neighbor of his, who was also vain of his horses, one day came along the road by Baltzer's place with a heavy load on his wagon, and in a bad spot where the ground was soggy got mired. It was about noon, when the boys were just coming to the barn with the teams. Baltzer, seeing that his esteemed neighbor could not get his horses to draw the load, kindly—but evidently with a manner betraying his conceit that he had the better team—proposed that Mr. D—— should unhitch, and that he would then hitch on his

team and get his wagon out of the mire. This touched the sensitive neighbor's pride, at which he insisted that his own team could pull out the wagon with the load if any team could. Baltzer then told his boys to put their horses in the barn and feed them. After making several more vain efforts to extricate the wagon, the owner felt obliged to give up, and then meekly requested Baltzer to bring out his team and hitch on to the tongue of the wagon and help his tired horses out of the hole. "No," said the imperturbable Baltzer, "my horses are eating now and I don't care to take them away from their feed. But, friend D——, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll let me take your horses in hand I'll soon show you that they alone can pull that load out." The subdued and now surprised neighbor perhaps thought that this certainly would at least not hurt the reputation of his team, as, after hesitating but a moment, he agreed to the quite unexpected proposition. Mr. Baltzer, after letting the excited and panting beasts cool off a little, and giving them some gentle pattings,—and even whispering something in their ears, for effect on the owner, if not on the horses,—induced them to make one tremendous and united effort, and they actually themselves pulled the wagon out on solid ground. Mr. D—— knew they could do it if any horses could—and Baltzer knew what he could do, and he did it. This circumstance was often mentioned and chuckled over by the old people who knew both men well.

Baltzer's wife, Anna C. Esbach, survived him eleven years (until 1862), but they have now for more than forty years been sleeping side by side in the Delaware Run Churchyard, in that last deep sleep from which, according to the Christian faith, there has as yet been but one final awakening, that of The First-Born from the Dead. In the frontispiece view of the old graveyard my right hand rests on her tombstone. The centre stone, with the rounded top, marks Baltzer's grave. The third of this group of three stones marks the resting place of Anna Elizabeth, who died a spinster in 1854, and was the third-born of Heinrich's and Rosine's children. In the other view of the graveyard, in which the church

is seen, the position is reversed, my hand there resting on Anna Elizabeth's headstone. Baltzer's and his wife's descendants:

I. MARY GARNHART[3], b. June 15, 1810; m. Samuel Sees[x]. They settled and lived until their decease on a farm less than one mile north of the Sinking Spring, where Mary was born, and about the same distance from the old graveyard. She died Oct. 14, 1846, and Samuel survived her until Sept. 23, 1887. Their children and grandchildren:

1. MARY ELLEN[4], d. in infancy. "Leaves have their times to fall, and flowers to wither, and stars to set—but thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"
2. WILLIAM H. SEES[4], b. Aug. 23, 1835; m. Elizabeth McCoy, of Freeport, Ills., Dec. 25, 1860. He d. Jan. 23, 1895. Last r. Montgomery City, Mo. Had children:
 i. Mary Ellen Sees[5], b. May 30, 1862.
 ii. George McCoy Sees[5], b. June 30, 1864; m. Lorena Robinson, Sept. 5, 1897. One daughter: Madaline Farrel[6], b. July 6, 1900.
 iii. Georgianna Sees[5], b. April 28, 1866.
 iv. Carrie Elizabeth Sees[5], b. May 7, 1868.
 v. William W. Sees[5], b. Nov. 3, 1871; m. Blanche Sabourin, Dec. 22, 1897. One daughter: Lela Ruth Sees[6], b. Oct. 24, 1898.
3. JACOB SYLVESTER SEES[4], b. April 15, 1837; m. first, Elizabeth R. Berry, Dec. 24, 1861; she d. Sept. 3, 1874; m. second, Rosa J. Wenker, July 27, 1876. Jacob was a miller by occupation for many years, but is at present farming the homestead farm, which is still held by the heirs. His issue:
 i. Carrie Mabel[5], b. July 29, 1862; m. N. D. Welshans, of Limestone Township, Lycoming County, Pa. Has had nine children: William Dell W.[6], b. July 11, 1887; Gordon Nelson[6], b. Oct. 27, 1888; Walter[6], b. Feb. 19, 1890—d. in infancy; Madge Byrl[6], b. May 24, 1891; Jacob Sees[6], b. Aug. 20, 1893; Abraham[6], b. Feb. 20, 1895—d. in infancy; James Trevette[6], b. May 28, 1898—d. in infancy; Steward W.[6], b. July 23, 1900; Torance Lakne[6], b. July 28, 1902.

ii. Samuel Sylvester[5], b. Feb. 3, 1864; m. Gertrude Tribles×.

iii. Harry Barney[5], b. May 2, 1866.

iv. Blanche Iva[5], b. Sept. 15, 1868; m. Bert Weaver; r. Newberry, Pa.

v. Elizabeth[5], b. Oct. 13, 1870; m. Michael K. Tomb×.

vi. William Torrence[5], b. June 11, 1873; m. Verner Confer, of Newberry, Pa., April 24, 1902.

vii. Pearl Wenker[5], b. Sept. 20, 1878.

4. John B. Sees[4], b. June 22, 1840; m. Caroline Smith, Feb. 18, 1860; r. two miles east of Strawberry Ridge, Montour County, Pa.; o. farmer.

John has a war record abounding with many interesting incidents, of which limited space will permit a brief notice of but a few. He enlisted February 18, 1864, for three years or during the war; was mustered into the service a week later as a recruit of Co. D, Seventh Reg't Penn'a Vol. Cavalry, and was discharged by reason of close of the war, August 23, 1865. Being well acquainted with several members of this company from the neighborhood of Muncy, who are still living—and one of them, Silas Snyder, was John's messmate, and often drank with him out of the same canteen—I have had opportunity to acquaint myself with the part that he and his comrades took in the campaign in which they together served. The Seventh Penn'a Cavalry served chiefly as a part of Gen. Minty's Brigade of the Second Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Cumberland. John B. Sees participated in the engagements at Rome, Dallas, or New Hope Church, Big Shanty, Kenesaw Mountain, McAfee's Cross-Roads, Lead's Cross-Roads, and Columbus, all in Georgia; at Bardstown in Kentucky, and at Plantersville and Selma in Alabama, besides having a hand in various lively raids and skirmishes with guerrillas and bushwackers. For some time he served every third day of the week on detached duty as a courier from General Eli Long's headquarters. April 2, 1865, he rejoined his regiment just in time to share in the important battle of Selma, a stronghold that was defended by works of the most formidable character, where the Second Di-

vision met with the fearful loss of twenty-five per centum of its men and officers in killed and wounded. Minty's already depleted brigade led the advance of the division of 1,550 men and officers on the main road to Selma, and was conspicuous for its gallantry and impetuosity throughout the engagement. In charging the enemy's works it was necessary to cross an open space of some distance where the division was exposed to a tremendous raking fire of musketry and artillery, entailing a heavy loss in killed and wounded. In the commanding General's official report every officer of the Seventh Pennsylvania was complimented by personal mention, and was afterwards brevetted for signal service in the taking of Selma. Minty in his report said that "every officer and soldier performed his duty so well and so nobly" that it was difficult for him to make any special mention. The assault of Selma by the cavalry, then dismounted of course, was one of the most daring in the history of this or any other war. The rebel works consisted of an abatis of fallen trees, the limbs of which pointed outward and were each sharpened to a minute point—then came a space of 500 or more feet planted with torpedoes, and studded with barricades made of pointed stakes leaning outward and interlaced with wire—then a palisade higher than a man could reach, made of logs standing on end and extending a number of feet into the ground, and the tops united by stringers and surmounted with wires; the entire palisade being provided with loopholes, controlling the approaches, and a platform inside on which the first line of the enemy awaited the assaulting column—and then beyond all this yet was a ditch about five feet deep, and then a line of earthworks higher than a man, and at intervals strong forts with bombproofs, etc., mounted with light and heavy guns commanding every foot of the ground, and manned by men whose valor and determination will never be in question. Think of men attacking and actually capturing such elaborate works, and yet the majority escaping with life and limb! Hardly a man of the Seventh who did not have bullet holes in his clothing, while the carbines in the hands of many were hit and broken to pieces. John B. says he can't explain how he got through, but he retains a vivid

recollection of coming out of the melee unharmed. If the Johnnies had not *wasted* the bulk of their powder, lead and iron, he doubts if any one would have come out alive.

Another fearful carnage John remembers was at Kenesaw Mountain, where the rebels had intrenched themselves in a strong position by nature, from which they repulsed and inflicted great loss on Sherman's assaulting columns. Sherman admits that he met with a defeat here, but it was really only a temporary reverse. In his official report he says: "I perceived that the enemy and our own officers had settled down into a conviction that I would not assault fortified lines. All looked to me to 'outflank.' * * * Failure as it was, and for which I assume the entire responsibility, I yet claim it produced good fruits, as it demonstrated to General Johnston that *I would assault,* and that boldly; and we also gained and held ground so close to the enemy's parapets that he could not show a head above them." When the Seventh Cavalry was moving with Minty's brigade from the centre to the extreme left of the Union army, on the last day's fighting in front of Kenesaw, and while passing Siegel's infantry corps, John saw a long line of the enemy rolling great masses of rock down the steep sides of the mountain from the crest, four hundred feet high, on our unprotected troops along the base. The batteries of artillery on the top of the ridge, from which every movement of the Union troops could plainly be seen, at the same time fired at the passing cavalry, the noise of which mingled strangely with the incessant musketry and rattle and clatter of the bouncing and whirling rocks, but their aim, owing to the steepness of the face of the mountain, was fortunately too high to do much harm. The clamor and excitement cannot be described. Pandemonium reigned—in fact had been reigning for days and weeks, and kept on reigning. Johnston saw that he was not only "boldly" assaulted, but that he was again being boldly flanked, so he soon evacuated his strong position, and Kenesaw was won, and both armies had been taught an important lesson. Sherman would assault, and that boldly!

Sees, like all the kindred who saw active service during the eventful era of the great Rebellion, had experiences that would

make interesting reading in our family history—and of which our kindred of the future will no doubt wish that I had collated many more. For instance, when marching through Georgia he and his messmate, Snyder, were one day dispatched from General Long's headquarters with a message to Captain McBurney, who was then in charge of the wagon train. On returning to headquarters with their receipted envelopes—the envelopes, by the way, in which the dispatches were usually carried were always endorsed by the officers receiving them, the time of receipt noted, and then returned to the bearers, and carefully guarded by them as evidence that they had performed their duty—they ventured to turn aside to the buildings of a large plantation to see what they could find in the way of commissary supplies. The premises had already been so completely looted that, as Sees himself said when I interviewed him, "not even a feather could be found." The cattle had all been killed, and nothing remained of them but their bones, hides and entrails, which were scattered over the ground all around the buildings—a sight that had already become familiar to them, as the country was thus pillaged and made to pay tribute to the Union army for many miles on each side of the line of march. They entered a pigpen, and there also they found that hungry comrades had just preceded them and helped themselves in the same unsparing way. They were about to give up the search when they discovered several pigs' heads that they concluded had been forgotten, and these they hurriedly got ready for rapid transportation, as they were not expected to loiter on their way, by running strings through the lower jaws to secure them to their saddles. Just as they were ready to mount with their valued contraband of war a squad of superior officers and their orderlies rode up to them, and one in a voice of stern sovereignty that startled them demanded, "What are you men doing here?" "Looking for something to eat," said Sees, as composedly as he could, as he met and almost cowered under the penetrating glance of the austere officer, whom he had no recollection of having ever seen. "To what command do you belong?" "To General Long's," replied Sees, too much flustered just then to think of further explanation. "Mount,

and fall in under guard with my orderly," said the officer, evidently thinking there was something wrong in their being so far away from their command. As they were in the act of obeying the mandate the officer observed the pigs' heads, and added, "Go back and get your meat." When they had picked up their porcine trophies, the next command was, "Mount," and next instant "Forward"—the now uneasy suspects and the orderlies falling in at the rear. The guard, after riding a short distance in silence, asked the supposed stragglers, or possibly suspected deserters, how they came to be so far away from their commands. "We are couriers from General Long's headquarters sent with a dispatch to Capt. McBurney in charge of the wagon train, and were just on our way back." "Why didn't you say so to the General?" "That's so! Why didn't we? Didn't just happen to think of that. Say, orderly, who is that officer?" "That is General Sherman, in command of the Army of the Cumberland." "Good heavens!" inwardly exclaimed the alarmed dispatch bearers, and presently turning to Snyder, Sees whispered, "We are in for it now, and will not see our camp this night." A moment later the orderly galloped forward and told the General what the captives said, upon which the Chief instantly halted and commanded them to ride forward, and demanded to see their receipt from Capt. McBurney. Turning to his staff, as if glad to be relieved of an unpleasant suspicion, he said, "These men are all right," and in a much kinder tone ordered them to fall in again. Coming to a cross-road by and by, the General paused, and in a wholly changed manner gave the couriers kindly admonition in regard to the danger of lingering so near the enemy's line, and the duty of returning immediately to headquarters to report after delivering dispatches, then told them to follow the road to the right, as it would take them direct to General Long's headquarters, and as they turned their horses to obey, delighted them still more by saying in a very friendly manner, "Good-bye, boys." "Snyder," said Sees, first breaking the silence, as the great commander and his staff were disappearing from sight, "If I ever have another boy, his name shall be William Sherman." His next was a girl, but number 4 is a boy and now

bears the honored name of the Hero who led the famous March to the Sea.

More instances of inhumanity and suffering occurred during the great Civil War than could be faithfully told in a hundred volumes. War is always and unavoidably more or less an occupation of cruelty, and was again so to a great extent when waged by the Unionists for peace, freedom, civilization and the Union. But the Secessionists commenced the war, seized forts, arsenals, mints, arms, clothing, custom-houses, and everything else belonging to the general government that hands could be laid on, and, as General Sherman naively told the complaining Mayor and City Council of Atlanta: "I, myself, have seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, hundreds and thousands of women and children fleeing from your armies and desperadoes, hungry and with bleeding feet"—and now they could realize that war is cruel when they had to take some of their own bitter medicine. The following incident is a fair illustration of the hartlessness and destitution that usually follows in the wake of war. After the battle of Atlanta a poor woman stood by the roadside near a small house the Second Division was passing, and hailing General Long, she begged him to leave a guard to protect a small patch of potatoes, as she had been dispossessed of everything else that could be eaten, and now had only the few potatoes left to keep herself and family of little children from starving. Long instantly and gladly directed his adjutant to detach a man from the escort to guard the potato patch, with strict orders to allow no man to enter it or the house, and to shoot any one who attempted to do so in defiance of orders. To John B. Sees was assigned the duty of remaining behind to defend the woman's potatoes and home while the command was passing. All went well enough until the rear guard came up. The officer in command of the last detachment asked Sees what he was doing there, and where he belonged? Presuming him to be merely loitering behind to steal, or possibly to desert, the officer demanded to see his orders. "My order was a verbal command from General Long," said Sees. The captain of the guard did not believe this and immediately placed him under arrest—after which

the men raided the potato patch, and soon the helpless woman and her little ones were by the hard-hearted soldiers deprived of their last rations. The woman earnestly interceded, insisting that the guard had been left there by Long at her own urgent request, and in tears she implored that the potatoes might be spared for her children, but her tears and entreaties were all in vain. The officer even seemed to think that he had done a clever thing, and with a chuckle of self-assurance, as he and his men moved on, said, "We will take the game to General Long and have it plucked." Sees was not at all uneasy, kept perfectly cool, and said not a word, confident that General Long would not be hard on the blameless game. On reaching headquarters the captain of the guard commanded his prisoner to dismount and hand over his sabre and revolvers—his carbine being suspended to the saddle. When he marched him into the presence of the General, however, he soon learned to his dismay that he had bagged game that he should not have fooled with. The General, after a few words, understood the whole proceeding, and peremptorily ordered the indiscreet officer to hand back Sees' sabre and revolvers and reinstate him forthwith. He then said: "Captain, I have almost a mind to reduce you to the ranks. Your conduct is a disgrace to our army. You will take off your stripes, and consider yourself relieved from duty until further orders." Some little time elapsed before he was reinstated. Sees got off with a mere formal and mild reprimand for not having saved the potato patch—his frank plea was that he thought he did not dare resist the rear guard when he was placed under arrest—but he had all the satisfaction he wanted when he saw the mortified captain standing around for more than a week without his stripes and with nothing to do or say.

Sees was fortunate to escape bodily injury by sabre, bullet and shell, in all the various bloody conflicts in which he was engaged, but just as the war was coming to an end he met with a painful accident while he and a portion of the Seventh Cavalry were on the trail of Jeff Davis' escort that, as afterwards learned, was making off with the gold from the Confederate Treasury, done up in boxes as cartridges and marked "ammunition." This was but

a day or two before the capture of Davis and a number of his party by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, one of the regiments of the Second Division, on the tenth of May, 1865. Sees' horse stumbled as he was riding with his detachment through the woods and threw him with some force against a tree, fracturing three of the ribs of his left side, and spraining an ankle. He remained in the company camp, under the kindly care of his messmate, Snyder, but was not again fit for duty for seven weeks. But then no further active service was required of him, as there were no more battles fought, and no more forced marches made in pursuit of the enemy, after the collapse of the Confederacy. The Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, after the disbanding of the brigade, proceeded to Eufaula, Alabama, and remained there until about the middle of August, when it returned to Harrisburg and was there discharged. Sees thinks that the Fourth Michigan Cavalry justly received the reward of one hundred thousand dollars awarded by the United States government for the capture of Davis, but claims that the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry was also in the chase after the President of the so-called Confederate States of America, and rendered important service in getting him in the position to be captured, and that he will never forget that he himself got a sprained ankle and had three ribs fractured in the memorable pursuit. The government, he says, has not forgotten him, however, as he is receiving six dollars a month pension.

My acquaintance with my second cousins, John B. and Jacob Sees, commenced—the reader will remember that I said I lived to be gray-headed without knowing many of my kindred; a thing not at all unusual, however, as every gray-headed member of the family must say the same—in the autumn of the year 1900, when I made a brief visit to the home of Jacob, near the Sinking Spring, in Deleware Township, the place already mentioned. John had come over from his farm in Montour County, about fifteen miles distant, to help Jacob husk his corn, and I found the brotherly brothers out in a big field busy and happy pulling the golden ears out of their husks. They had heard of the proposed Family History, and as soon as the introduction was through with, were as

eager as myself for a confabulation. Jacob improvised a seat of fodder on which we sat down together in a row, I in the middle, with pencil and pad to record whatever data they could give me from memory, to be completed later on. John had to rub up his memory somewhat to recall the full names of all his children, and give the order in which they had come to enliven his home, help his wife in the house and him on the farm, drop corn, plant potatoes, gather the apples, as he had been blessed with many more than the average family quota. He got along fairly well until he had named ten, when he had to study a moment to think of the eleventh, but when he had finally recalled the twelfth he could not think of any more. He was bothered—just as completely as when General Sherman found him at the pigpen. Jacob had been helping him as he proceeded with the enumeration, and now looking over the list declared, "John, it seems to me that you have left some out." John guessed not, but not being altogether positive he reflected a moment longer, when, with undisguised gratification, he thought of one more and exclaimed, "Oh! Goodness Gracious! yes, I come to think I have a boy out in Michigan." The boy is again in his native state, and was only out of mind for a little while.

John B.'s family:

i. Robert M. S.[5], b. May 30, 1862; m. Mary Barchman×; one child: John Herbert×.

ii. Joseph G. S.[5], b. January, 1864; m. Martha D. Derr, Aug. 19, 1888; r. Jerseytown, Pa. Four children: Nevin Burdette[6], b. Sept. 25, 1895; Mary Hazel[6], b. March 6, 1896; Lorenza Guy[6], b. March 13, 1899; Joseph Wilbur[6], b. May 22, 1902.

iii. Ida May S.[5], b. May 22, 1866; m. Amandas W. Stamm, Nov. 13, 1884; r. Millville, Pa. Ten children: Clarence Edward[6], b. Oct. 26, 1885; Bessie May[6], b. Nov. 26, 1886; Annie Caroline[6], b. April 27, 1888; Grace Pearl[6], b. Aug. 21, 1890; Hattie Bertha[6], b. March 13, 1891; Blanche Olive[6], b. May 14, 1894; John Daniel[6], b. April 18, 1896; George Allen[6], b. Oct. 11, 1897; Cora May[6], b. June 9, 1899; Paul Leon[6], b. May 18, 1901.

iv. William Sherman S.[5], b. Sept. 29, 1868; m. Florence Lillian Williams, Jan. 30, 1894; r. Jerseytown, Pa.; o. carpenter. Two children: Helen Gladys[6], b. Sept. 17, 1894; Myron L.[6], b. May 11, 1898.

v. Edward Charles Sees[5], b. June 22, 1870; r. Watsontown, Pa.

vi. Bertha Madge S.[5], b. Feb. 10, 1872; m. Charles F. Williams, Aug. 20, 1897; r. Watsontown, Pa. Three children: Victor Leon[6], b. May 15, 1898; Florence Madge[6], b. July 18, 1899; Meda Fao[6], b. Oct. 8, 1900.

vii. Abraham Smith Sees[5], b. March 20, 1874; r. Watsontown, Pa. Enlisted in the Spanish-American War Aug. 25, 1899, and served as a private in Co. L, 28th Reg't U. S. V. Infantry, until May 1, 1901. Participated in the engagements at Puent Julian, Pasmarinos, Headwaters of Zapote River, Binan, Santa Rosa, San Antonia, and San Pedro Tunasan. The nearest he came to being harmed was to have two bullets pass through his hat, which he thought close enough, but was sick and confined to the hospital several times with malarial fever. In a letter he wrote home while at Binan he thus gives his impression of the Philippine warriors:

"In a paper sometime ago I saw that the people in the United States think the soldiers are killing these natives in cold blood, but I want to say such is not the case. People who talk like that know nothing except what they read in the papers. The trouble with the Americans is that they are too easy with these Philippinos. If you give them your finger they want your whole body. They are friends in the day time, but as soon as it begins to get dark they change from friend to enemy. They know nothing about civilized warfare. All they know is to watch for small detachments of men and ambush them. That is the only way they get our rifles. If they were to come out and fight a fair battle there would not be enough left of them to tell what became of the rest. It seems hard to see good American soldiers give their lives for this heathen country."

Abe's impressions were formed under conditions that brought to his view the worst side of the Philippino character. The same things may be as truly said of all savage or half-savage people, who know little or nothing of civilized warfare. Even here in

civilized America people have been quite as barbarous. Think of the thousands who were spitefully starved to death in the wretched pen at Andersonville! Think of the terrible massacre at Fort Pillow, where neither sick, nor age, nor sex, nor color was spared, but with the heartless cry of "No quarter," all were hacked to death and coolly shot down in the most barbarous manner—and of the atrocious slaughter at Lawrence, Kansas, by the infamous rebel, Quantrell, and his band of murderers. Think how the Southern troops at Manassas—many of whom were poor whites hardly half civilized, and almost as void of honor and humane feelings as savages—inhumanly treated and buried our dead, and took their skulls and bones and made them into cups and trinkets for souvenirs. There was more of the savage element even in the Union army than we like to admit, but it was kept under greater restraint. The rank and file of the Union army was made up of a more intelligent class, less vindictive, more scrupulous as to the modern rules of war, who went forth to fight for Freedom and not for Slavery. It is agreeable to be told by soldiers descended from Heinrich Gernhardt that it is false that the Americans were guilty of killing the Philippinos in cold blood. There seems to have been a persistent effort to falsify and exaggerate the conduct of our troops in the Philippines. It does indeed seem hard that good men must give their lives for the heathen. But the result will be to make the heathen *race* better. The uplifting effect is already manifest. It seemed very hard that so many good men had to die for the Union. And have the world's martyrs, soldiers and missionaries, in all the ages died in vain? Even Christ died for sinful man. And it was He who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

viii. Sarah Jane[5], b. April 21, 1876; d. July 25, 1880.

ix. Mary Ellen[5], b. Dec. 29, 1879.

x. John A.[5], b. April 21, 1882.

xi. Curtis E.[5], b. Oct. 11, 1884.

xii. Howard[5], b. June 9, 1886.

xiii. Fanny M.[5], b. Nov. 18, 1888.

5. Robert Dunn Sees[4], b. May 13, 1841; m. Edwinna Vanduzer, of Saline, Mich., May 12, 1869; r. Grand Rapids, Michigan; o. cabinetmaker. Two children:

 i. Cora Eliner S.[5], b. March 20, 1871; m. Clarence W. Clark, Oct. 15, 1891. Two children: Doris Isabel[6], b. Nov. 27, 1896; Randall Edwin[6], b. Sept. 11, 1899.

 ii. Guy De Forest S.[5], b. Jan. 12, 1874.

Robert D. Sees was a member of Co. B, 131st Reg't, P. V. I., the same regiment to which his second cousin, Jeremiah E. Baker (of Co. H), belonged, but the young soldiers had then no knowledge of their kinship, and were in fact not at all acquainted. They were together in the same wearisome marches, in the heat and in cold, in rain and in mud, stood in the same line of battle and fought the same enemy, and saw the same thrilling and sickening sights, all unconscious of each other's existence. It is needless to repeat, therefore, what has already been said of Antietam, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in the account of Comrade Baker's service. Robert D. S. was very fortunate to serve his full term of enlistment without being wounded—was once, however, sick and laid up in the hospital for two weeks, shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg—and was mustered out with his company at Harrisburg on the 24th day of May, 1863.

In response to a request to give the compiler an account of his army life, Robert wrote: "It has been such a long time, I cannot remember much." Old soldiers are much inclined to make such remarks, but when the movements and conflicts in which they shared are the subjects of conversation they are very apt to liven up and chime in by saying, "that reminds me," and then give an interesting narration of some scene or incident of which they are thus reminded. If the writer could have had a personal interview with Robert, as was had with his brother, John B., the member of Co. B of the 131st would no doubt have been "reminded" of some things worthy of being recorded in this Family History. He briefly mentioned that on the night after the disastrous repulse from the height at Fredericksburg he was detailed with six others of his company to gather up the wounded, and they were thus

humanely engaged until midnight, a perilous duty in which they made a number of very narrow escapes, as the rebel batteries kept right on shelling the field, being no doubt apprehensive of a night assault. "Our dead some places lay three deep," said he, and "we saw some horrible sights." Never can any one forget the melancholy impression that such a direful scene is sure to make. May the American Union never forget the sacrifices made by the brave men who fought on such bloody fields for its preservation.

And indeed the great sacrifice and noble service will never be forgotten. A beautiful and well-kept National Cemetery now occupies the height up which our kinsmen, Sees and Baker, and the gallant 131st in battle array charged, with the division under General Humphrey, which headed the column of assault and met with such a fearful loss and repulse. Most of the men who died in the vain attempt to take it by storm now occupy it in peaceful repose in the grateful Nation's fair necropolis; and many of the loyal and brave who gave their lives in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Chancellorsville, are there at rest with them. The total number of these honored Union martyrs in the cemetery is 15,257. Of these 2,487 are known, but the startling number of 12,770 are among the lamented "unknown." The graves made after the carnage had as far as possible been carefully marked, but when the enemy a few days later reoccupied the city all the headboards were ruthlessly destroyed. The names of the dead, however, are preserved in the rosters of their regiments; the records show how they fell in the best cause that was ever subject to the arbitrament of war; and their families—and the soldiers who were disabled in the struggle—have from year to year been reminded, though far from compensated, by a beholden and thankful government that none are forgotten and are really "unknown."

6. Caroline Sees[4], b. Sept. 23, 1846, only three weeks before her mother died; m. Abraham Page, Dec. 28, 1865; r. Syracuse, N. Y. Six children:

 i. Samuel Sees[5], b. Oct. 6, 1866; d. at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1891.



CHARLES W. GARNHART AND FAMILY, STILLMAN VALLEY, ILLINOIS.

ii. Mary Elizabeth S.[5], b. Feb. 8, 1869.

iii. Hattie Neuvilla S.[5], b. June 29, 1872; m. S. F. Vannostrand, Nov. 30, 1897; r. Syracuse. One child: George Page V.[6], b. Oct. 5, 1898.

iv. Oliver Oscar S.[5], b. April 25, 1874; d. May 6, 1874.

v. Helen May S.[5], b. Jan. 6, 1876; m. William Adam Rich, Dec. 4, 1900.

vi. Kirby Clinton[5], b. May 6, 1879.

II. JOHN GARNHART[3], b. March 12, 1812, on the Sinking Springs Homestead; m. first, Louise J. Moritz, June 30, 1833; she d. Sept. 23, 1861; m. second, Margaret Parsons, July 4, 1862. Migrated with his family to Ogle County, Illinois, in the fall of 1849, and was the only one of Baltzer's children who moved away from the neighborhood in which he was born. Owned a very desirable farm of 216 acres in Marion Township, on which he resided until 1870, when he moved to Rockford, Winnebago County, Ill., where he died July 26th, 1876. Had eight children:

1. CHARLES WILLIAMS GARNHART[4], b. Aug. 27, 1834; m. Caroline Lilley, Sept. 9, 1861; r. Stillman Valley, Ill.; o. farmer. Three sons:

 i. Lawrence Delmer[5], b. Nov. 17, 1863; m. Carrie M. Lyman, Sept. 19, 1888; r. Shell Lake, Wis. One son: Harry W.[6], b. Jan. 8, 1890.

 ii. William Henry[5], b. May 13, 1866.

 iii. Clarence Walker[5], b. Feb. 25, 1870.

2. HENRY CLAY GARNHART[4], b. Oct. 3, 1836; m. Olive M. Winchell, of Laporte, Ind., Oct. 11, 1860. He d. at White Rock, Ill., Oct. 23, 1868. Three children:

 i. Louisa Ellen G.[5], b. Aug. 4, 1861; d. April, 1863.

 ii. Carrie May G.[5], b. July 7, 1863; m. Thomas W. Younger, April 24, 1895; r. Chicago. Three children: Osborne G. Y.[6], b. Jan. 27, 1896; Olive Elizabeth Y.[6], b. Nov. 27, 1897; Helen Y.[6], b. Jan. 18, 1899.

 iii. Ernest Smith G.[5], b. Dec. 3, 1865; d. Dec. 15, 1868.

3. GEORGE WASHINGTON GARNHART[4], b. Dec. 13, 1838; m. Ellen J. Moore, Nov. 17, 1863; r. Oregon, Ill. Educated

at Franklin College, Ind. Taught school several years, then became a farmer. Served as clerk of School Board many years. Three children:

i. Dewitt C.[5], b. Feb. 14, 1865; d. Oct. 21, 1894.

ii. Walter W.[5], b. Dec. 10, 1866.

iii. Alwilda E.[5], b. April 20, 1872.

4. David Porter Garnhart[4], b. April 4, 1841; m. Matilda C. Miller, Nov. 1, 1866; r. near Freeport, Ill.; o. farmer. Six children:

i. Henry Allen[5], b. July 1, 1871; m. Fannie Kornhaus, Feb. 27, 1895; r. in Marion County, Kansas.

ii. Maurice O. G.[5], b. Jan. 2, 1878; m. Emma Renner, Oct. 18, 1899; r. Loran Gap, Ill. One daughter: Elizabeth Katharine[6], b. April 25, 1902.

iii. Alvira M.[5], b. July 1, 1880.

iv. Eva M.[5], b. Oct. 13, 1882.

v. Orrin C.[5], b. April 20, 1885.

vi. Glenn G.[5], b. May 5, 1892.

David P. enlisted under the Old Flag Aug. 12, 1862, and served in Co. H of the 92d Reg't Ill. V. Infantry, until discharged, June 2, 1865. He fought in thirty-three battles, and in some of the bloodiest, as at Chickamauga and Resaca, but was so fortunate as to escape without a scratch. The fortunes of war seem to be as variable and capricious as the wind. The strange thing is not that many get killed and maimed, but that the greater number usually escape unharmed. Think of armies battling fiercely for hours and days, and charging and counter-charging, and shells and shot and bullets filling the air sometimes almost as thick as the flakes of snow in a winter storm, and yet the majority escaping without a scratch. And favored certainly is the man who goes through thirty-three battles without a hurt.

The battle of Chickamauga is especially impressed on David's memory. It was in this great struggle that Wilder's division, to which the 92d Illinois belonged, and Colonel Minty's cavalry brigade, fighting dismounted, to which his cousin, John B. Sees, belonged, sustained the weight of the shock on the first day, when



SAMUEL GARNHART[3] AND WIFE, DEWART, PA.
He, 1818-1879. She, 1814-1884.



BENJAMIN GARNHART[3], MUNCY, PA.
1816–1894.

the Confederate army under Bragg undertook by a furious rush to crush the Union center under General Thomas. Wilder and Minty had aligned their forces behind rail barricades, from which they coolly poured on the enemy, when he had approached within thirty or forty yards, a deliberate and most terrific, continuous, death-dealing fire with their repeating Spencer rifles, and after repelling him a number of times in about two hours' time, compelled him to withdraw. These doughty brigades thus remained in position on the front line, ready at any moment for a renewal of the assault, until four o'clock the next morning, when they were relieved by General Palmer's division, to which our plucky juvenile kinsman, Nathan Kinman, belonged and carried a gun and a knapsack. Both armies during the night prepared for a still bigger fight, and the next day one of the great battles of the war was fought. Taken all in all, it may not be claimed as a positive victory for the Union army, which barely escaped meeting with a great disaster; and neither was it a triumph for Bragg, who lost Chattanooga by it, and two-thirds of his army. But to General Thomas, who did the hardest fighting, it is conceded to have resulted in a splendid victory, and it was here that he won his well-deserved sobriquet of "The Rock of Chickamauga."

The soldier's life in camp is made up of many kinds of experiences, not often so unpleasant to dwell on as the details of human slaughter. After the battle of Chickamauga David was detailed on special duty, and was sent into camp on the north side of the Tennessee River. Having nothing to eat for several days but grated corn, he and one of the detail sallied out one day to forage for something they thought better. Seeing some hogs in a field, David proposed that they would have some fresh pork for a change. They tied their horses, shot one of the hogs, dragged it into the shade under a tree, and proceeded to skin and dress it. They had not quite finished when the owner suddenly confronted and surprised them—"a stately woman," said David, "as tall and slender as a fence rail." She complained that it was hard for her to lose her hogs, and they murmured that it was hard for them to live on grated corn. After some further parley she insisted that

they should divide the carcass with the Johnnies, and that they might keep the head and the entrails. They meekly agreed to consider the suggestion, but—they divided the carcass with their own better-appreciated and more-appreciative messmates.

5. Mary Katharine Garnhart[4], b. May 5, 1843; m. William Wallace Walters, March 14, 1866. He d. Aug. 24, 1895; r. Rockwell City, Iowa. Six children:

 i. Olive A. W.[5], b. April 17, 1867; m. James Louis Rose, Aug. 22, 1888; r. DesMoines, Iowa. One son: James Louis[6], b. Feb. 17, 1890.

 ii. Eva W.[5], b. June 8, 1870; m. Geo. Chas. Sims, Oct. 30, 1901.

 iii. Odin Brown W.[5], b. Feb. 10, 1872; m. Alma Staudaman, Dec. 25, 1899; r. Manning, Iowa.

 iv. John Franklin Walters[5], b. March 10, 1874; m. Myrtle France, Dec. 4, 1901.

 v. William Wallace W.[5], b. March 31, 1876; m. Lulu Anderson, Sept. 26, 1899; r. Rockwell City, Iowa. Two sons: Ralph Arthur[6], b. Jan. 15, 1901; Raymond Elmo[6], b. Jan. 12, 1903.

 vi. Aaron Garnhart Walters[5], b. Jan. 29, 1884.

6. Aaron Garnhart[4], b. May 5, 1848; m. Addie Derwent. He d. May 17, 1883. He enlisted as a recruit for the company to which his brother David P. belonged, and joined the regiment at Concord, N. C., but the war was almost over, and he escaped the ordeal of battle. Two children: Ella C. and Lea D. The latter d. in California, and of Ella no information has been obtained.

7. John Willis Garnhart[4], b. May 8, 1850; m. Caroline V. Jones, Oct. 15, 1876; r. Chana, Ill. Three children:

 i. Mittie L. G.[5], b. Aug. 14, 1877; m. Frederick Lilley, Sept. 12, 1900. One child: Ray Ogden[6], b. July 20, 1901.

 ii. Lula B. G.[5], b. Nov. 12, 1878.

 iii. Flossie M. G.[5], b. March 8, 1882.

8. Maurice Garnhart[4], b. Aug. 16, 1864; d. in childhood.

III. BENJAMIN GARNHART[3], b. Feb. 22, 1816; m. Susan Martz, March 16, 1840; r. in Muncy Creek Township, Lycoming County, only about six miles from the Sinking Springs, where he was born. Susan d. Oct. 4, 1888, and he d. Jan. 1, 1894. Seven children:

1. MARY JANE[4], b. Jan. 23, 1842; m. Colon Logan, of St. George, N. B., July 2, 1872; r. Watsontown, Pa. Six children:
 i. Susan M.[5], b. Feb. 13, 1873; m. Arthur Krum, May 19, 1897. Two children: Edner P.[6], b. Sept. 22, 1898; Clara E.[6], b. July 7, 1902.
 ii. Benjamin F.[5], b. April 21, 1875; d. Oct. 26, 1878.
 iii. Rosie M.[5], b. March 20, 1877; d. Oct. 12, 1878.
 iv. Helen E.[5], b. Oct. 16, 1881; d. March 20, 1884.
 v. Clara B.[5], b. Aug. 11, 1883.
 vi. William A.[5], b. June 14, 1888.
2. DANIEL FRANKLIN GARNHART[4], b. Nov. 4, 1843; d. Nov. 27, 1853.
3. MARTHA ANN GARNHART[4], b. Feb. 11, 1846; m. James Pressler, Nov. 25, 1869; r. Muncy, Pa. Five children:
 i. Edward[5], b. April 21, 1874; m. Minta Yount, of Hughesville, Pa., Nov. 4, 1903; r. Pittsburgh, Pa.
 ii. Harry Benj. R.[5], b. Sept. 25, 1875; m. Irene Anderson, of Pittsburgh, July 15, 1893. One daughter: Roberta Thorn[6], b. Jan. 23, 1895.
 iii. Lillian May[5], b. April 19, 1876; m. Edward Michael, Jan. 6, 1897; r. Muncy, Pa.
 iv. Boyd[5], b. May 2, 1880.
 v. Bessy Pthenia[5], b. June 21, 1884; d. Aug. 27, 1884.
4. AGNES G.[4]×; died in infancy.
5. HANNAH AMANDA G.[4], b. Oct. 27, 1850; d. March 4, 1885.
6. WILLIAM RANKIN G.[4], b. Aug. 2, 1852; d. May 10, 1898.
7. JAMES POLLOCK G.[4], b. Oct. 17, 1854.

IV. SAMUEL GARNHART[3], b. Oct. 11, 1818; m. Catharine Hoffman, May 6, 1838; r. Delaware Township. Bought

and lived and died on land once part of his father's estate, about three miles from the Sinking Springs, where he was born. He d. Sept. 21, 1879, and she d. May 23, 1884. Seven children:

1. JOHN[4], b. May 12, 1838; d. January, 1842.
2. WILLIAM H. G.[4], b. Nov. 15, 1839; d. Jan. 18, 1842.
3. MARY ANN GARNHART[4], b. Oct. 13, 1841; m. first, Daniel Hafer, who was drowned in the Susquehanna River, while fishing, May 14, 1864; m. second, Harrison Bridinger, Jan. 31, 1882. Two children:
 - *i. George Parson Hafer*[5], b. May 17, 1863; m. Sara Berger, Jan. 10, 1894; r. Montgomery, Pa.; o. merchant. Is a director of the Montgomery National Bank, of the Heilman Couch Manufacturing Company, of Fairview Cemetery, and of the Montgomery schools. Two children: Marguerite[6], b. Dec. 18, 1894; William Berger[6], b. March 5, 1898.
 - *ii. Susannah Katharyn Hafer*[5], b. Nov. 21, 1864; m. Elmer E. Best, May 26, 1887; r. Montgomery, Pa. Three children: Palmer P.[6], b. June 7, 1888; Myrtle Captola[6], b. June 27, 1890; Mary Caroline[6], b. Sept. 23, 1893.
4. SARAH ELIZABETH GARNHART[4], b. Dec. 17, 1843; m. first, George Anderson, Dec. 26, 1865; second, William Taylor, Aug. 4, 1886. Geo. A. lost his life by falling while at work on the river bridge at Northumberland, Pa., June 14, 1866. Wm. T. d. Jan. 30, 1889. She lives on the homestead with her brother Benjamin. Had one child: Cora May Anderson[5], b. Oct. 1, 1866, and d. May 28, 1871. She was born but little more than three months after the misfortune that befell her father.
5. CATHARINE JANE GARNHART[4], b. July 4, 1845; m. Porter Eyster, Feb. 24, 1876; r. Delaware Township, almost within sight of her childhood home. No issue.
6. GEORGE JEFFERSON GARNHART[4], b. July 26, 1847; m. Mary E. Flick, Jan. 16, 1873; r. Delaware Township; o. farmer. Six children:
 - *i. Catharine Mila Garnhart*[5], b. Oct. 23, 1873.
 - *ii. Robert Mahlon Garnhart*[5], b. April 16, 1875; m. Jennie Nicholas, Dec. 1, 1897; r. Kile River, Ogle County, Ill.



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Three children: George James[6], b.× 1898—d. at age of seven months; Homer L.[6], b. Oct. 26, 1899; Wilfred Ray[6], b. December, 1901—d. May 25, 1903.

iii. William Flick Garnhart[5], b. Nov. 16, 1876.

iv. Samuel Merritt Garnhart[5], b. Aug. 13, 1878.

v. Daniel Raymond Garnhart[5], b. Jan. 17, 1880.

vi. George Howell Garnhart[5], b. Dec. 27, 1882.

7. Benjamin Franklin Garnhart[4], b. July 14, 1849; m. Catharine Andrews, Dec. 23, 1884; r. on the homestead; o. farmer. Part of his land was once a portion of his grandfather Baltzer's farm. Five children:

i-ii. Carrie L. G.[5], and *Lloyd A.*[5], both died in infancy.

iii. Cora A. G.[5], b. April 28, 1892.

iv. Nada C. G.[5], b. Nov. 14, 1894.

v. George Harold G.[5], b. July 21, 1900.

V. DANIEL GARNHART[3], b. May 22, 1825; m. Susan Treon, Feb. 6, 1851, a younger sister of Lydia, wife of John Fogleman. She d. Sept. 10, 1898. They lived and raised their large family on a subdivision of his father's farm, but since her death he has his home with their daughter, Mary Etta Bergerstock, and her husband, who own and now live on a farm adjoining. Before his wife died Daniel had become totally blind, in some respects perhaps a greater affliction at his age than if he had never known the inestimable blessing of good eyesight. He is now the sole survivor of Baltzer's household, and the last living member of the third generation still in the neighborhood of the Sinking Springs and the old family burying ground. He has always lived a quiet, even and unpretentious life, and is esteemed as a good and upright citizen. I have known "Uncle Dan" for a number of years, and have always liked him for his genial manner, his uniform good nature and cheerful disposition, and his fidelity to what he believes in. He was Overseer of the Poor upwards of seventeen years, but could serve no longer because overtaken by the affliction of blindness. Ten children:

1. Elizabeth Rejinah Garnhart[4], b. Jan. 4, 1852; m. first, Alfred Painton×; m. second, Ernest Roberts, of Manchester, England, Aug. 28, 1893; r. Cleveland, Ohio. Seven children:
 i. Edward George Painton[5], b. Nov. 16, 1872; m. Florence Clay.
 ii. Harriet Susan P.[5], b. Oct. 7, 1874; d. September, 1875.
 iii. Arthur Alfred P.[5], b. May 1, 1876; m. Florence Janette Shultz.
 iv. Collins Warren P.[5], b. Nov. 27, 1878; m. Frances Lenore Loraine Whightman; r. St. Louis, Mo.
 v. Lillian May P.[5], b. Nov. 7, 1880; m. Frederick John Beckley.
 vi. Maud P.[5], b. Aug. 1, 1882; d. Oct. 6, 1885.
 vii. Theodosia P.[5], b. Dec. 4, 1884; m. Alfred Mendole Henry.

2. George Treon Garnhart[4], b. April 22, 1853; m. Cora Ellen Gifford, Aug. 27, 1879; r. Pain's Point, Ogle County, Ill.; o. farmer. Six children:
 i. Carrie May[5], b. Jan. 7, 1881.
 ii. William Henry[5], b. Aug. 15, 1883; d. April 5, 1894.
 iii. Clarence Walker[5], b. Nov. 19, 1885.
 iv. Harrison LeRoy[5], b. Sept. 15, 1888.
 v. Josephine Cora[5], b. April 1, 1894.
 vi. Ora Kathalene[5], b. Feb. 11, 1898.

3. Margaret Ellen Garnhart[4], b. Sept. 23, 1855; m. Barney Rock, Oct. 22, 1888; r. Sheldon, Iowa. Four children:
 i. Belle[5], b. April 11, 1889; d. March 8, 1894.
 ii. Bessie[5], b. Dec. 17, 1890.
 iii. Curtis Roy[5], b. Jan. 2, 1898.
 iv. Beulah[5], b. Dec. 28, 1898; d. Nov. 8, 1899.

4. Mary Etta Garnhart[4], b. Aug. 14, 1857; m. Albert Bergerstock, Dec. 11, 1883; r. Delaware Township. One daughter: May Susan, b. Sept. 23, 1884.

5. Levi Henry Garnhart[4], b. March 20, 1859. Went West, and has not been heard from for upwards of twenty years.



DANIEL GARNHART[3], DAUGHTER ETTA[4] AND HER HUSBAND, AND GRANDDAUGHTER MAY[5], WATSONTOWN, PA.

6. John Albert Garnhart[4], b. Dec. 23, 1861; m. Harriet Bieber×. Four children: Frank[5], Vera[5], Floy[5], and Lee[5].

7. William Thomas Garnhart[4], b. March 16, 1864; m. Ida M. Winters, March 2, 1890; r. on a farm near Exchange, Montour County, Pa. Three children:
 i. Harry[5], b. Nov. 24, 1890; d. Feb. 2, 1891.
 ii. Chester D.[5], b. Feb. 28, 1896.
 iii. LeRoy[5], b. March 27, 1898; d. July 2, 1898.

8. Samuel Edwards Garnhart[4], b. May 8, 1866; d. Aug. 16, 1866.

9. Susannah Garnhart[4], b. Jan. 7, 1868; m. Franklin Dyer, Oct. 6, 1888. One child: Iva May[5], b. July 12, 1895. Susannah d. on the 18th of the same month; r. White Rock, Ogle County, Ill.

10. Crissa Alida May Garnhart[4], b. Oct. 23, 1875; m. Franklin Dyer, her brother-in-law, Feb. 8, 1896; r. Milton, Pa. Two children:
 i. Artimus[5], b. Oct. 23, 1898.
 ii. Clyde C.[5], b. Nov. 10, 1900.

IX.

ANNA MARIA WILLIAMS BRANCH.

Anna Maria, next to the youngest of Heinrich's children, was born Sept. 17, 1786, nearly three years before George Washington became the first President of the new Republic. She married Charles Williams Dec. 13, 1808, three years after the purchase of the Sinking Springs Farm. When Heinrich added the codicil to his last will and testament, Feb. 28, 1820, she with her husband and four children—the eldest now eleven and the youngest five—it appears were at that time living on his large farm, as it will be remembered that he directed that she and her two unmarried sisters, Elizabeth and Susanna, should remain on the place for the space of one year after his decease clear of rent, be furnished with firewood, hay for one cow each, ground "to plant potatoes on," besides a certain quantity of apples, beef, pork,

wheat, corn and buckwheat, and the only stipulation named was that "the girls must assist in gathering the apples." But death in time breaks up and scatters every family, no matter how devoted to each other the members may be, or how contented, or how comfortably situated they may be. One by one the sons and daughters of Heinrich went forth into the wide world, until at last the family was entirely and forever dispersed. Anna Maria was the last of the four to migrate to the State of New York, but just where she resided with her husband and children for about fifteen years after the homestead was sold I have not ascertained, but understand the farm on which she lived was in the same township, and near the river. About 1838 she moved with her family —now also including a daughter-in-law, John's wife, and a son-in-law, Nathan Kinman—to the neighborhood of Pekin, Niagara County, N. Y., where some of her descendants still reside on land she and her husband bought about sixty-five years ago. She died April 8, 1862. Her descendants:

I. JOHN WILLIAM[3], b. June 15, 1809; m. Mary Levan, June 9, 1830. Lived for several years on a farm near Limestoneville, Montour County, Pa., but, as above stated, moved to the State of New York in 1838. His wife died Sept. 16, 1845, and he died Dec. 29, 1881. They had:

1. CHARLES S. WILLIAMS[4], b. March 19, 1832; m. Mary Jane Kelsey, Sept. 20, 1860; r. St. Johns, Michigan. Three children:

 i. William A.[5], b. Dec. 6, 1861; m. Miss Mary Leonie Lapham, Nov. 26, 1885. One child: Gertrude Beatrice W.[6], b. March 23, 1898.

 ii. Everette[5], b. Aug. 12, 1863; d. March 12, 1867.

 iii. Charles D.[5], b. Dec. 1, 1868; d. May 23, 1869.

2. JOHN B. WILLIAMS[4], b. Jan. 6, 1834; d. in childhood.

3. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS[4], b. June 6, 1835; m. Sarah L. Root, Sept. 24, 1856; r. Pekin, N. Y.; o. farmer. Three sons and one daughter:

i. John T. Williams[5], b. July 9, 1858; m. Elizabeth Staats, Jan. 22, 1879; r. Pekin, N. Y.; o. merchant. Four children:

a. Grace Elizabeth W.[6], b. Feb. 3, 1880; m. Rupert Glenn Pool, April 26, 1899; r. Niagara Falls. One son: Glenn R. Pool[7], b. Jan. 25, 1901.

b. Frank T. W.[6], b. Oct. 20, 1881.

c. Charles W.[6], b. Aug. 10, 1883.

d. Edna M. W.[6], b. April 10, 1900.

ii. Frank C. Williams[5], b. March 4, 1860; m. Ida L. Canell, Dec. 21, 1881. Two children: Clarence C.[6], b. July 21, 1883; Clara[6], b. July 10, 1888.

iii. James R. Williams[5], b. April 22, 1868; m. Alicine Dabney, March 27, 1898.

iv. Sadie W.[5], b. March 13, 1873; m. Harry N. Rexford, April 22, 1902; r. Carnegie, Pa.

4. Mary L. Williams[4], b. April 18, 1838; m. Smith J. Newman, Oct. 18, 1865; r. Pekin, N. Y. Six children:

i. Ida Emma[5], b. Dec. 16, 1867; m. Wilbert Seymore Nichols, Aug. 17, 1887; r. Lewiston, N. Y. Four children: May Blanche[6], b. Oct. 12, 1888; Effie Grover[6], b. June 4, 1890; Ida Winnifred[6], b. Sept. 14, 1892; Lala Lucinda[6], b. Jan. 21, 1894.

ii. Anna L. N.[5], b. Feb. 6, 1870; m. Howard W. Bradlee, Dec. 31, 1891; r. Ionia, Mich. One daughter: Vernly Dewey[6], b. May 1, 1898—the morning that Admiral Dewey won his great victory and destroyed the Spanish ships in Manila Bay.

iii. Lala Frances N.[5], b. March 7, 1871; m. Frank J. Cornell, Oct. 28, 1888; r. Niagara Falls.

iv. Carrie May W. N.[5], b. May 31, 1872; m. Walter L. Collins, July 1, 1894; r. Pekin. Two children: Ruth L. N.[6], b. Feb. 12, 1897; Grace W. N.[6], b. May 25, 1898.

v. John Henry W. N.[5], b. Sept. 7, 1874; m. Monica Marguerite Kellick, July 7, 1899; n. c.

vi. Charles W. N.[5], b. Jan. 7, 1876.

5. Emma Williams[4], b. Dec. 16, 1841; m. George S. McCormick, Nov. 25, 1862. She d. Aug. 26, 1864. No issue.

II. ROSANNA WILLIAMS[3], b. Nov. 5, 1810; m. Nathan Kinman, Jan. 3, 1829. They moved from Niagara County, N. Y., to Ohio in 1847. She d. April 4, 1887, at Bellbrook, Green County, and is spoken of by persons who knew her well as a bright, intelligent, and dearly beloved and estimable Christian lady. Her husband was an uncle to Seth Kinman, the famous hunter, trapper and adventurer, who was noted also for his skill in fabricating unique objects of curiosity. He and Seth resembled each other in their ingenuity and constructiveness, and in their tireless and restless dispositions, but were regarded as being very little alike in other respects. Nathan's handiwork and inventions were not for mere exhibition, but were things of utility and profit. He was a millwright by trade, and most of his achievements were in the line of millwork. The most valuable was a Flour Packer, the best device of the kind then invented, for which he obtained Letters Patent in October, 1849, and from the sale of which he realized enough to have made him and his family comfortable for life, yet like many inventors it was nevertheless his fate to die poor. He was strictly temperate, moral, well informed on a variety of subjects, ever affectionately devoted to his family, but yet always too much inclined to see and seek opportunity in some other place rather than right around him, and so too often disregarded such common-sense dictums as, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," and "one bird in hand is better than two in the bush." I never saw him, but having seen his nephew, Seth, and heard him talk and play the fiddle, and having inspected some of his curious fabrications, it may be well enough to devote a little space to the nephew.

Seth many years ago traveled all the way from Illinois to California with an ox team, an experience that would doubtless have furnished data for an interesting chapter. After a number of years he returned in the same leisurely way, to find that his wife had meanwhile died, and that his widowed mother had been taking good care of his three motherless and for a time fatherless children. He started again for California with an ox team, this time taking his good mother and children with him. What

a long, slow, wearisome journey across the plains and mountains that must have been for his old mother and the children. The old lady no doubt felt reasonably safe with her brave and burly boy, and it is a satisfaction to know that she lived for many years to enjoy the new home and many comforts in the land of sunshine and flowers. She and Seth both died and are buried in Eureka, Humbold County. Many of his hunting adventures occurred on the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

Once when Seth crossed the plains on one of his hunting and exploring excursions he had with his team a faithful old mule he called Dave, of whose intelligence and social qualities he had a very high opinion. But old Dave was mortal, was taken violently sick and suddenly went the way of all flesh, and his mourning master had to leave his carcass on the plains for the hungry wolves and coyotes to feast on his flesh. On his return trip Seth camped again on the same spot, and there was the skeleton of his devoted old friend, Dave, now clean and bleached, recalling to mind his valuable services in days gone by, and suggesting that he might still be of some possible services to his appreciative owner. Gently turning over old Dave's skull, and perhaps wondering as the poet wondered when he queried,

> "When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
> Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?"

the thought immediately came to him that he could make a fiddle out of it, and that he might also make a fiddle bow out of one of his ribs, as sure as a woman was once made out of a man's rib. So he brought some of the bones of his dear old Dave with him, and by and by he made a skull-bone fiddle and a rib-bone fiddle bow, with which he in course of time delighted thousands by playing "Old Dan Tucker," "Zib Coon," and "The Devil's Dream." He was not a great violinist, but he surely was a great fiddler, and executed what he could play with admirable technique and stirring expression. His playing was like himself, strong, steady, bold, wild, original and peculiar. I practiced some myself at that time on the same King of Instruments, and his vivacious playing made a lasting and pleasing impression on me. In

imagination I can still hear him. Seth was never without a fiddle, even when he traveled on the plains, and when he played in camp he was always sure of having an attentive ear, as old Dave would invariably linger near the fire, or wagon, being as great a lover of music as the fiddler himself. But poor old Dave never dreamed, no more did his master then, that some day his cranium would be transformed into a fiddle and furnish amusement to wondering crowds.

Sometime during Lincoln's first administration Seth visited Muncy and gave an entertainment in a public hall, at which I was present. He appeared in his buckskin hunting clothes, a powerful and most formidable-looking man, with an immense beard and long, bushy hair reaching to his shoulders, and seemed to me as great a curiosity as many of the novelties he exhibited. Among the relics displayed was a wonderful Elkhorn chair that he had made for Abraham Lincoln, and which he said he was then on his way to Washington to present to the noble man, for whom he expressed intense admiration. He also had another curious chair from under the seat of which, when he sat down on it, the head of a bear would shoot forth and savagely snap its jaws. He exhibited the skull-fiddle and rib-bow and gave an interesting history of shrewd old Dave, and played a tune or two to show that there was still some music in his old comrade, notwithstanding that he could no longer make the welkin ring with his sonorous braying. But the strange instrument did not have the sweet and resonant tone of his real violin, on which he played the "Arkansas Traveler," and as he did so related the observations and adventures of that renowned character, to the intense delight of a very attentive audience. He had been an admirer of President Buchanan, and had presented him with a sample of his ingenuity in the shape of a Buckhorn chair, but when secession trampled Old Glory in the dust he saw things in a new light and became infused with the most enthusiastic admiration for Old Abe. It seems that after the war he presented a Bear chair to President Johnson—the chair probably that has just been men-



MRS. ROSANNA KINMAN[3], BELLBROOK, O.
1810–1887.

tioned. He about that time also presented a curious chair to Rutherford B. Hayes, who was then Governor of Ohio.

Clinton Lloyd, Esq., a clerk in the House of Representatives, who spent the last years of his life in Muncy, made the presentation speech when Seth gave the Elkhorn chair to President Lincoln. Mr. Lloyd, whose memory was a marvel to all who knew him, was a valued contributor to *Now and Then,* and I now have to regret that I did not think to ask him to give its readers his recollections of Seth and Lincoln on that anomalous but interesting occasion. But fortunately some remembrance of the event has been preserved. Mr. John G. Huntington, a first cousin of Seth's, in 1897 published a little book of personal reminiscences in which he mentions that when, in 1862, he was at his home in Montgomery, Lycoming County, Pa., on a furlough from the army, Seth came to his house, and that they then went to Washington together for the express purpose of presenting the chair to the President. He says: "I had the extreme pleasure of being one of the men who carried the chair to Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and it was an occasion that I will never forget. I will always remember Mr. Lincoln's remarks. Kinman's father and Abe Lincoln had been in the Black Hawk war together in Illinois, and Seth had with him an old flint-lock rifle which his father had used in that war. Mr. Lincoln took up the old rifle and, taking sight over the long barrel, said, 'Mr. Kinman, I believe these are the best guns yet.'" After mentioning how Seth amused Lincoln with the story of his old mule Dave, and by showing him the skull-fiddle and rib-bone bow, he then goes on to say: 'After Mr. Lincoln sat down in the chair and tried it all over he said, 'Mr. Kinman, you got my measure pretty well; it just fits me.' Mr. Kinman now said: 'Mr. President, I have something else here that I want to show you.' 'What is it?' inquired Abe. Just then I stepped forward from the rear of the room and handed the violin to Kinman. Mr. Lincoln viewed it all over and asked, 'Now, Mr. Kinman, will it make any music?' Seth took the violin and said: 'Mr. Lincoln, I will play you two tunes. One is the "Essence of Old Virginia," and the other is "Root, Hog, or Die." He also

played 'Away Down in Dixie.' Well, when Kinman drew the bow across those strings it took Old Abe so down that he laughed until his stove-pipe hat fell off on the floor. I never will forget the event. I never saw a man enjoy anything like Mr. Lincoln did that music. When the music ceased Mr. Lincoln said: 'Now, Mr. Kinman, I will take the chair and you take the violin; for I can sit in the chair but can't play the violin.' This ended the presentation."

Rosanna's and Nathan's children and grandchildren:

1. SARAH ANN KINMAN[4], b. Dec. 22, 1829; m. James Curtis, March 25, 1850; she d. March 10, 1853. No issue.
2. JOHN KINMAN[4], b. Aug. 17, 1831; m. Miss Louise Clark, April 4, 1857; r. Dayton, O.

He early entered the military service, but of the date of his enlistment I have not been informed. He was severely wounded on the morning of the first day of the battle of Pittsburg Landing,—fought April 6 and 7, 1862,—the greatest and most sanguinary battle of the war then yet fought. As the Union troops were driven from the field, and his comrades could not find him when the ground was regained on the following day, it has been supposed that he was removed by the Confederates, and that he probably soon died in their hands. Being very severely wounded, he may, however, have crawled from the spot where he was seen fall and been among the scattered host of both sides who, intermingled, lay cold and rigid on the wide field over which the two great armies had been desperately struggling for two days. The enemy had left his own dead to be buried by our troops, and he had been so stubbornly fought, and at times so hard pressed, and his facilities for caring for his own wounded so taxed, that it may be questioned whether he looked after our badly wounded. But whatever John's particular fate was, he was one of the many loyal and true whose death-message there was no one to receive and send home, and whose final place of rest will never by mortal be known. Though not even a simple head-stone will ever mark his grave, what grander memorial can there be to his valor and patriotism than the national peace and prosperity he died to secure. He

died a martyr, for us, his kindred, his country, and for all humanity.

He had one daughter: Anna Laura[5], b. Feb. 20, 1859, at Manistee, Mich. She m. first, Horatio S. Kemp, Feb. 14, 1884; second, Francis G. Pucket, Dec. 14, 1895. Two children: Ruth Richmond Kemp[6], b. June 5, 1887; Eliza Wahnetah Pucket[6], b. April 7, 1899; r. Dayton, Ohio.

3. Charles C. Kinman[4], b. April 11, 1833; m. Mary H. Hall, May 10, 1853. After he had been in the three months' service he re-enlisted for three years, and joined the 23d Kentucky Vol. Infantry, Oct. 9, 1861. He passed safely through the bloody battle of Murfreesboro', but was soon afterwards disabled by an accident in camp that unfitted him for military service, and on account of which he was honorably discharged May 10, 1863; r. Galena, O. He d. May 14, 1889, and was buried at Galena, Ohio. Three children:

 i. Julia Annie K.[5], b. Aug. 10, 1854; d. Feb. 1, 1855.

 ii. Ida May K.[5], b. Jan. 26, 1856; m. Dr. Judson Utley, July 20, 1878; r. Galena, O. Three children: Mary Edna[6], b. March 22, 1883; Gertrude Borland[6], b. Jan. 9, 1887; Gladys K.[6], b. Feb. 9, 1892.

 iii. George Borland K.[5], b. April 23, 1858; d. Feb. 7, 1888, at Bloomfield, Indiana, where he was engaged in the mercantile business; m. Catharine Grey, the same day he died.

George, as we learned from one who knew him well, was a young man of good habits and excellent character. He had more than ordinary ability, was studious and industrious, and although still young, had already succeeded well in business. His doting parents had begun to lean upon him as the staff of their old age. But disease suddenly robbed them of that consolation and laid him low. He had engaged himself to be married. When he felt that the ruthless messenger was about to come for him, he asked to have the marriage ceremony performed, and twelve hours later he was numbered with the great, silent multitude, and his young wife was already a widow.

4. William H. Kinman[4], b. Sept. 26, 1835; m. Mrs. Sophia Dodge Kisse, of Pekin, N. Y., July 6, 1863; r. and d. in Andrew County, Mo. Two children:

 i. George L.[5], b. June 23, 1864; d. Dec. 22, 1887.

 ii. Alvin A.[5], b. Sept. 28, 1866; m. Martha Wright, May 27, 1894; r. Robinson, Brown County, Kansas. Four children: Earl Arthur[6], b. May 7, 1895; Charles Everett[6], b. Aug. 19, 1897; William Thomas[6], b. April 15, 1899; Harvey Leslie[6], b. Oct. 21, 1901.

5. Mary Jane Kinman[4], b. April 5, 1838; d. Sept. 8, 1839.

6. George W. Kinman[4], b. Feb. 6, 1840; d. Dec. 1, 1851.

7. Seth Kinman[4], b. June 5, 1842; d. Aug. 17, 1842.

8. Mary Sophia Kinman[4], b. Aug. 17, 1843; m. James A. Maloney, March 1, 1860; r. Bellbrook, O. James d. May 23, 1894. Had no children of their own, yet their home was an asylum for children. They raised and educated three, and gave temporary homes to a number of others. She and her youngest brother, Nathan, are the only children of Rosanna now living.

9. Ellen Jane Kinman[4], b. Aug. 22, 1847; m. Ira A. Scott, Jan. 14, 1868; r.× She d. Jan. 1, 1876. Three children:

 i. George Louis S.[5], b. Oct. 18, 1869; d. April 12, 1880.

 ii. Annettie S.[5], b. June 25, 1871; m. Harry K. Chidlaw, Oct. 18, 1892; r. Orange, Texas. Three children: Lester Scott[6], b. Oct. 23, 1893; Carroll Hughes[6], b. May 25, 1896; Harry Kenneth[6], b. Sept. 16, 1900.

 iii. Mary Bell S.[5], b. July 26, 1873; m. Walter McClure, Oct. 18, 1892—the same day on which her sister Annettie was married. Two children: James Edwards[6], b. Sept. 13, 1893; Carl Scott[6], b. Feb. 3, 1900.

10. Nathan T. Kinman[4], b. Feb. 1, 1851; m. Olive Amelia Craw, Sept. 11, 1877; r. Long Beach, Los Angeles County, Cal.

He was the youngest of the thirty-three patriotic descendants of Heinrich Gernhardt who, from 1861 to this time, entered the military service of Uncle Sam. He was but a stripling eleven years and ten months old when, in company with a chum, Joe Robinson, he ran away from home, and on the 28th day of November,

1862, enlisted as a drummer—because on account of his age he knew he would not otherwise be accepted. His three living brothers were already in the service, and he thought it was his duty to be there also. In the following spring the army of the Cumberland was being recruited and needed musicians, so he was ordered from New York, where he had been stationed during the winter, to join the army at Chattanooga, to serve as a bugler. It was soon discovered, however, that he could not bugle, whereupon he was given his choice of being sent back home or shouldering a gun and a knapsack. He immediately decided to remain with the army. He wanted to carry a gun, and did not object to a knapsack. He was still only in his 13th year, but his promotion to the rank of a high private made him feel that he had now attained to manhood. There were perhaps younger boys in the army as drummers, but certainly not many younger that carried a gun and a knapsack. He was now assigned to Company G, of the 79th Pa. V. Infantry, Fourteenth Army Corps, under Gen. John M. Palmer.

Nathan's first baptism of fire chanced to be at Lookout Mountain, November 23, 1863, where there was much fire, and much excitement. He did not know that war was such a terrible business, but he found out what it was when the infernal dogs of war began to bark and howl and snap and bite as the Fourteenth Corps moved across Lookout Valley in the assault on Lookout Mountain, the crest of which was alive with the ready Boys in Gray under the redoubtable General James Longstreet, waiting to receive with their *outstretched arms* the eager Boys in Blue under the equally valorous General Joseph Hooker. The attacking troops were not only warmly assailed with shot from muskets and cannon, but shells with lighted fuses, and rocks, and even logs, were rolled down on them in the most spiteful manner, as they scaled the side of the mountain, and fought and won the famous "Battle above the Clouds." Nathan vividly remembers how, after the Johnnies had in helter skelter haste left their seemingly impregnable position, the conquerors, flushed with their splendid victory, rent the air with shout upon shout and became almost frantic with

joy. And Nathan was a very fortunate boy, as he sustained no injury in this nor in any of the succeeding battles during Sherman's March to the Sea, which now seems marvelous to him when he reflects how many he saw killed and wounded around him in the various engagements.

The hottest place the juvenile soldier thought he was ever in was at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 21, 1865, near the close of the war, where Sherman gave Gen. Johnston another severe wallop. The fight did not continue long, but it was lusty and bloody while it lasted. Gen. Slocum, in command of the left wing of Sherman's army, very unexpectedly found himself confronted by Johnston's entire army, whereupon Sherman ordered him to stand strictly on the defensive, and sent dispatches to a number of his scattered divisions to move in haste to Bentonville in his support. Slocum was not frightened. He at once took a strong position to make a vigorous defense, and then sent a division a little farther ahead to form another line. Johnston now quickly fell on him with an overwhelming force and broke up his advanced line. Slocum had hurried up the Fourteenth Corps, under Gen. J. C. Davis,—the corps to which Nathan belonged, carrying a gun and a knapsack,—and the Twentieth Corps, under Gen. Williams, and was now ready to make an obstinate resistance until Sherman could push forward the troops to his relief. Kilpatrick heard the noise of battle in the distance and in the meantime had come galloping to the scene and massed his cavalry on the left, ready to take a hand in the fight. The confident enemy now came on in a terrific rush, in three heavy columns, expecting to crush Slocum by his very weight and impetuousness. But he found himself facing an insurmountable barrier. Right there in his front stood the undaunted Fourteenth Corps, presenting a solid wall beyond which he could not advance. Six times in less than one hour he tried in vain to break the line. He partially succeeded the last time, but the undismayed men of the Fourteenth instantly rallied, furiously charged him in turn, and sent him flying from the field. It was a hot fight, and so close that many of the Confederate dead lay within the Union lines. Nathan says the men

around him were "simply mowed down," but once more he passed through the showers of bullets without being harmed. Other divisions of Sherman's army now came up, and Johnston concluded the proper thing for him was to retreat. Slocum's loss was serious, but Johnston's was nearly twice as heavy.

Though battles are exciting, and always more or less dangerous to corporeity and life, yet the long and tiresome marches, in the hot sun, or in rain, often over dusty, sandy or muddy roads, were sometimes about as hard to endure. Nathan says his command marched thirty-five miles one day, then before the men had time to get settled in camp the enemy came upon them and forced them back over the same ground, and they did not stop moving until the next morning, when they were about ready to fall over from sheer exhaustion. Often, however, the soldiers have lots of merriment on their marches, as well as when in camp, as every battalion has its irrepressible wags and jokers, ever ready with some ludicrous speech, or to view grave matters in a farcial way, and this often serves to rally their spirits and maintain their fortitude. There is always something turning up to make sport over, to stir up their wits, promote good cheer, excite interest in their movements and surroundings, and to keep them on the alert. Incidents daily occur, in almost every soldier's life, that would adorn a tale, point a moral, excite sympathy, provoke laughter, or elicit admiration, if rightly told. Once Nathan went out on a foraging raid by himself, at a time when such liberty was not approved, and he came across a little pig, nice and fat, that he seized as contraband of war and tried to smuggle into camp without being seen by the officers. He was caught in the act, however, and for his defiant misdemeanor he was compelled for a while to carry the pig back and forth in front of the commander's tent, and then—more mortifying than all—he was obliged to surrender the pig. He would not have minded the carrying part of the penalty, if he only had not been deprived of his nice little fat pig. At another time, when he craved a change of diet, he quietly stole from the ranks when on a march to visit a house not far from the line, where he thought himself very fortunate to find a nicely baked cake, a

luxury not on the list of army rations. When he returned to his company he shared the tempting sustenance with two of his comrades. Result—his comrades died, and he got "awfully sick." Moral—don't always trust to pleasing appearances. Lesson—obey orders.

A good pair of willing legs sometimes is a blessing to a soldier, and inattention to orders may cause serious trouble. Once when the boy was out on the skirmish line a call was sounded that he mistook for a summons of another sort, and that led him to move in the wrong direction. The mistake resulted in his walking right up to a body of Confederates. Seeing his predicament, he wheeled about and made a desperate scud to get back to congenial company. A number of bullets whizzed past him, but he got back whole—as bullets don't hurt unless they hit you. He thinks his legs never performed their duty in better time. And he paid closer attention to calls after this affair.

No impression remains more vivid in Nathan's mind than the closing scene of the war, of which it was his good fortune to be a witness. He will never forget how jubilant they all felt and the excitement that followed when the word was passed along the lines that both Lee and Johnston had surrendered, and that the cruel war was at last ended. The men were forbidden to fire off their guns or discharge the field pieces, but a command might as well have been given to the wind to stop blowing. For the next hour the noise made by the defenders of Old Glory was simply terrific. The glorious sunshine of Peace had at last broken through the black cloud of Civil War, and they could not refrain from giving the loudest possible expression to the joy, the overwhelming delight, that now filled their hearts. The whole army was frenzied with excitement. The noise presently subsided, but the rapturous joy that had for a moment overflowed abides to this day in the soul of every survivor who fought to preserve the Union. Preparations immediately followed to march to Washington, where they were to be reviewed by the President and his Cabinet, and then disbanded. Nathan, now past the noon of life, thus in a few touching words referred to their reception at the

metropolis of the nation by the great and grateful multitude on the bright day of the review: "We arrived in Washington tired, ragged and dirty, but Oh! how we were cheered and cheered and cheered by the people as we marched by. It is a pleasant memory yet, to think of those hearty and tumultuous cheers, the bright faces, and the flags, that everywhere lined the avenues, and the cordial welcome we all received."

Nathan's family consists of ten children:

i. Mary Eloise[5], b. June 5, 1878; m. Floyd C. Foote, March 12, 1900. Mr. Foote is editor and proprietor of *The News*, of Long Beach, Cal. One son: Wayne Theodore Foote[6], b. Dec. 18, 1900.

ii. Olive Rosanna[5], b. Jan. 11, 1880; m. Frank M. Wilson, Aug. 15, 1898; r. Independence, Cal. One daughter: Gladys Wilson[6], b. Oct. 1, 1899.

iii. Ada Ellen[5], b. April 27, 1882.

iv. Lucy Luella[5], b. Jan. 18, 1884.

v. Jessie Irma[5], b. Sept. 4, 1887.

vi. Nathan Lloyd[5], b. Jan. 29, 1889.

vii. Harold Ernest[5], b. Aug. 21, 1891.

viii. Glena[5], b. Feb. 26, 1895.

ix. Ralph[5], b. April 19, 1897.

x. George[5], b. April 15, 1901.

III. DAVID WILLIAMS[3], b. Jan. 22, 1812; d. April 13, 1833.

IV. CHARLES C. WILLIAMS[3], b. March 18, 1813; m. Miss Emily A. Combs, of Chautauqua County, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1845. She d. in 1848. He d. Aug. 21, 1857. Had one son: George W.[4], who enlisted in the 23d Independent Battery of N. Y., and died of yellow fever at Newbern, N. C., Oct. 26, 1864, aged 18 years and five months. I regret the failure to obtain some particulars of this lonely orphan relative's service in the army, as his loyalty and self-sacrifice merit more than this brief mention.

"And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright—radiant—blest!"

X.

SUSANNA GERNHARDT MOSTELLER.

Susanna, the youngest of the children of Heinrich and Rosine, was born September 24, 1789, and was therefore in her sixteenth year when the family settled at the Sinking Spring. She was thirty years old and still single in 1820, when Heinrich died, soon after he had made his final will and bequeathed to her and her sister, Anna Elizabeth, certain effects to make their patrimony, as he says, "equal to what their married sisters get." She married George Mosteller, but of the date of the wedding no record seems to have been preserved. She had but one child, Rubet Marion, born Feb. 6, 1825, who died when in her seventh year, May 1, 1831. The little marble headstone that marks her grave had sunken almost out of sight, and on one of my visits to the old graveyard I spent some minutes scraping away the soil so that the stone could be raised and the inscription on it read. Susanna died Nov. 25, 1846, at the age of 57, and her husband died Nov. 15, 1859, aged 75 years. The graves of the three are side by side in the second tier back of the row (in front rather, because next to the street) containing the "long homes" of Anna Elizabeth and Baltzer and his wife—and we believe also (between the grave of Anna E. and the church) the unmarked and forgotten graves of Heinrich and Rosine, and perhaps the first wife of Philip. See the engraving of the Delaware Run Church and graveyard. George lies nearest to the church, just back of the horse-shed, then Susanna, and then little Rubet Marion; and there peacefully repose the three of our almost forgotten kindred, of whom we may say in the words of the beautiful poem, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud," that Abraham Lincoln so loved:

> "The infant a mother attended and loved,
> The mother that infant's affection who proved;
> The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
> Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest."

Susanna has, therefore, left no posterity. Her own little household is not only now long extinct, but while eight of her sisters and brothers already have a multitude of descendants, not one

drop of her blood now courses through human heart. She always resided in Delaware Township (once part of Turbut), and passed all her married days less than three miles from the Sinking Spring, where she had spent most of her single days.

There is the grave of another slumbering Mosteller in the same row, next to little Rubet Marion's, that is of interest to the descendants of Heinrich and Rosine, and yet it is of one of whom not a living soul that we know has been able to give one word of information. The headstone bears the following inscription: "Anna Susan Mosteller, Born a Fetterman, Wife of Heinrich Mosteller, Born July 26, 1758, Died 15 Sept., 1822." Now, who was Anna Susan Fetterman? Was she a sister of our mother, Rosine? Was she the grandmother of the child, Rubet Marion, that sleeps under the clods of the valley beside her? Was she the aunt of Susan Gernhardt Mosteller? Did the Mostellers settle in Turbut after or before Heinrich and Rosine? And where was Heinrich Mosteller buried? No one now living seems to know. How soon we frail mortals forget, and are ourselves in turn forgotten. The next three graves in the same row contain Jacob Doebler, his wife Susanna, and their daughter Lydia. The Doeblers had been neighbors of Heinrich and Rosine, and were members of the same communion. Mrs. Doebler, we have been informed, was a sister of George Mosteller's, so the two families were evidently as closely related in life as they are now connected in death. Next in the same row are six graves of the Fogleman branch of the Gernhardt family, viz.:

1. Catharine Fogleman, who died in 1840—just 20 years after her father, Heinrich.
2. Peter, Catharine's husband, who died in 1848. In the picture of the church and graveyard the tall, slightly curved top headstone just back of the horse-shed marks Peter's grave.
3. George, infant son of Catharine and Peter.
4. Mary Ann, first wife of Catharine's son, Peter; d. July 1, 1851.

5. William, infant son of Mary Ann (Buck) and Peter, Jr.; d. July 28, 1851.

6. John Calvin, infant son of same; d. March 20, 1866.

"Susanna Mosteller loved children," said the still living blind Daniel, the youngest of Baltzer's five children, "and the children all took to her." Daniel was born only a few months after Rubet Marion, but he well remembers his beloved and ever cheerful aunt, Susanna, who survived her lamented Rubet fifteen years. I myself saw Susanna but once that I remember, two or three years before she died, and being then only about seven years old, I have but a slight recollection of her. My father one winter day delivered a load of chairs and bedsteads that had been ordered by residers in Delaware Township, and took me with him. On the way home we drove around by her humble abode, which I well remember as a one and one-half-story, unpainted, three or four room house, and made her a friendly call. The weather had suddenly become disagreeably blustery and cold, and I was ill and had become thoroughly chilled. With grateful feelings I still remember how my distressed condition appealed to her motherly love, and how solicitous she immediately became to make me comfortable. I can still see the dear, loving soul as she poured some whiskey into a pan and set the fluid a burning, and remember the childish interest with which I watched the blue flames as they whirled and twirled over the pan, and wondered what she was doing that for. I had been dosed so much that I had got a perfect horror of everything in the form of medicine,—the drugging habit is another outrage on juvenile humanity, of which I was a victim,—but after she had with her persuasive kindness given me a taste of the remedy thus prepared, I was quite willing to take all she was willing to administer, as I found I was for once getting a remedy that was not hard to take. More than this respecting our kind Aunt I do not remember. The early history of our American family should have been written sixty or more years ago.

Not only is Susanna's little family now extinct. The same sad fate has befallen the households of all her sisters and brothers. All have had their day, and have gone the way of all the earth.

And so have nearly all the 47 families of the third generation passed away,—eight of Heinrich's 55 grandchildren died single,—and many of even the 249 families of the 328 great-grandchildren are now no more. It is the way of the world. Every individual family now existing is destined some day to be in like manner broken up. A number of the 373 families of the fifth generation herein recorded—the record is not as complete as we had hoped to have it—have already been extinguished or dispersed. And they of the sixth (many of the sixth are now married) and seventh generations, who are now in greatly augmented numbers coming to the front and taking the places of the departed and departing—they too must follow the same universal trail of the great procession that never stops moving to the land of silence, where, as Job says, "the weary be at rest." Human homes are like birds' nests, and, as Longfellow has tersely said, "there are no birds in last year's nest." If a family is not soon dissolved by all its members paying the common debt of nature, as in the case of Susanna's family, the dissolution presently begins by separation and dispersion, as the children grow up, marry, leave home, and themselves in turn make homes and become the heads of families. Thus single families are born and die, come into being and pass away, just as the ever perishing members that constitute them come and go. Animals of all orders perpetuate their species, and alike live by eating, but the noble joys and blessings of family life, the pleasures and comforts that are earned by industry and frugality, and the fruits of reason and rectitude, belong to the human race, for whom God ordained the sacred institution of matrimony. Love of home, of children, of brothers and sisters, of parents, of kindred and humanity, and of truth, knowledge, virtue and noble deeds, should from first to last be the highest aim and daily lesson of Family Life. To make domestic life a happy condition, and honor God, man cannot live by bread alone, or exist and subsist merely by eating, as the lower animals, but must live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. That is, man must live as God in His Word has enjoined; he must love and not hate, he must be pure and not vile, he must be meek and humble

and not vain and proud, and must simply day by day do his duty. May this be the idea of Family Life and the record of every one who has in his veins the blood of Heinrich and Rosine Gernhardt.

FAMILY MILITARY ROSTER.

Twenty-nine members of the family who enlisted in the Union Army during the Civil War were of the fourth generation, and four who served in the recent war with Spain were of the fifth generation. Most of these kinsmen were still under age, still indeed boys, when they put on suits of blue, shouldered guns, or buckled on sabres, and heavily equipped with canteens, haversacks, knapsacks, shelter tents and blankets, started campaigning down in Dixie as soldiers. All but four or five of the number are still living. See their respective family records for the particulars of their patriotic service:

JACOB BRANCH:

1. Philip Garnett, Co. I, 126th Reg't N. Y. V. I.
2. Charles Peter Lilley, Co. B, 177th Reg't Ohio V. I.
3. Washington Garnhart, Co. H, 84th O. V. I. and Co. F, 163d O.
4. Samuel Garnhart, Co. I, 15th O. V. I.; d. of disease contracted in service.
5. Ezra Lloyd Eckis, Co. M, 8th Reg't O. V. I.—in Cuban War.
6. Chauncy Wichterman, Co. H, 151st N. Y. V. I.

PHILIP BRANCH:

7. Adam Porter Mecum, 23d Ind. Heavy Artillery.
8. Oren Lyman Cole, Co. B, 13th Minn.—in Philippine War.

JOHN BRANCH:

9. Lewis Donmoyer, Co. E, 17th Pa. Cav.; d. of wound.
10. Benjamin F. Donmoyer, One Hundred Day Service.
11. Randolph W. Donmoyer, Co. E, 17th Pa. Cav.
12. James Gernert, Co. G, 5th Pa. V. M.
13. Jeremiah M. M. Gernerd, Co. E, 37th Pa. V. M.
14. Matthias Gernert, Co. F, 4th Pa. Cav.

CATHARINE BRANCH:

15. Jeremiah E. Baker, Co. H, 131st Reg't Pa. V. I.
16. Daniel W. Fogleman, Co. K, 88th Reg't Pa. V. I.
17. Hiram A. Fogleman, Co. K, 88th Reg't Pa. V. I.

MARGARET BRANCH:

18. Alexander L. Litchard, Co. D, 86th Reg't N. Y. V. I.
19. Almanzo W. Litchard, New York Heavy Artillery.
20. John B. Litchard, Co. D, First New York Dragoons.
21. Frank Ezra Litchard, Hospital Corps of U. S. A. in Spanish-Am. War.
22. Royal R. Clemons, Co. E, Ninth N. Y. Heavy Artillery.
23. Julius E. Clemons, Co. E, Ninth N. Y. Heavy Artillery.

BALTZER BRANCH:

24. John B. Sees, Co. D, 7th Reg't Pa. V. Cav.
25. Abraham S. Sees, Co. L, 28th Reg't U. S. V. I.—in late war with Spain.
26. Robert D. Sees, Co. B, 131st Reg't Pa. V. I.
27. David P. Garnhart, Co. H, 92d Reg't Ill. V. I.
28. Aaron Garnhart, Co. H, 92d Reg't Ill. V. I.

ANNA MARIA BRANCH:

29. Charles S. Williams, 18th New York Battery.
30. John Kinman, fell at Pittsburg Landing.
31. Charles C. Kinman, 23d Kentucky Vol. I.
32. Nathan T. Kinman, Co. G, 79th Pa. V. I.
33. George W. Williams, 23d N. Y. I. B.; d. of yellow fever.

"Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence
Science his view enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the man divine who gave us thee!"

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTE.

I thought I had given the proof sheets of this book the most careful supervision, but after it was in print I had the mortification to find that it is marred by some aggravating errors. Other mistakes will most likely be found by the kindred especially interested, as in transcribing so many dates and names—often indistinctly written—it was an easy matter to misapprehend. When an error is discovered it should forthwith be noted on the margin, so that the record as printed may not pass down to future generations as being correct. But by a very singular and vexing fatality in arranging the manuscript it chanced that I had even left out one whole family. The following registry should have appeared on page 199 as a part of the record of JOHN GERNET[3]:

6. IDA J. GERNERT[4], b. May 4, 1862; m. Henry D. Sittler, Sept. 22, 1888; r. Trexlertown, Pa. Four children: Lizzie B.[5], b. March 24, 1889; Hannah M.[5], b. March 11, 1890; William J.[5], b. April 20, 1893; Clarence H.[5], b. Nov. 30, 1896.

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[This index takes in but four generations. To have included all the names would have required more than treble the number of pages. The record of any one of the later generations may quickly be found, however, by first finding the name of the parent, or grandparent, or the branch of the family to which the member belongs].

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